McCALL'S

JANUARY

10¢

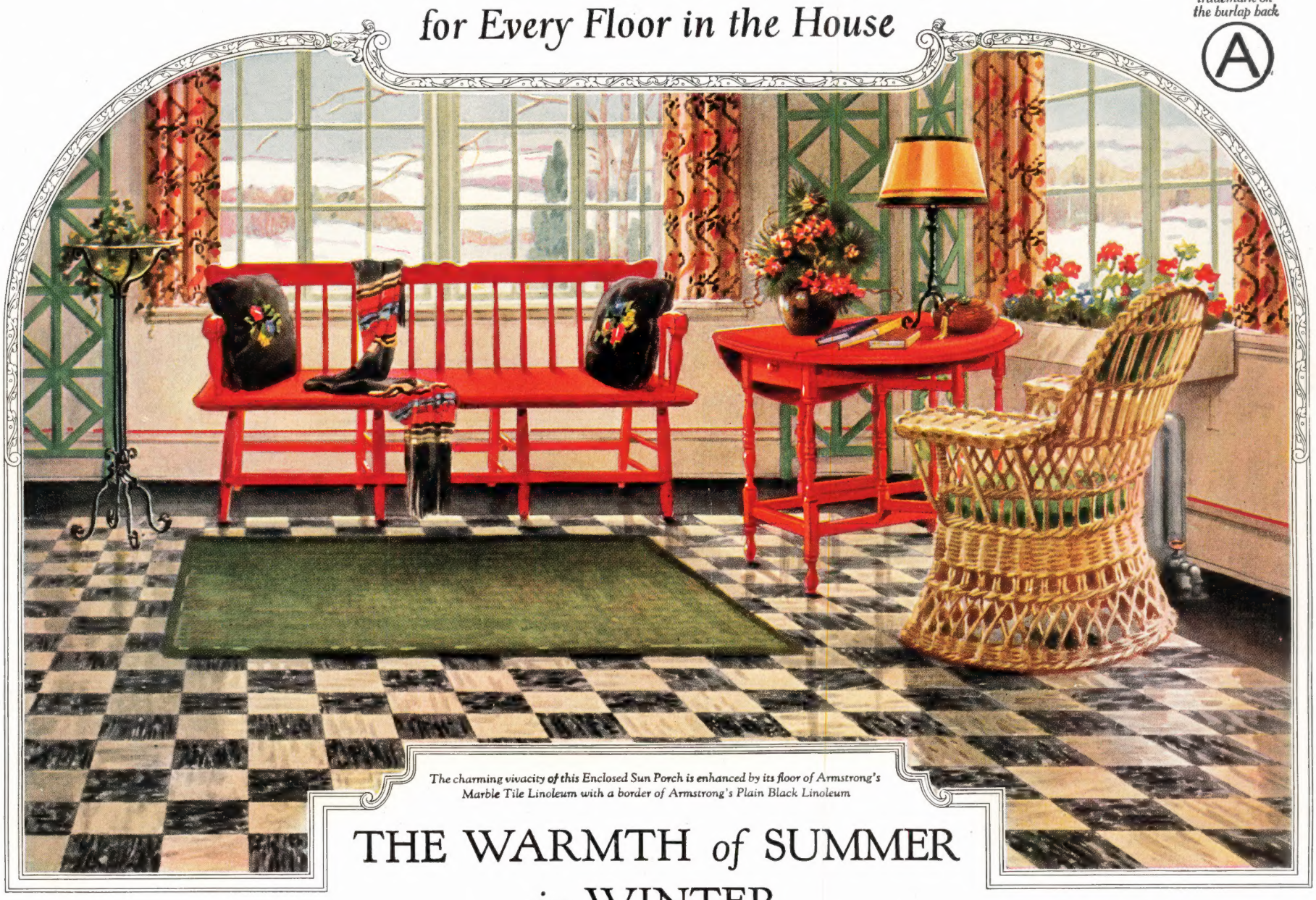
The Italian-American Girl
Types of American Beauty Drawn by
NEYSA McMEIN

MARY PICKFORD TELLS HOW SHE HAS EARNED MORE MONEY THAN ANY WOMAN IN THE WORLD *In this Issue*

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*



The charming vivacity of this Enclosed Sun Porch is enhanced by its floor of Armstrong's Marble Tile Linoleum with a border of Armstrong's Plain Black Linoleum

THE WARMTH *of* SUMMER *in* WINTER

OUTSIDE, winter and winter's snow; inside, brightness and warmth and the sparkle and color of summer time.

The woman planned well who made a linoleum floor the basis of this attractive sun porch. She knew that the floor was as much a part of porch furnishing as the furniture itself. She knew she could not be happy with a floor as harsh as cement, as unyielding as tiles. And chilly floors and grippy children and doctors' bills *do* associate themselves! She chose a linoleum floor.

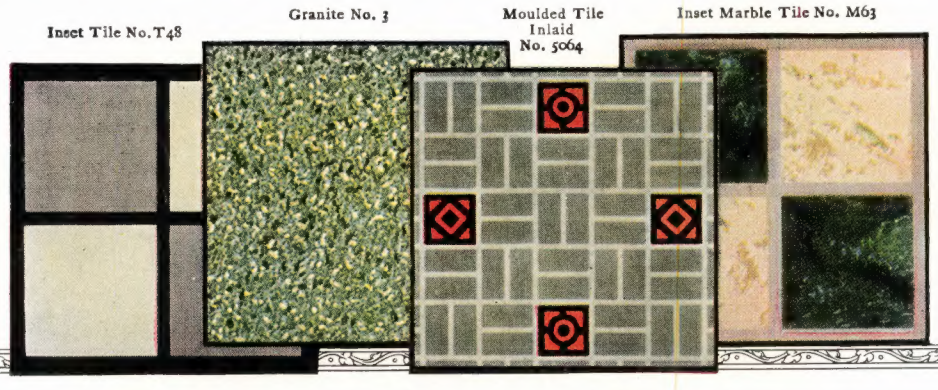
Linoleum is made with cork and so makes a warm floor. She had it laid (cemented, not tacked) over a lining of warm builders' deadening felt. A physically warm and colorful floor of tile design, with an outdoor suggestion and an indoor look! A floor of light and color, charm and vivacity! A cheerful floor with a little whisper of the ultra-modern effect about it, laid with a border about the edges that framed the floor and made it a part of this particular room.

Such a floor is not only beautiful; it is clean and easy-to-clean. It needs thorough waxing only once or twice a year and occasional wiping with a dust-mop. And like a piece of old furniture, this wax polish deepens with the passing years.

There are colors and patterns in Armstrong's Linoleum suitable for any room. Select the floor to fit the room. Tile inlaids for porches, beautiful two-tone Jaspes for living-rooms, dining-rooms, halls; attractive carpet and matting effects for upstairs rooms; Dutch tiles, marble tiles; rich plain colors. Also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid.

Why not go to a good merchant and ask to see some of the beautiful Armstrong's Linoleum designs for sun porches and other rooms? If you have an instinct for combining colors in room decoration, you will be unable to look at them without thinking how well you could build an attractive color scheme around a modern linoleum floor.

The Armstrong Cork Company maintains a special Bureau of Interior Decoration to give you personal help in planning rooms. No charge for this service.



"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration" (Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY
Linoleum Division
818 Virginia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

The Last Novel

Ever Written By

The Author of The Covered Wagon

Only two weeks before his tragically sudden and widely lamented death, Emerson Hough brought the final proofs of this, his last novel, to McCall's.

"This is my best," he said to the Editor. "Yes, even better than 'The Covered Wagon'! I believe it's really my masterpiece, for behind it lies an ideal vital to all humanity."

Such was our introduction to the swan-song of big-hearted Emerson Hough—"The Ship of Souls."

It was at once realized by the Editor of McCall's that all the late author said of this work was true—and more. The manuscript was accepted and almost immediately thereafter Emerson Hough was fatally stricken. Now it is to be published in six long parts, beginning in our February issue—the last and only unpublished work of the most famous of all the story tellers of America's frontier life—a tremendous, palpitating drama of primitive lives, in stark places.

The Greatest Fiction Treat of This Year! Do Not Miss It!

The Ship of Souls

By

Emerson Hough

(*For Table of Contents see page 74*)

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Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

Illustrated by Gerald Leake

Books for Busy People

If you want poetry that will make you see pictures and dream dreams, read the Song of Solomon

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Famous Author of "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost," "The White Flag," etc.

IN UNDERTAKING to write on the subject of books for busy people, my first thought is one of rebellion. I have a feeling that the two things are incompatible. A busy person has no business with a book. He is not in a position to read in a leisurely, absorbing manner, to get from a book whatever message its author desired to convey.

I am slightly sensitive on the subject of books. A book conscientiously written has blood, beefsteak and bones in it, not to mention both heart and soul. It is dragged in the travail of real birth from the consciousness of its author; even in the poorest book there should be enough good that some one could in some way secure benefit from it. I once heard my father say that no man could speak for an hour on any subject taken from the Bible and not say something that was worth remembering. I have the same feeling concerning any book that will merit endorsement from a sufficient number of a publisher's readers to allow it to become a book through the legitimate channels of manufacture.

I think people lose much that might be of benefit through hasty reading devoted principally to conversational parts, through skipping the solid meat of the subject under discussion; because in these days I frequently hear people announce that they read nothing but the conversational parts of either a book or a story. There are a great many things in this world that escape my comprehension and this is one of them.

Given the proposition that a man or a woman, no matter how busy they may be, still saves some part of the day for reading, then the question becomes what may be read that will broaden the intellect, deepen the sympathies, and put the most colorful and hopeful aspect on the general outlook? For many people time is precious.

IT SHOULD not be wasted on books that will be of no permanent benefit. I have a friend who will put no book into his library until he has read it, because he says that any book he owns he wants to be of such interest that he shall read it two, perhaps three times, even return to it and dip in it over and over again.

Let it be settled, then, definitely, that a busy person wants a book which will be of benefit to him along the lines suggested. Another factor to be taken into consideration is personal taste and occupation. Some men are interested in science, some in travel, some in biography, some in history, some in the working of the human heart; almost every one in several of [*Turn to page 28*]

Make a Compulsory List of Good Reading for 1924 One of Your New Year Resolutions

MRS. PORTER picks these books as the most worthwhile ones to be read the coming year:

The Outline of History by H. G. Wells
Maria Chapdelaine by Louis Hemon
Certain People of Importance
by Kathleen Norris
The Life and Letters of Walter Page
Within These Walls by Rupert Hughes
The American Rhythm by Mary Austin
Poems by Masefield, Lindsay and Millay
Queen Victoria by Lytton Strachey
The Bible

© Bain News Service

GIGLI
Victor Artist

Following in the footsteps of other famous artists, Gigli naturally became a Victor artist to insure perfect reproduction of his voice. Every one of the sixteen records he has made has been personally approved by him before being issued. Among them are:

	Double-faced	
Andrea Chénier—Un di all' azzurro spazio Favorita—Spirto gentil	6139	$2.00
Africana—O Paradiso! Faust—Salve, dimora	6138	2.00
Serenade Santa Lucia Luntana	645	1.50

© Mishkin

GALLI-CURCI
Victor Artist

Because the Victrola and Victor Records only are equal to the task of perfectly reproducing her interpretations, Galli-Curci chose to become associated with the other great artists of the world who make records for the Victor. Her forty-nine numbers include:

	Double-faced	
Sonnambula—Ah! non credea mirarti Sonnambula—Come per me sereno	6125	$2.00
Traviata—Ah, fors' è lui Rigoletto—Caro nome	6126	2.00
Chanson Indoue Coq d'Or—Hymne au Soleil	631	1.50

ELMAN
Victor Artist

Every one of Elman's seventy-one Victor Records is a reason why he is a Victor artist, for such absolute fidelity of reproduction can be secured through no other medium than the Victrola and Victor Records. Hear these selections from his Victor repertoire:

	Double-faced	
Thaïs—Meditation Coq d'Or—Hymn to the Sun	6100	$2.00
Humoresque Serenade—Ständchen	6095	2.00

Victrola No. 111
$225
Electric, $265
Mahogany or walnut

Victrola No. 260
$150
Mahogany or walnut

Victrola No. 215
$150
Mahogany or walnut

The Victor Company originated the modern talking machine and was the first to offer the public high-class music by great artists. Victor Supremacy began then. It has been maintained by the continuing patronage of the world's greatest musicians and by the merit of Victor Products.

In buying a talking machine, consider that you must choose the Victrola or something you hope will do as well, and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more. The Victrola instrument line includes twenty-one models of the three general types shown at from $25 up. Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalog.

To be sure of Victor Products, see the following trade-marks—under the lid of every instrument and on the label of every record.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.

Even Sally Jollyco's natural beauty needs the protection of pure soap. For simple cleanliness is the basis of all beauty.

An announcement to all friends of Ivory Soap

The makers of Ivory Soap now offer you Guest Ivory.

To Ivory's purity, mildness and gentleness, Guest Ivory adds—

the daintiness of a new size, to fit the most delicate of slim feminine fingers.

the charm of a new design and a new blue-and-white dress.

the lowest price at which a truly fine soap for the face and hands has ever been sold (five cents).

Guest Ivory completes the Ivory Family

The Ivory Family now has four members, to serve every purpose which demands the protection of the skin and of delicate fabrics by the use of a fine, pure, mild soap:

Guest Ivory—*for the face and hands*
Medium size Ivory—*for the bath*
Ivory Flakes—*for the most delicate garments*
Laundry size Ivory—*for the heavier fine fabrics*

All are Ivory Soap, and that means each is as fine as soap can be, for if we charged you a dollar a cake we could give you no finer soap than Ivory.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

In Sally Jollyco's own gleaming white bathroom lies one of the chief secrets of her charm.

Look carefully, and you will see a dainty white cake of Guest Ivory in the soap-holder. She uses it night and morning, to keep her skin clean, soft and glowing with life.

Sally entrusts her beauty to Ivory with perfect confidence in its pure, mild, gently cleansing lather.

Guest IVORY may be purchased in this carton of 12 cakes.

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A Complete Novelette by Booth Tarkington: One of a Series of Brilliant Stories He Has Written Expressly for Mc Call's

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

She took Mr. Doyne's arm and began to look worshipfully up at him

The Power of the Press

By Booth Tarkington

EDWARDS CITY, that pleasant townlet of eleven streets and nine alleys, is enlivened in September every year by "the Chautauqua." On the open green meadow where the high school athletes play baseball and football a great brown tent goes bravely up, offering a Bedouin skyline to the view of that neighborhood; red and white banners fly on Washington Street, while the windows of all the mercantile houses display photogravures of the celebrities who are to entertain and inform the community. Handbills disport themselves in the air, skurrying as high as the tops of the telephone poles; the interurban trolley-cars are placarded to lure in the people of the countryside; and no one talks of anything but "the Chautauqua"; for this is the carnival spirit in Edwards City.

The lecturers, the orators, the readers, the musical adepts and other illustrious ones who come there, each for one night, during the great week, give the place an annual glimpse of Fame in the flesh, so to say; and naturally they are attentively observed by the populace when they walk abroad in the town, and also [*Turn to page 24*]

They long to look into their mirrors and find there the freshness and beauty of a well-remembered youth

Has the Fountain of Youth Been Found at Last?

By Gertrude Atherton

Can a woman of forty today as a result of the famous Steinach's work in glandular surgery, be actually made to feel and look twenty again? This is the theme of Mrs. Atherton's great novel, "Black Oxen," in which a woman wipes the sum of the years from her countenance over night and begins another romance of youth still retaining the experience age had given her. In this remarkable article Mrs. Atherton gives for the first time the facts behind her novel and answers the question, "Can this miracle happen in real life?"

I HAVE had a curious experience since publishing *Black Oxen*. Wherever I go women precipitate themselves upon me and demand to be reassured that "it can be done." Then: "Do you know any women that have taken the treatment? Is there any one in America who gives it, or must one go to Vienna? Does it really last?" And the remarkable part of it is that the young women are as interested and excited as the middle-aged or elderly ones.

Perhaps this is hardly to be wondered at. Since the beginning of civilization, women have resorted to every art and artifice to preserve their youth. Plastic and cosmetic surgery have been practiced in Indo-China for two thousand years. Cosmetic boxes are found with Egyptian mummies and in the ruins of Pompeii. When Titian made red hair the fashion, the Venetian ladies removed the crown from a broad-brimmed hat and sat on their terraces in the sun.

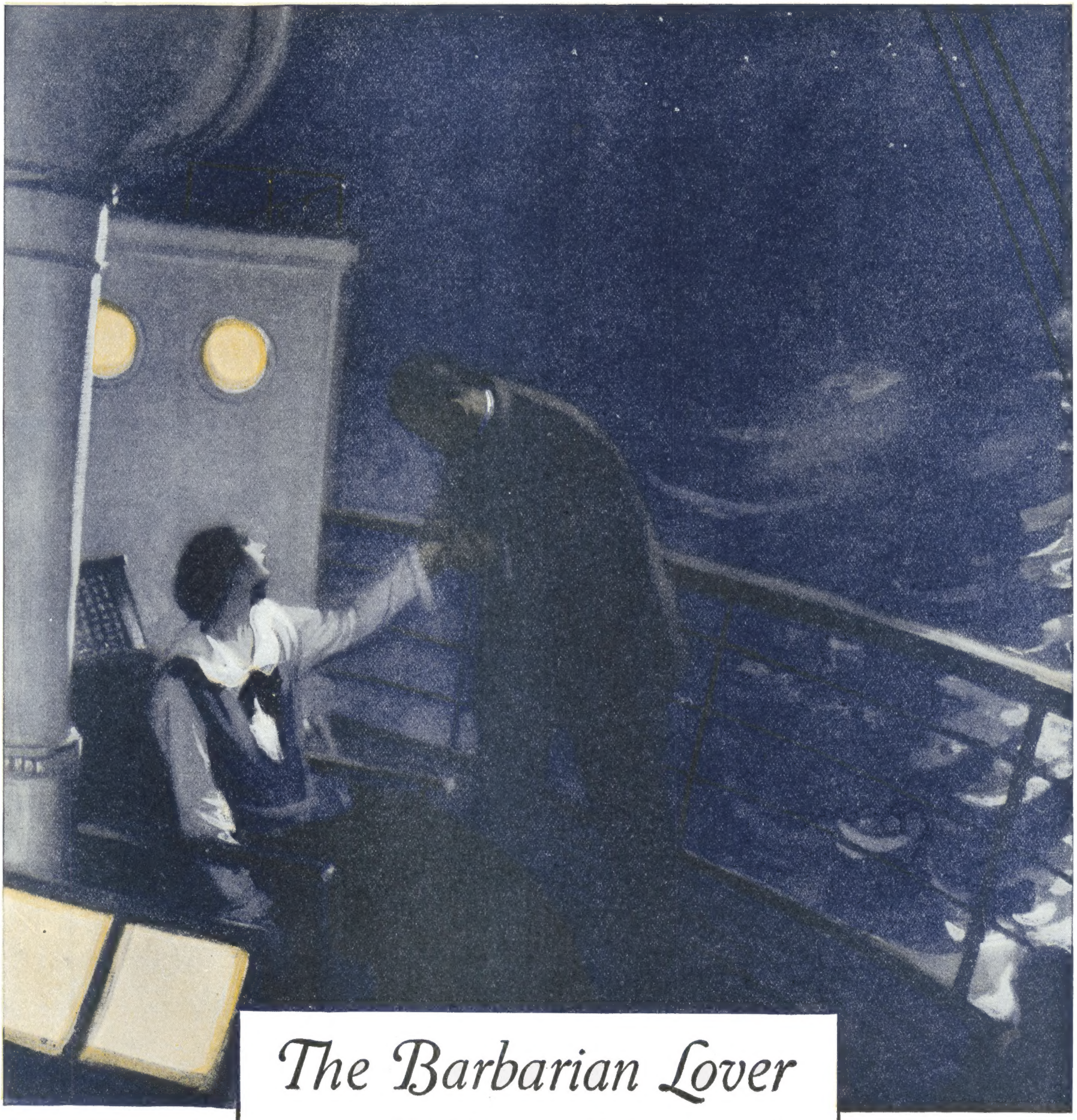
There is probably not a small town in the country without its beauty parlors, where a certain percentage of the women have their faces massaged as often as they can afford it, and in great cities like New York these beauty specialists make staggering incomes. As for the yearly sales of cosmetics of all kinds, the revenue derived from them by the Government must be equal to that of the lost liquor industry. I know several women who have had their faces skinned, and I am told that not only is the burning off of the skin an agony in itself, but they can not see for six weeks and are fed through a tube.

Little wonder that women are excited at the prospect of an actual rejuvenation that will obviate the necessity of drastic and possibly fatal measures to preserve or renew the simulacrum of youth. It might be as well before going further to give the history of the Steinach method of rejuvenation.

Seven years ago Professor Steinach of Vienna began his experiments in the rejuvenation of men, and up to date he has had eighty per cent success. The other twenty per cent were merely neutral; if no good results, no harm is done. Dr. Lorenz of Vienna is the most famous of his patients. It will be remembered that he was sent for some twenty years ago to operate on the daughter of Ogden Armour of Chicago, who suffered from what had been pronounced an incurable complaint of the hip, and was badly crippled. For this cure he was said to have received a hundred thousand dollars, and no scientist that ever visited the United States ever received more attention from the press and public. He lectured and practised in clinics all over the country.

WHETHER he made subsequent visits at that time I do not recall, but his fame remained. Certainly he had not been heard of in this country for a good many years, when, a year ago last January, he suddenly reappeared at the age of sixty-seven, looking as vigorous as ever, and began to work in the operating-room at the rate of sixteen hours a day. Pretty soon the secret leaked out. I think it was the Vienna Correspondent of the New York *World* who gave the tip that he had undergone the Steinach operation. For some years, no doubt owing to the hideous privations of war including malnutrition, he had been unable to do his accustomed work. Bodily and mental faculties were deteriorating rapidly; he had, in short, entered the period of senescence. Now, he is working with all the vigor of his best period and with as little fatigue. Of course, with that long white hair and that flowing beard he looks like Father Christmas, but those who know him say that he has the bright eye and fresh complexion of youth. No doubt if he would cut his hair and shave his beard he would look as young as he feels. But in Europe a scientist is not a scientist without a beard.

[*Turn to page 28*]



With a stifled exclamation he caught her outstretched hand and bent his head

The Barbarian Lover

By Margaret Pedler

Illustrated by W. E. Heitland

Author of "The Vision of Desire", "The Moon Out of Reach," etc.

Here is the first installment of the latest and greatest novel by this noted author—a brilliantly-moving story of life and love in the far reaches of the earth. Begin now and follow Patricia Luttrell through the Indian jungle to teeming London and an English country estate where the rich and powerful lead lives of luxurious indulgence

"THE beauty of India is its climate," remarked Patricia succinctly.

Stewart Luttrell came out of his newspaper with a jerk and regarded his daughter with pardonable astonishment. The Indian climate is not usually considered a subject for rejoicing by those compelled to dwell in it. "It's not the hot weather, or I should be inclined to think you were suffering from a touch of the sun," he returned mildly, a twinkle of amusement in his eyes. It was thanks to that twinkle, in the Commissioner's gray eyes, that affairs social and departmental, ran with such smoothness at Coomara.

"I'm talking excellent sense," retorted Patricia. "At least we do know beforehand what the weather's going to do! In the rainy season, it rains—"

"Like the very deuce!" interpolated Luttrell.

"And in the hot weather there's no mistake about the heat. But at this time of year you can be sure of a lovely day and give a garden-party without any of the *awful* qualms which an English hostess has to undergo."

"True," he assented. "The weather does worry people at home."

"Does it?"—with fervor. "I remember our annual garden-party at school was invariably planned with a double set of arrangements—one programme for a fine day and another for a wet one. Just imagine the horror of it if I had to crowd half Coomara indoors this afternoon!

Lorimer stood back, throwing the rifle over the crook of his arm. There was about him a certain loose-limbed, careless arrogance;

And think, too, of the anxiety about one's clothes! I've got an absolute dream of a frock for today," she added. "Just sent out from England!"

The Commissioner glanced at his watch and jumped up hastily.

"It's about time you put it on, too!" he exclaimed. "I'd no idea it was so late. We'll have people arriving before we're ready for them! Come on, Pat."

She sprang to her feet, alarmed to discover how near the time had drawn to the hour fixed for the Residency garden-party. That the Commissioner's bungalow was dignified by the title of "Residency" was owing to the fact that it had been originally the dwelling-place of a British Resident, maintained there before Coomara became incorporated in British India. Patricia had a sneaking affection for the name. It suited the beautifully proportioned building with its pillared entrance and stately garden.

"We'll have to hurry," she announced. "Run quick and make yourself beautiful, Sahib darling." That name she had acquired as a child from her *ayah*, and had afterwards always used it for her father, refusing any more conventional address. So now it was between them a little intimate nickname that "understood itself."

JUST come and look at yourself in the glass," she added peremptorily, dragging him toward a long panel-mirror in the wall. He obediently bent his gaze on the reflection it gave back. It showed a tall, long-limbed man, slightly stooping, with the sallow skin of one who has lived long beneath the burning suns of India. His rumpled thatch of reddish hair was fast turning gray. The face was thin and eager, and the mouth closed in an oddly composite expression of humor and severity.

The mirror revealed small resemblance betwixt the Commissioner and his daughter. Her fine slenderness must have been her mother's, as well as her glowing coloring. The dark, shining hair and gentian blue eyes were a tribute to some far away intermingling of Irish blood; and in her skin, in some miraculous way she had contrived to preserve a fine grain and texture in defiance of the Indian climate.

Father and daughter grinned happily at each other like a couple of truant schoolboys. Then Luttrell took her by the shoulders and ran her toward the door. "Cut along, Pat, into your togs. We've got the majesty of the British Government to uphold."

Invitations from the Residency embraced a mixed multitude. The various regiments stationed at Coomara would, of course, be represented in full force, and, in addition to sundry British officials and their wives, whose relative importance must be graciously and tactfully differentiated, certain native bigwigs were expected to be present and would have to be accorded an appropriate welcome.

Luttrell put his arm round the shivering girl and, with a sigh of relief, she leaned against him and cried helplessly.

Most girls of two-and-twenty would have looked forward to the afternoon's ordeal with some degree of apprehension, but Patricia viewed it with the unconcern of one well accustomed to the somewhat delicate ground covered by Anglo-Indian social and official obligations.

WITH the exception of the years she had spent at a boarding-school in England, her whole life had been passed in India, and since the death of her mother the entire burden of entertainment at the Residency had rested on her young shoulders. The death of his adored wife had left the Commissioner like a ship without a rudder—almost submerged by grief; and Patricia herself, stunned by the suddenness of the blow, had been powerless to comfort him.

But, when the first shock of horror and dismay had spent itself, Patricia recognised that the depth of her own sorrow was no measure of her father's. Stewart Luttrell had been like a man completely crushed. His first and strongest impulse had been to resign his position as Commissioner of Coomara, leave India, and bury himself and his grief together in some remote corner of England. It was then that Patricia had realised the insistent claim of his suddenly bereft life upon her own. Deliberately putting aside her own sorrow, she set herself to comfort his, combating with all her might his expressed intention of resigning his commissionership. She knew instinctively that work—responsible, unremitting work that would absorb all his faculties—was the only thing which would help him.

"You mustn't give up Coomara, Sahib," she had said with decision. "Look what you've done for the District since you've been here! They all trust you, the natives—and that's worth anything to dear old England. Another man might just undo all you've accomplished. You'd hate that."

She had touched the right cord—pride in the District he governed, and devotion to his country.

"Are you keen to stay out here, Pat?" he asked, as though weighing the pros and cons.

"I THINK it would break my heart to leave India," she answered with conviction.

"Then that settles it," he had said.

That was five years ago, and now, though a world which held no Barbara would always be an alien world to Stewart Luttrell, he had taken hold of things once more and built up a new life on the ruins of the happy existence that was gone.

And in the process of rebuilding he and Patricia had drawn very close together.

They were comrades in the fullest meaning of the word, and she played well her part in the official side of their mutual life.

[*Turn to page* 71]

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

He took his paper marks to the bank each day

Bargainland

By Robert Forrest Wilson

Captain, Chemical Warfare Service, in the late war, and attached to office of Secretary-of-War Newton D. Baker; co-author, with Assistant Secretary-of-War Benedict Crowell, of "How America Went to War," in six volumes

If you were a housewife in Germany today, with a crazy, topsy-turvy condition of currency in force—a condition that changes with every hour—what would you be doing with your household budget? Would you save all you could, and perhaps lose it in the end, or would you rush to get the biggest lot of bargains the world has ever seen? This is the problem that is confronting the German women today. How they are meeting it, and what kind of woman's world post-war Germany is has been told here for the first time. It is an article full of news and surprises

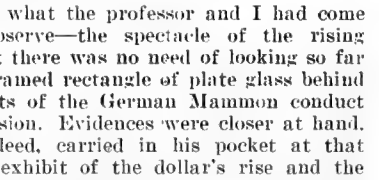
"LADIES and gentlemen"—the conductor of the Berlin sight-seeing coach spoke first in German and then translated into English—"Ladies and gentlemen, we are now passing the Bourse—on the left—and if you will all look closely into that window—the third from the end—you can see the dollar going up."

It drew a giggle from the professor and me. The Finnish family was puzzled. The one Englishman trustfully followed directions; but the Germans, who made up the heft of the load, smiled ruefully or glanced at the jester with a show of distaste.

This was precisely what the professor and I had come into Germany to observe—the spectacle of the rising American dollar—but there was no need of looking so far away as that stone-framed rectangle of plate glass behind which the high priests of the German Mammon conduct the rites of the ascension. Evidences were closer at hand. Each one of us, indeed, carried in his pocket at that moment a specimen exhibit of the dollar's rise and the mark's fall: our trip tickets. The price of the sight-seeing excursion had that morning gone up *half a million* marks, and the new figures were written in indelible pencil over yesterday's obsolete printed ones.

FOR two weeks in August—dark weeks for Germany, though not so black as some that may easily fall to the lot of that unhappy land before these words can appear in print—we watched that astonishing rise—or fall—call it what you will—the flight of the mark, the start of its great final plunge. We saw a good deal of what it meant to the tourist and bargain-hunter, and something else of its meaning to the business man and the employee. But it must have been indeed a purblind and calloused traveler who could avoid observing its manifestation in terms of human misery, its evil comet-tail of suffering. We went in with light hearts to get something for nothing and find a few days' diversion in the curious phenomena which, we felt, must be attending the collapse of a once-great nation's currency. We came out chastened, with a new view of world affairs, and ashamed that we had ever anticipated only entertainment and personal advantage in a situation which for forty million people was a supreme tragedy.

Propaganda played no part in what we saw and heard and experienced. We went in with no other credentials than our passports; we traveled third- and fourth-class almost always, where the Germans themselves were traveling, and for the most part we avoided the echoing high-priced hotels—empty, we were told, because travelers who could afford them feared that there, in the event of a revolution, the hungry mobs would make their first attacks—and once or twice we stopped "in privat," the system of amateur hotelry that had come into vogue along with the annihilation of individual fortunes.



He was carrying a pound link of sausage for which he had paid a million marks

Thus, by traveling and living as the Germans were doing, by talking to them—to Bolsheviks and business men, to artisans, students, trainmen, professors, salesmen, housekeepers, artists, barbers, schoolteachers, merchants, bartenders, waiters, bankers, and bootleggers (we found even these)—we tried to see the flight of the mark through German eyes. We started our trip from Swiss Basle.

The shirt-sleeved landlord served oceans of beer

At last, ticketed and passed by the customs and passport officers, we got over the German border. In Freiburg we picked up the first ends of threads of interest which we were able to follow all through Germany—interest in things at first so strange to us, but soon to become so commonplace. And straightway, too, we came upon the bargains. We stopped in a hotel to which Herr Baedeker himself had not hesitated to award the black asterisk of the first class—carriage entrance, original works of art on the walls and Persian rugs on the floors, elevators, porcelain bathroom fixtures, and everything to match—and we occupied a room equal to any ten-dollar room in New York for fifty-four cents apiece, the charge including breakfast.

HERE we ate food of Fifth Avenue quality; and luncheon and dinner together, counting tips, cost each of us ninety cents. After luncheon we drank coffee at a penny or so a cup, discovered the long-lost really good five-cent cigar, and bought our first German cigarettes—generous-sized ones made of bright clean Turkish tobacco rolled in a Dresden factory. These sold for about one-quarter of the price of cigarettes of similar quality in the United States. And then we called a cab and drove through Freiburg's mountain park to the edge of the Black Forest; cost, ten cents an hour per capita.

These triumphs filled us with the unholy joy of the successful bargain-finder until that evening, when we met some native Freiburgers. What they said cooled us down considerably. The hotel prices actually were terrific—nobody but profiteers and auslanders like ourselves could possibly afford to pay them. Why, there were whole families in Freiburg, families of the upper middle class, occupying substantial-looking houses, and apparently well-to-do, who were getting along for two weeks on what it was costing us by the day. Wage earners, of course, were managing to subsist on much less than that. And the cab driver had bilked us fearfully—the tradespeople robbed anybody who stopped at the hotel. If instead of summoning the cab we had gone to the cab-stand for it, our ride would have cost only four cents an hour.

AT the hotel was an American family—father, mother, and three children—who were in Freiburg having their portraits painted by an eminent artist. The mother had in her younger days been a professional art critic in New York, and she knew a picture when she saw one. The artist was doing these portraits for seventy-five dollars apiece, finishing them at the rate of one a week. We visited the studio and were charmed by the portraits, which the former critic proclaimed to be the equal of any three-thousand-dollar work in the United States.

But any German artist that could make seventy-five dollars a week with his brush was enjoying, temporarily, a Hindoo potentate's income compared with what his brother artists must have been taking in. Our Freiburg hotel proprietor himself had an eye for a picture. There had just closed in Freiburg an exhibition of contemporary paintings by artists of South Germany, and our host had skimmed the cream of this work at an average price of two dollars a canvas.

Everywhere in Germany were to be found bargains in art—original etchings for a half a dollar; and as for fine prints, for which Germany is so famous, many were selling for about the price of picture postcards in America. Even in Leipzig, home of the late Max Klinger, you could pick up etchings by that great master for three, four, and five dollars apiece.

The attitude of Germans toward the foreigner in Ger-

At last, ticketed, and passed by the customs and passport officers, we got over the German border

Mr. Wilson, McCall's special correspondent in Europe, recently went into Germany, not to report political conditions but to give our readers a picture of Germany from the point of view of the man in the street. Here is the result of his visit, an illuminating article that shows what happens to the living conditions in a great country when it starts on its way to dissolution.

many was changing, said our landlord. A year earlier they had been a unit in resenting the auslander who, regarding it all as a bargain and a joke, ate up food that the natives could scarcely obtain at all. But now probably half the people had come around to the view that the tourist traffic was a valuable form of foreign trade.

"My hotel is an example. This year I have completely redecorated it and refurnished it from cellar to roof. Everything here is new. I have had every bit of the furniture made to order. Every surplus dollar I have taken in has gone right out again to keep German factories running and put wages in the pockets of German workmen."

It seemed to us then that the landlord was an unusually far-sighted man, but we were soon to discover that he was merely typical. Everywhere we went we found this same rebuilding, repairing, and refurnishing. The fall of the mark was being attended by a building boom. The physical equipment of Germany with which the traveler came in contact was being put in perfect condition.

WE saw it everywhere: on the railroads—new paint, new upholstery, new freight cars on sidings, new trucks under old ones, trains roaring hollowly over mile after mile of new track not yet completely ballasted. For forty or fifty miles coming up to Stuttgart from the Danube the road was being four-tracked, with the consequent lengthening of bridges, widening of cuts, and broadening of the graded right-of-way. In the cities—new bank buildings (especially these), new factory annexes, new business blocks; and thousands at work.

We might have foreseen that this would be one of the phenomena of the financial crash, this rush to convert the slippery money into things of enduring value, into human toil locked within fabricated materials. The bank account in Germany had become a business liability—any overnight quotation was likely to cut the purchasing power of all balances in two. And so the business man deposited his marks in the bank only as a last resort. If possible he invested his surpluses the day they accrued in something resistant to the attacks of the mark.

In a small town in Thuringen we met a manufacturer who had solved the banking problem for himself. He took his paper marks to the bank each day and received for them a gold-mark credit. It seemed to us then that this must be the key to the secret of successful banking in the face of the fluctuating currency, but in the great cities farther north we were assured that no such gold credits were being given by the banks. Anybody who deposited did so at his peril.

One class of people in Germany was not sharing in the building boom. The man who corresponded to the typical home-builder in the United States was not worrying about any surplus to bank or invest. He was being hard pressed to earn enough to buy food alone. The only new houses we saw were those of the monotonous architecture that advertised the subsidy and the official housing project.

Germany, some of the French and English newspapers had been saying, was a hive of industry, whereas British and French workmen were walking the streets looking for jobs. Our glimpse of the inside of the hive left us curiously uncertain of the truth. A hive it seemed to be—factories going, and few drones in evidence—and yet there was no honey. Apart from the conspicuous activity in the building trades, there seemed to be no business, or at least none visible to the naked eyes from a car window or city sidewalk.

AN economist, I suppose, would get at this thing by looking into the statistics of employment and production; but we went by the rough and ready rule that if a country is in a healthy industrial condition, it will show in the city streets. There will be traffic there—goods moving from cars to warehouses, from warehouses to stores, from stores to the homes of consumers. In Germany in August there was no city street traffic at all worthy of the name.

Not since the advent of the automobile and motor truck have any American cities, even the smallest, been so thinly policed as were the German cities we visited. It came home to us how great a part of the duty of a modern police force is the regulation of street traffic. In Germany there was no traffic, and hence few policemen. It was more comfortable to walk in the middle of Stuttgart's main business thoroughfare than on the crowded sidewalks, for in the street there was only the occasional tram car to bother one. Farther north there was more street activity, but still not much. We were told that there had not been a fatal traffic accident in Leipzig in a year. In Dresden it was about the same—you could hear any automobile coming three blocks away. Even in Berlin it was safe to wander aimlessly across the busiest squares; only occasionally did the traffic officer have to hold up his hand.

Luncheon and dinner together, counting tips, cost each of us ninety cents

This dearth of traffic, as America and to a less extent England and France understand traffic today, applied not only to motor trucks and delivery vans but to private cars as well. In the course of an afternoon in Stuttgart we saw only two moving private automobiles, and one of these was the property of an American. If Germany ever regains purchasing power, it will for a few years be the greatest automobile market the world ever saw, for it will have to start from scratch in its motorization program.

The stores and shops themselves were the best evidence of the retail-business stagnation—never any waiting to secure the attention of clerks. In the largest department store in Berlin, just before the closing hour, there were indeed customers, but no press of them—two or three, perhaps, to the aisle or department. The only really busy establishments were the cheaper restaurants and the moderate-priced cafes that supplied good music.

Perhaps some day I shall come upon the explanation of how a country can have a prosperous industrial life and a dead retail trade at the same time. At present the contradiction continues to baffle me. It may be that in contrasting it with the slackness everywhere else, I have unconsciously exaggerated the extent of the building boom and overestimated the significance of a little smoke issuing from a factory chimney.

THERE was, however, no gainsaying the prosperity of the German banks; and this, in view of the light business being conducted by the receiving tellers, was puzzling. But little by little, as we saw the daily queues of people in the banks exchanging money, it was borne in on us that the exchange business of Germany had grown to enormous proportions. From one source or another many Germans were getting foreign money and exchanging it daily at the banks for marks.

Where the money came from we could only guess. We surmised that a large part of it was sent in to German families by relatives living in America. At any rate, next to the mark notes themselves, the commonest piece of paper money in Germany was the American dollar bill. There he was, looking as familiar as a wedge of apple pie, a bit dishevelled by his travels but with his heart of gold (or is it silver?) untarnished and worth one hundred cents every time. Frequently you took him in change, and in unexpected places. For a five-dollar bill the Berlin coach conductor whom I have quoted gave me four American ones and the balance in marks, and almost any restaurant waiter could show you two or three American bills if he were so disposed.

These and English pound and ten-shilling notes and Dutch and Swiss paper were the commonest foreign bills to be seen in Germany: but there seemed to be plenty of all four, in spite of the dictum that bad money drives out good. Every day the holders of these bills were presenting some of them to the banks and licensed exchange brokers to be changed into marks. Nobody else was allowed to deal in exchange.

The government was protecting the bank monopoly with stringent laws, and the banks were charging an average commission of twenty

[Turn to page 55]

Who is the more important in a family—the father whose life is already mature, or the son whose future lies all before him? Which should be sacrificed for the other's welfare? Such is the problem—and it is present in many families—that is brilliantly and movingly treated in this remarkable story of a mother, a father, a son—and their battle for a solution

"You love Father, don't you, and you'd be willing to do anything in the world for him?" John Raymond did not see what he could do, but he was willing

The Doubtful Inheritance

By Lucy March Royer

Illustrated by C. H. Taffs

"I'M going on an errand, John Raymond. It's to be a wonderful surprise for Father. Keep at your studies until he comes in."

John Raymond looked up to see Mother standing in the doorway. Her cheeks were pink, and her gray eyes were shining. Mother was always planning surprises for Father, something good for his supper perhaps, this time; and so he wasn't particularly interested. She looked very nice—at least so John Raymond thought—quite like she did in the old days in Hillsburg. It was only her shabby clothes which made her appear out of place in the new surroundings, as much out of place as John Raymond felt when he thought of his straw-colored hair and his freckles.

If only the Patron of Art had not come to Hillsburg and it had never been discovered that Father was a genius! John Raymond forgot the fine furniture and kicked out viciously at the stool at his feet. It didn't seem right for Mother to be unhappy when she was always so sweet and good and never harmed anyone. They had been happy in Hillsburg, Mother happiest of all, and Father hadn't worried about her not having a soul to understand him, or about the fact that John Raymond was awkward and country-looking. They had never thought about such things.

For they had been provincial in Hillsburg. Mrs. Agnew, the Patron of Art, was always saying so and telling Father how unhappy he must have been. Provincial meant to live in a small town and wear homemade clothes and know nothing of the art movements of the day. It was what his new playmates meant when they called him "freckles" and "hayseed."

Mrs. Agnew was not provincial, not like the folks in Hillsburg at all. She wore clothes from the stores, and her hair was short like a boy's, and her hands had many rings, and her nails were long and pink and shining. She talked about musical souls and development and things which John Raymond and Mother did not understand. She had come to Hillsburg to the sanitarium there, and it was at the annual musical recital that they met her. Father had looked so handsome that night and played so well that every one clapped and he had to come out many times to bow to the audience. John Raymond had been very proud and had thought that nothing could be as fine in the world as to be like Father.

When it was over Mrs. Agnew came straight to where they were standing. She walked fast, and every one made way for her. She shook both Father's hands and told him who she was and how much she was interested in music and it was some time before she turned to Mother.

"YOUR husband is a genius, Mrs. Eckart,"—Mrs. Agnew spoke almost as though she were scolding Mother,—"and he is wasted here in this small town. We must see what can be done." In spite of her short hair and short dress she seemed old, older than Father, and John Raymond knew that Mother was afraid of her. There had been great excitement during the next few months. Mrs. Agnew had come to the house very often and she had had long talks with Father. Then one day Mother told John Raymond that they were going to sell the house to get money to move to the city where Mrs. Agnew lived so Father could play in the orchestra and develop his art and have many pupils.

Mrs. Agnew had selected the apartment for them because she knew all about the city and just the right place for Father to live. Mother's eyes had opened wide when they were taken to the new home, for there had never been anything like it in Hillsburg. But she was frightened when Mrs. Agnew mentioned the price and said at once they could not afford it. Then Mrs. Agnew had talked to Mother again in that same scolding tone. "I am afraid, Mrs. Eckart, that you do not understand the artistic temperament. It cannot thrive in sordid surroundings. I should think you would be willing to sacrifice anything for your husband's genius."

And mother had sacrificed everything. Father had taken the apartment and he never concerned himself about the bills or let Mother bother him about money. No one but John Raymond knew how hard she worked. She washed and ironed all the clothes—usually at night, so that Father would not be disturbed or ashamed if any of his friends came to the studio. She mended and pressed and did all the cooking and walked a mile each day to a part of the town which was not fashionable so that she could buy things cheaper.

JOHN RAYMOND had sacrificed, too; but saddest of all he had to give up his hope of being a musician. He had decided shortly after they had moved to the city that there was no use thinking of it. Mrs. Agnew had brought a number of her friends to the studio and Mother and Father had asked him to play. He was very proud as he walked over to take up the violin and determined to do his best so that every one would know that he was going to be a genius. But he was not used to the slippery floor, and his feet felt big, and he stumbled. One of the ladies laughed, and then everything went wrong. They all clapped a lot when he had finished; but Father frowned, and John Raymond knew that he was ashamed of him. His eyes felt blurred, and he hurried out into the dining-room. Uncle Jack, Mother's brother from Hillsburg, was sitting there. He wouldn't go in with the company, but he had seen and heard everything. "Don't worry, Johnnie," he said. "One musician is enough in a family, especially when he's handsome like Father. You'll have to be content to be like our side in spite of your two

When Father was dressed he looked so big and handsome that John Raymond forgot about his vacation

names." Uncle Jack was always teasing and did not mean to be unkind; but he did not know that John Raymond wanted to be a musical genius.

FATHER forgot his lessons entirely soon after that, and he could not remind him. But he often crept into the studio when Father was practicing quite alone. John Raymond was very happy then, for that was when Father played best—when no one was around to watch him, and he forgot himself completely. Those were Mother's happy moments, too, for she would listen at the door, and John Raymond could tell from her face how much she loved Father's music and how proud she was of him.

Of course Father did not know that Mother and John Raymond were unhappy and lonely here. He was having such a wonderful time that he did not notice. He wore the very finest clothes and had to have the best food Mother could buy. He seemed to John Raymond to swell out and grow taller and even more handsome. His hair was long and bushy now, and he was always running his hands through it. Each time he entered a room where he was going to play he paused at the door and folded his arms, and his black eyes would flash all about. Then he would smile and bow many times, and the ladies would clap and say: "The master! How handsome he is!"

But he was different at home. He was cross and stormed at Mother, who never could suit him no matter how hard she tried. He had artistic temperament and had just found out about it since coming to the city. Mrs. Agnew said that all people of genius were that way. Ordinary souls did not understand. Mother did not have temperament and neither did John Raymond. He had tried raging about one day in just the same way Father did, but Mother had been surprised and hurt and had said, "You, too, my son!" in such a sad tone that he was sorry and did not want to do it again. But there was no use thinking about things. Besides, he had something to look forward to now. He was going to camp with the fellows from Hillsburg. Only two months more—and if he could get excused from his examinations at school, it wouldn't be quite that long. He picked up his book and started to study, and then the bell rang.

It was a lady, as he had expected, but she smiled so kindly as she asked for Father that he was glad to have her come in to wait. She sat down and talked to him just as though he was grown up. She seemed glad to hear about Hillsburg and Mother and about how proud they were of Father. He even told her about himself and how much he had hoped to be a musician. Then Father came in. When he saw the lady he put on his grand manner and bowed very low.

"Oh, indeed this is an honor, Mrs. Bryson," he said. "I've heard that you are a patron of art and have a soul for music and great artistic talents. This is indeed an honor." Then he bowed low again and placed his hand over his heart.

MRS. BRYSON did not seem to like being told that she was a patron of art and had a soul for music. She did not smile at Father, and her tone was cross. She told him that she was giving a concert at her home on the Avenue and asked him to play. Father was proud and happy to be asked and said that he would. Mrs. Bryson turned again to John Raymond. "I shall expect you and Mother, and you must not disappoint me. You will see that they come, will you not, Mr. Eckart?"

Father looked surprised; but Mrs. Bryson did not wait for an answer. "Now, don't forget—you and Mother, John Raymond. I am sure [*Turn to page 31*]

Illustrated by G. E. Giguere

"I sew for that one, who, when he does arrive, I shall love weeth all my heart and soul, Señor," said Carmencita softly

The Heart of Carmencita

By Vingie E. Roe

THE train was nearing that unknown point marked on the ticket. Philip Lambert, sitting erect in his section, looked with tragic gray eyes at the levels spread out to touch the sky. For two days they had sped past him, miles upon miles of red-gray and purple desert.

The very land revolted him—it seemed so like his life, barren, robbed, finished. Like his life, assuredly.

He fingered the crutch that stood beside him and moved his good foot restlessly against his suitcase. The conductor was calling the name of his station. The train slowed down, stopped. He stood in the vestibule and did not trouble to raise his eyes to the window.

Under his breath he cursed the doctor who had ordered him *here*. "Heat—dry air—perfect rest," he said, with a grimace.

Rest! As if he would ever know it again, condemned as he was to a maimed life.

"Careful, suh," warned the porter, "step's faihly high."

The train whistled; creaked; rumbled away.

Philip Lambert raised his sullen eyes and surveyed his place of exile. Desert—on all sides—white under the noonday sun. Dust eddying far out where a wind moved. He looked back. There was the usual desert town, small, flat; adobe for the most part; baking hot. Up the one street he saw pine stores; horses tied at a hitch-rack; a half dozen reckless-looking motor cars.

Completing the circle of his vision he discovered an oasis of palms with flat roof showing, and across the shining line of the die-straight tracks the long face of a wall, a mud wall, solid, ancient, over whose gateway rose an arch of dull iron letters which read: "St. Ursula's Retreat."

"Señor," said a soft voice at his elbow, "Señor Lambairt?" A boy of fourteen, slim as a racer, smiled up at him.

An exquisite story of our Southwest desert—the record of a man's spiritual regeneration through the birth of a great love.

"Señorita!" she gasped, clutching at the stranger's arm, "I lied to you! He is sleeping this moment in the casa—and he will marry no one!"

"Yes," said the man. "Can you tell me where to find Mrs. J. Smith?"

"Sure," said the boy, "I'm sent to breeng you."

Without more ado he picked up the heavy suitcase and wabbled away down the platform.

Lambert followed, bitterly thinking. He—to have to let a *kid* carry for him! Oh, well—it was part of all the rest. Where the platform stopped the lad set down his burden and put out solicitous hands to help him. Once off the boards he found the going difficult—his crutch stuck in the deep white sand and he hardly noticed which way they were headed until another voice, softer than the boy's, said: "Welcome, Señor! Look out for the stones—don't sleep. Ah!" And another hand touched his elbow.

LAMBERT looked up from the round stones that were beginning to show through the sea of sand, to behold a woman on a flagged pathway with the palms of the oasis behind her. She was brown, and plump; her abundant black hair liberally streaked with gray.

"Doctor Gebhart," she explained volubly, "wrote that you, that you"—she paused, searching for the most compassionate phrase—"you still carry the wounds of war"——her inflection covered him with glory—"and—I am grieved, Señor."

"You are—?" asked the man astonished.

"Señora Smeeth," she said. "Mrs. J. Smeeth."

The great dim house in the oasis was a marvel to Lambert. He lay in the room assigned to him and looked out to where the palms and pampas grass and transplanted yuccas grew lustily about, the water trickling in its tiny channels between the whitewashed stones. His bed was very old, of some heavy black wood, with a five foot head; and exquisite quilts of patchwork lay above the coarse white sheets. On the frank, dull-plastered walls hung staring lithographs of sacred scenes—Christ bending under the weight of the Cross; the Last Supper; the Annunciation—and in a small niche beyond the ancient dresser was a beautiful statue of the Virgin with her dreaming face; her bent head crowned with a little wreath of fresh wildflowers. Some loving hand had made the wreath that day, he knew, and set it on the little head, so meekly bowed. Though it was mid-afternoon the room was already dim with shadows—and cool—very cool.

FOR one moment, as he sank into the peace of this ancient house, he forgot the source of the keenest wound he bore—the fair face of a woman. A fair, fair face, indeed, white of brow and pink of cheek, like a lily with the rising sun behind it, and sky-blue eyes beneath sunny hair. For the last five months he had visioned it, night and day, an ever-present torture. If *she* had stood by, all the rest would have been bearable but—she had not stood by.

To take a crippled husband—even the Lambert money and his lieutenant's bars had not been enough to make Lorma Van Arn leap that barrier. So she had kept to her brilliant way—and he had gone his own, alone.

But who should give a continental? That smell, now, coming in through the deep slit of the ancient window. . . . . Then dusk and perfume and the meek, flower-crowned Virgin faded out of consciousness and he slept.

Lambert did not know what wakened him. There was no light now in the room, only a pale radiance shone at the narrow window. His tired back was eased in every nerve. He felt no desire to stir. Then, after a pregnant silence, he heard voices under the palms.

"*Vaminos!*" cried an imperious young contralto, "Get out! It is mine!"

There was a boy's cracked laughter, the sound of bare feet on the flags, a scuffle and the smart spat of a hand on flesh.

"Geeminee! Young Wildcat! Gimme that *tortilla!*"

He pronounced it "*torteeya*," and the man on the bed felt a vital urge to see what it was. He reached for his crutch and went softly over to the window.

Backed up against a palm tree bole there stood a girl. One hand was open, stretched out, threatening another slap; in the other, held high as she could reach above her head, was held an object very like the pancake of his boyhood memories. With his eyes upon it the slim, dark boy of Lambert's acquaintance sparred for an opening to evade the threatening hand. And the girl was angry, plain mad.

"*Muchacho!*" she said contemptously. "*Muchachito!* Little boy! Can't I have anything around this *casa?* No, you don't!" as the boy leaped. "Get out! Hyena! *Madre!*" she raised her voice, calling for her mother after the age-old fashion of the young.

In a moment the neat figure of Mrs. Smith appeared under the palms, her dark face scandalized.

"I am grieved," she said, "that my children have the no-good manner. To fight—quarrel—what you call the scrap—right under the Señor's window!"

"Darn the Señor," said the girl frankly, "if it were not for him we should eat."

"Sancta Maria!" gasped the mother, "you swear! Oh, that I should raise to thees the cheeldren of your father, the Señor Juan Smeeth!" and she covered her face with her hands.

Instantly the two young scapegraces were upon her, their arms about her neck, their soft lips at her brown cheeks, their voices running the gamut of remorse, affection, pleading.

Lambert leaned from the sill, scarcely a yard above them.

"If the stranger is holding up the evening meal," he said smiling, "by all means let's eat."

Three distinct gasps answered him as the group fell apart.

Mrs. Smith spread her hands; apologized; the boy grinned at him; but the [*Turn to page 26*]

Mary Pickford and her famous husband, Douglas Fairbanks

Step By Step

Here Is Told For the First Time How Mary Pickford Has Earned More Money By Her Own Efforts Than Any Other Woman In the World

By

Helen Christine Bennett

THE General Manager of the biggest producing company in the motion picture business was talking with me about various phases of the industry. We mentioned Mary Pickford.

"Mary," he said thoughtfully, "looks far ahead. Mary is about the best business man in the business. Few people understand how thoroughly Mary knows and how ably she manages her business."

When I returned to the East it seemed to me that no one, except a small circle of professional folk in the West, had ever heard of Mary Pickford as a business manager. Most of the people whom I questioned were frankly astonished at the idea. They had a notion that Mary Pickford's success was entirely due to personal appeal, and that in reality she was very much like the slender, charming and undeveloped heroines she usually portrays in her pictures.

The tribute of the General Manager set me upon an investigation. Was this beautiful young woman only a fine actress with a great deal of personal charm, or an unusually gifted human being who added to that, ability in business?

My first interview with her settled the matter. With no chance to prepare, Mary discussed the entire motion picture business in terms that left no doubt as to her knowledge of every phase of the industry, and showed beyond doubt a mentality blended of shrewdness and nice judgment, with an unusual power of analysis. Later, when I came to know her a little better, I began to realize that Mary is a complex character. She is as gentle and sweet as her heroines in her outlook towards the people about her. Her attitude towards life is one of trust and sincerity. Her capacity for genuine affection is much larger than that of the ordinary human being. Her love for her mother and sister and brother and her devotion to them have a depth and quality that is unusual.

To be with her and her husband is to be admitted to a very beautiful relationship. To see Mary Pickford in this way with her family or with her husband is to lose sight for the time of the position she occupies. Mobs have fought for a glimpse of her, royalty has asked to know her, the great in every country in the world have sought her. She has made more money through her own efforts than any other woman in the history of the world. In her profession she is the undisputed queen. At every affair given in Hollywood it is evident upon her entrance—when she can find time to attend—that Mary holds first place. Everybody in the profession cherishes a desire to meet her; time after time some one confided this to me, looking on me as a privileged character since I did know Mary. All this adulation has left her without affectation, bombast or any sign of conceit. Her mentality is too keen for her not to have a very real appreciation of the place she has won, but her sense of balance is also keen.

"I study all the time," she told me. "You know I did not have a very thorough education when I was a girl, and I am trying to make up for that deficiency."

AT that time she was taking a French lesson in the morning and reviewing motion pictures every night, as well as working a long day in the studio. Practically every evening after dinner, Douglas and Mary, and with them frequently Charlie Chaplin, see pictures shown at the Fair-

A business conference between Mary, her mother, Mrs. Pickford, and her director, Ernst Lubitsch

Beneath Mary Pickford's delightful film personality there is keen business ability and dynamic energy

banks home in a room arranged especially for that purpose. These three leaders in the industry not only know their own pictures, but what everyone else is producing, and what anyone happens to be experimenting upon. Every film of possible merit finds its way to the private show room.

WHEN I had known her a little time I repeated to her the remark that made her "the best business man in the business."

"Did he say that?" she asked, rather startled. "Douglas, what do you think of that?" She did not wait for a reply, but went on thoughtfully: "I don't believe it is true—but," she added with a whimsical smile, "of course I can't prove it! The best business man——! Why I feel as if I had been suddenly sent for and called upon to play a new part."

"But you are running a business," I argued. "You run in your own studio here, make your own productions, independently, you are not in business with your husband. And everyone to whom I have talked has agreed that you are a very efficient producer. Won't you let me tell the public something of that side of you?"

It has taken a year and a half to get her consent. No one in the studio, even Douglas Fairbanks, could exactly fit Mary and the word "business." Douglas has the greatest respect and admiration for his wife's ability, but he cannot think of her with a business label. And it would be rank injustice to limit Mary Pickford to business. She ranks first of all as a wonderful woman, well balanced, many sided, capable of effort in lines other than those she has chosen. Back of her beauty lies real power. Beneath Mary Pickford's delightful stage personality there is keen business ability and dynamic energy.

From a business standpoint she occupies two important positions, the first as a producer of her own pictures, and second as one of the originators of the United Artists, which is a distributing organization handling the films of Miss Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and David Wark Griffith. When this organization was formed it was the butt of much ridicule. Actors were not business people; how could they be supposed to manage a purely business enterprise, where could they find money to finance the necessary exchanges? But at the end of four years the United Artists is a strong organization, controlling not only the pictures of these four artists, but also releasing for other independent producers. As almost forty per cent of the entire cost of a picture is spent in distribution, the handling of this part of the business is no mean part of Miss Pickford's entire work. She authorizes her own releases and with her associates directs the work of this highly successful company. The direction of her own productions is entirely in her own hands. She consults her mother, her husband, and her studio force, but always hers is the last word, and the guiding force all through the production is hers. Every detail, from the reading for a suitable story to the last development before the sending out of the finished film, is under her supervision.

This is no small matter. In her last production, "Rosita," fifteen hundred people were employed, a small army of actors, property men, camera men, directors and assistant directors and so forth. The matter of sending out photographs alone kept a force busy until Miss Pickford devised a way not only to have her photographs handled outside of her studio, but to turn the funds received for them into a private philanthropy concerning which she cautioned me.

"I'll tell you all about it; but not one word goes into print."

Some idea of the magnitude of the sending out of her pictures to her admirers can be gained from the figures for the year before the existence of the fund. The cost of the photographs sent out for that one year was ninety thousand dollars.

The letters requesting pictures averaged fifteen thousand a week. One single day totalled three thousand.

Since the purchase of the Pickford-Fairbanks studio there has been a general impression that Mary and Douglas are in business together. But the hyphenated name is followed in fact. The studio is owned jointly, but the two businesses are conducted independently. Mary and Douglas each pay a rental and each runs a separate force with the exception of three people who are used in common. One of the three is the sudio manager.

I CALL him the 'shock absorber,'" said Mary, "because, poor thing, it is his duty to determine the particular rights of a particular person to any part of the studio at a certain time. But down to the last postage stamp, our business is separate."

"How do you know how to please your great audience?" I asked her.

"I don't," said Mary promptly. "I wish I had a divining rod to find out exactly what people *do* want. It is only the past five years that have found me a fully fledged business woman in the sense of managing a company and a studio and of producing and financing the making of pictures. But I have been growing with the business all the years I have worked for the screen.

"The biggest lesson I learned is one that applies to anyone in business—to keep faith with the people who buy your product or your services by giving them what they want and expect of you, *and a little more.* When you are working on a salary you give this to your employers; when you are in business for yourself, you give it direct to the people to whom you sell your products.

[*Turn to page 32*]

The latest and most beautiful portrait of America's best beloved actress

Mary's quaint little studio-bungalow

It came on rather slowly considering his illusion of its speed, then suddenly swept by like the rushing wind

The Phantom Taxi

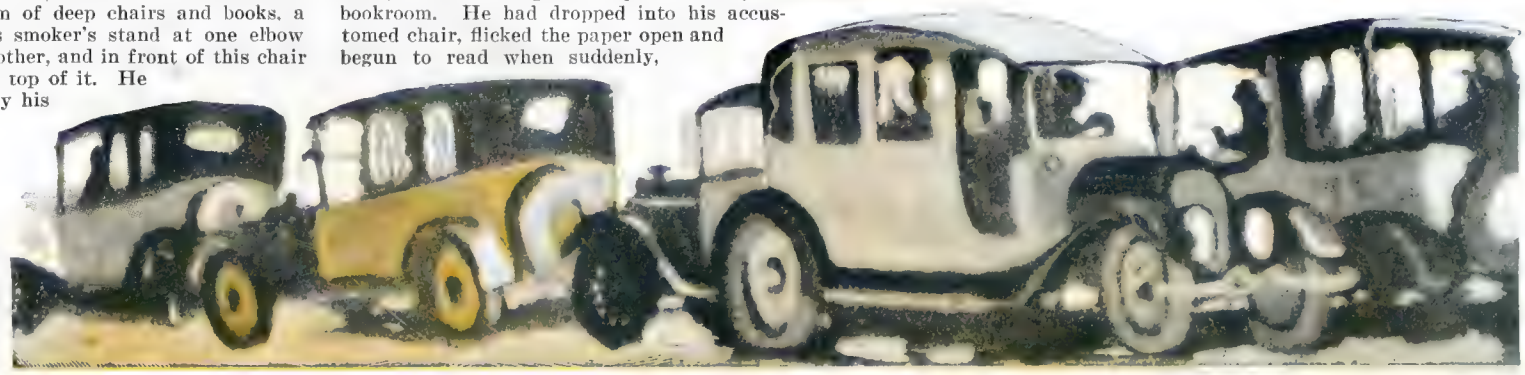
Illustrated by Frank Street

By Rice Gaither

AS he dressed with luxurious and lingering care, he looked affectionately about his small apartment—all visible from a point in front of his dressing-table—regretting a little the happy necessity for giving it up. He loved the bright, white look of the bathroom where his Japanese valet was even now bending over the tub; the shallow enameled cabinet where lay razor and soap and a particular box of talcum; and, at the other end of his suite, the comfortable room of deep chairs and books, a certain chair with a brass smoker's stand at one elbow and a reading lamp at the other, and in front of this chair a console with a caraffe on top of it. He would not postpone one day his wedding on the morrow: it was spiritually necessary; yet there was no disloyalty to Edith in remembering that he had been very comfortable in these rooms.

With accustomed nicety he tied his black bow; then, accepting his dinner-jacket from Kato, looked at his watch before putting it into his pocket, and asked for the evening paper. It was only a few blocks down Park Avenue to the Grand Central station, but, "You can order the taxi now," he said to his valet; and, with the paper in his hand, strode through the open doorway into the bookroom. He had dropped into his accustomed chair, flicked the paper open and begun to read when suddenly, without any conscious process of reasoning, he glanced over the top of the sheet at Kato, already at the telephone, to add: "A yellow one—a yellow taxi."

It seemed hardly a moment before Kato was standing in front of him again, this time holding out a heavy overcoat. Leighton frowned at the necessity of wearing it. Such a coat would be very hot in the train, where he would not be able to remove it on account of his dress.



After all it was not a taxi, he discovered. He only thought he had seen one rush by in the night. The next time he would not be fooled, but would walk straight into the ghostly vision, and see for himself that it was all merely a nightmare visited on him by a sick conscience. And so on his wedding night he did, and—well how it all came about and what happened make of this the best mystery story of the year.

But uncomplainingly he put it on, remembering that in the taxi on his way to the station, and later in the car that would meet him at Hastings, the air would be quite cold.

With a valedictory, if not final, look about him, he passed through the outer door of his apartment and into the hall. The elevator boy grinned at him rather broadly as the lift descended, and Leighton, accepting as unavoidable the public interest that was to attend his distinguished marriage, smiled back indulgently.

It must be recorded, however, that Leighton did not regard the immediate evening with unalloyed pleasure. Like all men, he supposed, he hated weddings, even country weddings where simplicity was to be the rule. He questioned the integrity of the simplicity. Was it not, after all, a sort of sophistication through which the Bannings wished to emphasize their distinction? If what they wanted really was simplicity, why should he be going out, as now he was, to rehearse the ceremony? Oh, he wanted to see Edith. But he wanted her alone; he wanted to carry her off somewhere, away from all the people who would be at the Bennings', first for dinner and then for the meaningless show that was to follow.

IN the train he conceived the idea of actually running away with Edith for the evening. Aware that among certain old-fashioned people such an elopement would be considered nothing short of scandalous, he determined, none the less, to manage it. They could slip out after dinner; Edith's car could run them down to the station for a convenient train; and, though the arrival in town would be somewhat late, they could still reach the theater in time for the second act. At any rate, the evening would be theirs; and a long one, too, since after the play they could have supper, then, perhaps, a drive by motor all the way to Hastings, Edith in his arms. His spirits rose at the thought of such golden hours, and at the further consideration that after tomorrow he would have Edith always to himself. Edith was so cheerful. She had such calm, level gray eyes. He knew he could depend upon her eyes to reassure him if he should ever see, or think he saw— But, there! All that was over.

The world was very beautiful indeed when he got off at the little station and recognized Edith's brougham on the far side of the platform. The chauffeur nodded, climbed down and held the door open for him. In a moment Leighton was swinging farther up the Hudson, but now along the heights, with the paved road curving under him, and the river bright below him on his left. The car, already running along the low graystone wall that bordered the Banning estate on the land side, was rapidly approaching a house in the manner of the French Renaissance which stood on a high point where wooded grounds sloped beautifully toward the river and then dropped off in a precipice.

Edith herself opened the door for him. Already dressed for dinner, she put her round, bare arms about his neck as he kissed her and for a fleeting moment held her close. Then she drew swiftly away from him, putting her fingers to her lips.

"Sam's in there," she whispered.

Leighton felt the gather of his frown. He had forgotten Sam, his cousin, who had journeyed far for the occasion of the wedding—that is, almost he had forgotten. Now he remembered Sam had promised to be there tonight if he could make the schedule. He must have just dropped off the train that had brought him from the west.

"Don't run away," said Leighton.

"But I must. I've loads of things to do."

LEIGHTON wanted to see Sam, of course. Yet he would have forgotten, if he could, the images and pictures that came crowding about him the moment he gripped his cousin's hand. Always he had loved this cousin, yet he wished, that moment, that he had not written Sam to come to his wedding. He had almost succeeded in forgetting the old town Sam still clung to, the house in which he himself had been born, the wide, shady streets, with their columned homes and steepled churches. And the bank—even the bank.

He wondered how the talk would go and was relieved when it turned naturally upon the wedding.

"You are mighty lucky, boy," said Sam, including with his hand not only Edith, who had disappeared up the stairs, but the fading river and the broad, sloping grounds and the immediate magnificence of the Banning drawing-room.

"I know I am," laughed Leighton.

Then there was silence. Leighton should have asked about the folks back home. Somehow he dreaded, though, mention of familiar places, or a name—particularly mention of a name.

"Yes," repeated Sam, ruminating, "you're mighty lucky. Made a lot of money, haven't you?"

"I've made some," admitted Leighton.

"Yes, you took the right road, Leighton. Look at Marty."

THAT was it—the name! Leighton felt the color leave his face. But carefully he kept his eyes wide. He kept them wide because he feared that if he closed them he would see something he almost never saw now, something he must never see again.

"Poor old Marty," Leighton said, his voice husky with emotion.

"Yes," said Sam. "He's going to die in prison. Only think that you two boys had exactly the same start. But Marty took the wrong road."

"You say he's going to die?"

"At any time, I understand. Tonight, quite possibly. He has tuberculosis. He was never strong, you know."

Edith came in with Mrs. Banning. Through a window of the drawing-room Leighton could see a motor car swinging up the drive. He could hear voices. Soon the room was filled. Then there was dinner. How he hated it! He had the Elton girl to talk to. The dining-room seemed stuffy and the air hot to his nostrils. Yet his body was cold. He whispered to the butler and the butler filled his glass with whisky, which Leighton gulped. Rollston, across the table, noticed.

BRIDEGROOM'S always nervous," shouted Rolly. "It's the women who keep cool. Look at Edith." Leighton discovered an unreasonable dislike for Rolly, his best man. He hated the whole business of weddings. But he looked at Edith, as Rolly charged, and his brow cleared. She was unperturbed—and beautiful. There was calm about her wide mouth and the gray eyes set far apart. Even the bobbed hair in which she persisted, and the pearl strands that fell from her ears to the smooth white of her shoulders could not disguise her staunch dependability. He knew how she had helped him conquer his old nervousness; she had done it without consciousness, by simply being. She was like all that is quiet and strong—the river or the Palisades.

After dinner, when there was dancing and hilarity, he drew her out of the connecting rooms into the hall.

"I'm going to run away with you," he said, kissing her hands.

"That isn't necessary," Edith laughed.

"Oh, yes, it is," he answered, mocking his own seriousness. "I mean tonight. We're going to cut all this. We're going into town. We're going to a show. You'll have to hurry. Get a fur coat. Quickly, now. Tell your chauffeur to bring your car around."

"It's scandalous. I think I will."

He laughed: "Of course you will."

He was happy with her in the car. He didn't even mind the train. And it was hardly past nine when they emerged above ground at Forty-second street. He hailed a checkered taxi and ordered the chauffeur to drive him to one of those pirate dens where tickets can be had at almost any hour. Soon they were sitting in a little *silence* of their own, their shoulders touching across the arm of their orchestra chairs.

But even in this backwater of the city's night swirl there were taxis, silent, still and waiting

The play completely restored his spirits. He had been, perhaps, a little uneasy when they took their seats in the great dimness of the auditorium; but that uneasiness had all gone in the second and exciting act of the play. By a power of will in which he was certain lay victory for his happiness with Edith, he had concentrated on fictitious drama. However, he was not sorry at the final curtain when the lights came up in front of the proscenium and he and Edith moved again into the stream of Broadway. Supper would refresh him.

"Let's go to Pierre's," he said. "Let's walk."

She seemed to acquiesce. She took his arm, and irresistibly they were swept along the crowded sidewalk. Broadway was garish with the light of a thousand writhing, changing, multicolored electric signs; it was raucous with a thousand sounds. But it was what he craved: that vivid brightness, the hard glitter of jewels on women's fingers, the painted red of their cheeks.

At Forty-fourth street they had to wait while a seemingly interminable stream of taxicabs noisily crossed Broadway. The cabs had color, too; strong color, most of them: all shades of yellow, blues and greens, and even reds. Yes, gray ones, too; but in the bright light of Broadway even the gray ones were indubitably real. He could see the faces of the drivers and the passengers, and be perfectly sure that he knew none of them.

THE street on which he and Edith turned toward Park Avenue was less bright. "You know I have never walked this way," Edith said. "How much farther is it?"

"Oh, rather far, dear. Had we better drive?"

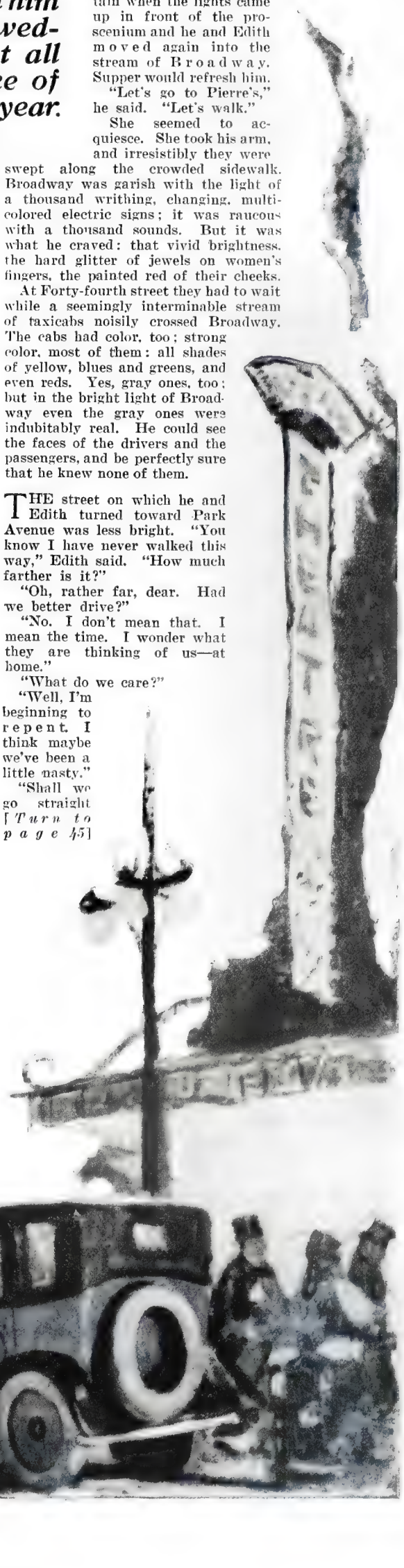
"No. I don't mean that. I mean the time. I wonder what they are thinking of us—at home."

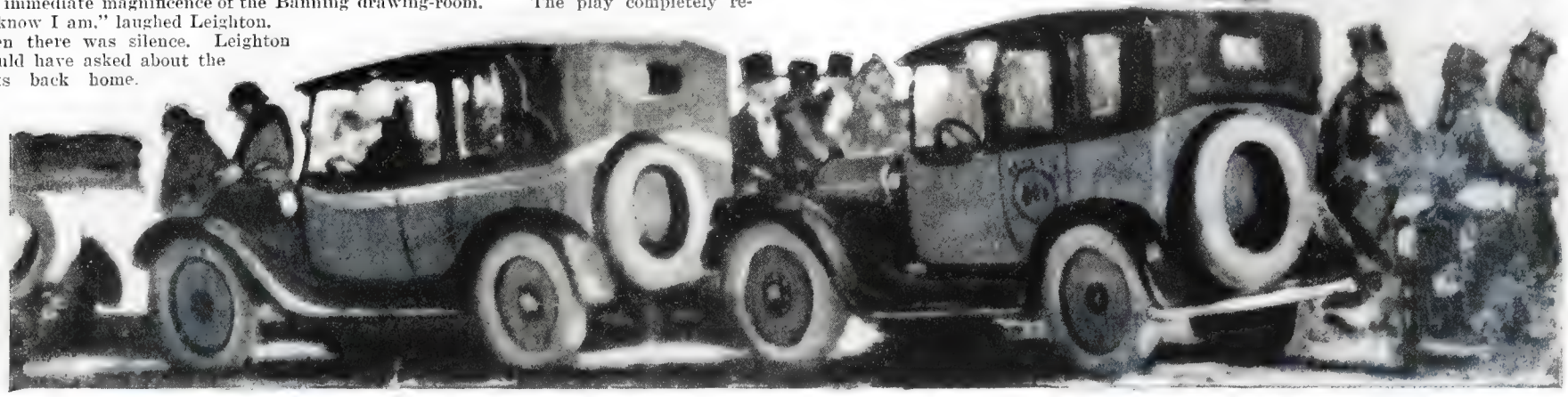
"What do we care?"

"Well, I'm beginning to repent. I think maybe we've been a little nasty."

"Shall we go straight

[*Turn to page 45*]





Illustrated by James H. Crank

The glare of white light fell squarely on the face of Herman Noakes; he fired instantly at Gray's torch

The Jolly Roger
(The Hi-Jackers)

By Robert W. Chambers

MARIE HALKETT stepped inside the bedroom, slammed and bolted the door, and said in an excited voice: "You tell your comrade that you've given your word of honor to let me go!" Endress said: "I can't help it if Gray stops you."

"Very well; I can then," she returned, pulling her pistol from the pocket of her reefer. "Ask him what he means to do!"

Endress went to the door. She said sharply: "Don't open it! Talk to him through the door."

Endress said in an embarrassed voice: "I say, Rudolph, Miss Halkett is in here, but doesn't care to discuss her case with us—"

Characters Involved in the Great Bootleg Intrigue

RUDOLPH GRAY, who has been detailed by the government to find a certain

MARIE HALKETT, bootleg and murder suspect, in whose innocence he firmly believes.

JOSS ENDRESS, who has aided his friend Gray in the search and who has at last found Marie Halkett at the deserted old Halkett house on the banks of the Hudson River.

"Open the door," came Gray's somber voice.

Endress turned impatiently to Marie Halkett. "Don't be obstinate," he said. "He wishes to help you—"

"I won't have his help. Tell him not to concern himself with me or my affairs!"

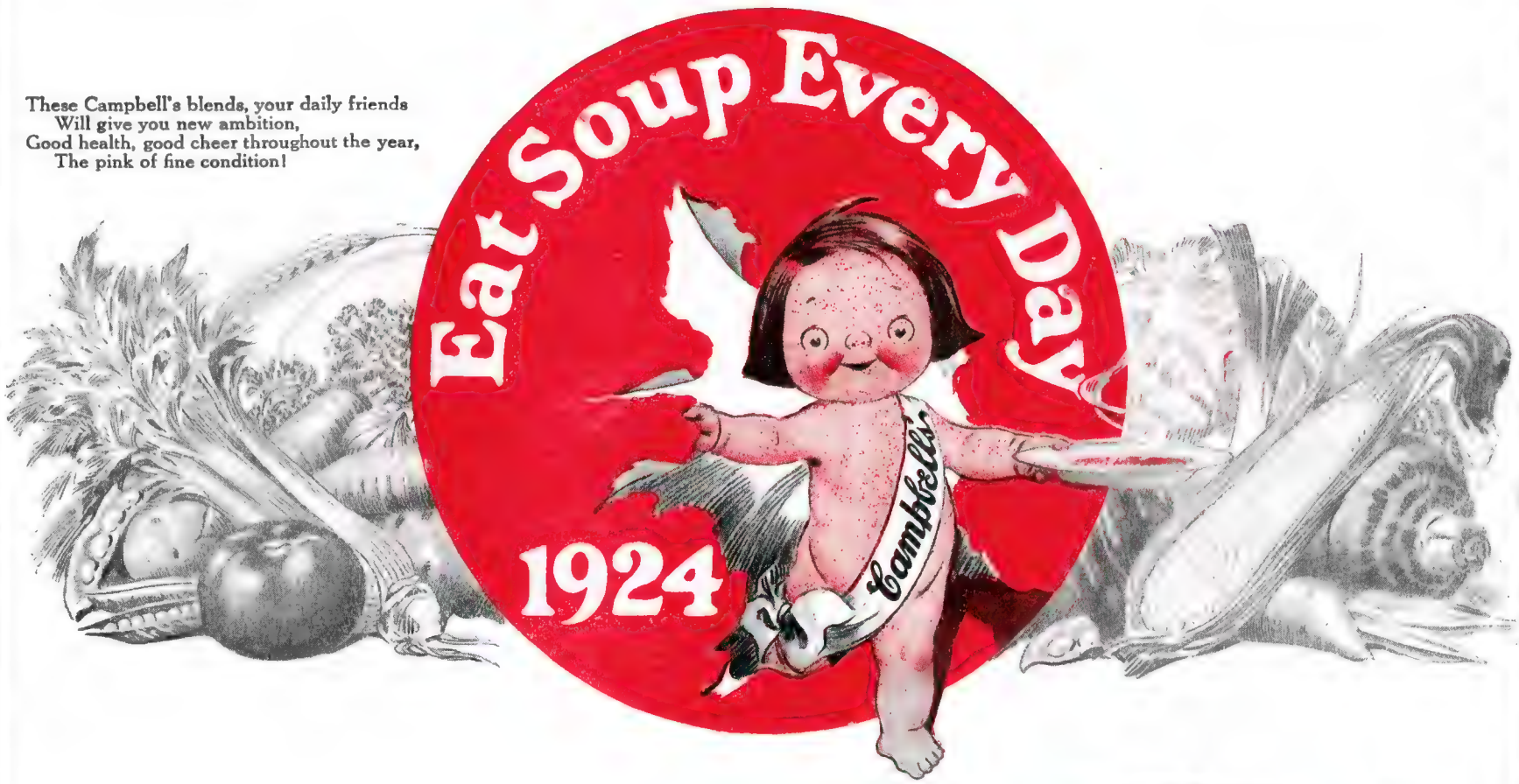
Endress stared at her. "Either you're crazy or you're guilty," he said, "and I'm not sure which—"

"I'll inform you!" she retorted. "I'm guilty. Now you know! Now are you going to keep your word and let me go? If you draw that bolt I'll shoot you both in the legs!"

After a second or two—"I say, Rudolph," he drawled, "she'll shoot us if I open." [*Turn to page 22*]

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

These Campbell's blends, your daily friends
Will give you new ambition,
Good health, good cheer throughout the year,
The pink of fine condition!



Happy New Year Dishes!

Let 1924 be a year of health and sparkle and vigor. Keep in the pink of condition. Eat good soups—Campbell's Soups! They give keenness to your appetite. They refresh and nourish and invigorate you. Each day will find you more eager to enjoy your meals —the first secret of health.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

is a prime favorite with everybody who knows that good soup is one of the most delightful and valuable of all foods. Thirty-two different ingredients in one tempting dish. Fifteen fine vegetables. Cereals for strength. Appetizing broth of selected beef. People often make it their whole meal—it is so hearty!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Luncheon Dinner
Supper

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

yours and let her go."

"Certainly not!"

"Very well," said Marie Halkett, "let him stay there, then!"

She went to the bed, snatched a sheet from it, produced a sailor's clasp-knife, opened it by the spring, and, spreading the sheet upon the carpet, dropped on her knees and began to divide it into strips.

Endress rested his cheek against the bolted door. "Rudolph?"

"Yes."

"Do you mind if I talk plainly?"

"Go ahead."

"This girl is no good. Guilty or guiltless she has no sense. Her brain is embryonic—"

Marie Halkett, on her knees, looked up swiftly in flushed anger; but Endress paid her no attention. "She has something on her mind and not mind enough to manage it. But she has vanity enough to think she can—"

Marie Halkett, kneeling upright on the carpet, caught Endress by the sleeve. "What you are saying to Mr. Gray is not true," she said. "Whatever he thinks about me, I do not wish him to think me stupid!"

"Oh; isn't it stupidity," inquired Endress, "to refuse aid from a man devoted to you?" He looked down at her flushed, unhappy, reckless face. "See here, Miss Halkett," he said, "there's something terribly wrong in all this—but it's not *you*. Why won't you tell us? Is it your pride that's involved?"

SHE looked down at the sheet which she had been dividing into ribbons; looked up presently, flushed but hard-eyed. "It's more than pride," she said under her breath; "it's my loyalty that is concerned. Tell your comrade I *can't* talk to him. I can't talk to anybody. Nobody can help me."

Endress went to the door again. "Rudolph," he said, "give Miss Halkett your word of honor that you'll not detain her."

After a grim silence. "Ask her to step to the door where she can hear me," said Gray.

"Will you speak to Gray a moment?" said Endress to Marie Halkett. "I believe he is ready to promise not to detain you."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I'll listen to that."

She sprang lightly to her feet and came and leaned against the door. "Mr. Gray?" she inquired in a tone so careless that it sounded flippant, almost mocking.

"Marie Halkett," he said in a voice much altered and strained, "this is no time for pretense of any kind. The Government is ready to proceed against you. I am ready to fight for your vindication because I believe in your innocence. That is the reason I am here. *One* reason."

"Thank you," she said with a hint of laughter in her voice. "What is another reason, Mr. Gray?"

"There is only one other. I fell in love with your picture. And now—it's the same—with you."

Marie Halkett became very still where she stood, resting against the bolted door.

"I realize I'm quite crazy," he said after a moment.

Marie Halkett turned, walked to the window, stood there. One slim hand twitched at the lowered shade. After a little while—"You may unbolt the door," she said to Endress.

Endress opened the door. Gray came in, slowly. The candlelight dazzled his eyes; but he looked at Marie Halkett, who stood by the window, her shoulder turned toward him.

Endress explained, pointing at the sheet on the floor:

"Miss Halkett was leaving by the window, I suppose. It's a pity she cannot trust us with this affair."

Marie Halkett's head was lowered; one finger, hooked into the pendant ring dangling from the shade, played with it, but ceased as Gray came toward her. "I've told you the truth," he said, standing before her.

The girl, very still, lifted her gray eyes but not her head. "I'm sorry," she said.

"Because I have fallen in love with you?"

"That is too extravagant—"

"Yes, it's extravagant. I know it. I know everything that can be said against it. I'm even painfully conscious of what you must think of it. But—I saw your picture. . . . And here I am."

She looked up again, serious, frankly inquisitive as a child.

MARIE HALKETT," he said, "you have become about the only important thing in life to me. There's no use your disbelieving it; no use demanding the reason. There isn't any reason; there's just the fact."

She seemed to have nothing to say to him. As for his avowal in the presence of Endress, neither he nor she appeared even to be aware of that young man. The latter alone seemed to suffer any embarrassment—turning his back to them and finally, increasingly ill at ease, walking out into the gallery, abandoning them to their sudden and amazing intimacy.

Marie Halkett lifted her head and looked at Gray. "You won't understand," she said, "if I tell you that what you have said to me makes it even more impossible than ever for you to aid me."

"Will you tell me why?"

"No."

He said in his strange, toneless way: "Even if you are guilty, I want to work out the problem of life with you."

"You *are* mad!" she said slowly. "Do you expect me to believe that you would throw away your career, your future, your friends and social position for a—a whim?"

"You are not a whim."

"Suppose I am guilty of murder?"

"I'd fight for you."

She stared at him; then a bright color swept her face. "Do you think I'd do such a thing to you? Even if you were fool enough—fine enough—to do it? It's—it's all crazy nonsense!" she said, exasperated. "You talk like an unbalanced boy—"

"I am. You are all that counts in this world, Marie Halkett."

He dropped his hands into his pockets and stood with lowered head as though studying the hopeless situation. And her gray eyes remained intently on him.

She said with an effort: "I want you to understand one thing: whether or not I've ever taken human life, I certainly intend to do it. What have you to say to me now?"

"That if it ought to be taken outside the law you'd better let me take it for you."

"You *are* stark mad!"

"Very likely." He walked slowly over to the bed and sat down on the edge. Then he looked up at her, the shadow of a smile on his haggard face. And slowly, as though obeying no impulse of her own, the girl came across the room and seated herself beside him.

After a silence—"I'll say this to you," she said, "if ever I need any man's aid I'll ask yours. But you need not stir unless you feel—as you do now."

She got up, went to the window, turned and came back. He rose as though very tired. "You'll have to put me out of your mind," she said in an unsteady voice. "There's no future for me even when I do what has to be done. . . . Good-by. And thank you—" She extended her hand. "Good-by," she said.

"Where are you going, Marie Halkett?"

"If you draw that bolt, I'll shoot you both in the legs."

"That does not matter. Walk with me a little way."

He still retained her hand. Slowly they descended the stairway, slowly traversed the hallway, passed together out of the back door into the night, and so around the house toward the weedy level in front. He had passed his right arm through her left one, and clasped her hand. It was a strange, uncanny courtship. The girl, sensitively and overwhelmingly aware of it, tightened her fingers intertwined with his as though to brace her nerves against the slightest inclination to tremble.

"All this," he said, "is not the end. Somehow we've got to solve it, separately or together. We belong to each other already, Marie Halkett."

"There is nothing in me inclined to listen to you—or respond."

"You have responded."

After a silence, in the darkness, he felt the nervous reaction of her hand, her shoulder quiver against his.

He said: "No girl remains entirely unmoved when a decent man tells her he loves her."

"I am not—unmoved."

I KNOW it. I think you *could* care for me, Marie Halkett."

"I don't know," she said. "There isn't any hope—any chance. . . . What is that dark mass ahead?"

"The trees bordering the lane."

"Then good-by."

"Have you nothing else to say to me, Marie Halkett?"

"No."

Suddenly she freed her hand from his—almost wrenched it away. "Good-by, Rudolph Gray!" she said breathlessly.

As she spoke a glare of white light flooded her—blinded them both. She felt herself violently hurled to the ground; heard two shots; heard the ear-stunning report of a weapon close to her; lay staring once more into utter darkness.

"I hit his torch square!" whispered Gray, kneeling beside her. "Stay where you are! Keep clear of me. I'm going to flash him." He moved swiftly forward into the lane, leveled his electric torch at arm's length, kneeling, and flooded the thicket where two men were attempting to sneak away into the fringing woods.

The glare of white light fell squarely on the face of Herman Noakes; and he fired instantly at Gray's torch, then whirled about and fled; and Gray fired at him as he ran westward among the trees and disappeared over the wooded ridge.

Suddenly through the torchlight flashed a running figure, torch in one hand, pistol lifted.

"Good God!" shouted Gray. "Come back!"

But Marie Halkett, already on the ridge, disappeared among the trees beyond. And, as Gray ran into the woods, he heard a shot to the right, and heard Endress calling: "Rudolph! There's somebody shooting at us somewhere ahead of you. Shine him if you can!" [*Turn to page* **73**]

"Keep your skin young by keeping it active! If it shows a tendency to sallowness, use the Woodbury steam treatment given below."

A sallow skin is a skin that is *asleep*

You can awaken it!

It isn't only a rosy skin that looks young; some skins have little natural red.

But there is something fresh and living about the color of a young skin that no one ever mistakes.

Your skin will keep that fresh, brilliant look of youth just as long as the pores and blood-vessels remain in active condition; when they become sluggish and lethargic the color fades and the whole tone of the skin becomes dull and lifeless.

Keep your skin young by keeping it active! If it shows a tendency to sallowness, use this treatment and see what a revivifying effect it will have:—

ONCE or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The other nights of the week cleanse your skin thoroughly in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. This means that your skin is responding *in the right way* to a more stimulating form of cleansing.

After a few treatments this drawn feeling will disappear. You will be surprised to see how much fresher and younger your skin will begin to look.

Special treatments for each different skin need are given in the famous booklet of treatments wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
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The Power of the Press

By Booth Tarkington

[*Continued from page 5*]

(though this is by proxy) when they eat their meals. For they must dine or sup in Edwards City, and also sleep there; the "train-schedule" permits no option in the matter; nor would interurban trolley or a motor-car carry them easily to a better place.

Until the September of two years ago they ate and slept at the "Hotel Garfield," that rudimentary semblance of a hostelry. But the "Hotel Garfield" burned to the ground one winter night; and in the spring Miller's Department Store began to rise upon the site, so that for a time the editor of the *Weekly Enterprise* was never at a loss for his leading editorial. He could be even bitter upon this topic:

> In conclusion of these remarks we should like to be permitted to voice in plain terms our opinion of that class of our citizens in whom municipal patriotism lies so dead that they will declare openly: "What does it matter if the old Garfield did burn down? What does it matter if Edwards City hasn't got a hotel? Why does Edwards City need one?" To these we would say that altho we do not supererogate to ourselves all the wisdom of this planet, the state of affairs is disgraceful. How can a city hope to grow if the stranger within its gates is compelled to inquire from door to door for the necessities of life, shelter and food, only to be directed to an obscure boarding-house? The autumnal Chautauqua Week will be upon us in less than three months and altho it is but June now, the time will pass ere we realize it. How will the citizens of this community feel if the present hopeless condition of affairs is permitted to continue until *then?*

IN THIS particular editorial, however, the *Enterprise* had gone too far, and the editor had to apologize to Mrs. Henry Bull. She waited for him in her broad front yard, one hot June noontide, until he came by on his way from his place of business to his dinner; and as soon as he saw her advancing toward her picket fence to speak to him, he realized that he would have to explain his unfortunate use of the word "obscure." In fact, as she pointed out with some feeling, he had not been accurate: the commodious old frame house was the largest on the street; for that matter, it was almost the largest house in town, and the great elm tree in the yard, the finest tree in the whole county, made the place actually conspicuous instead of "obscure." In reply the editor hurriedly declared that he had meant the adjective to imply nothing whatever about dimensions; and, as she went on to complain upon other grounds also, he protested that no one in the world could possibly consider "obscure" to be socially injurious.

"Not the way I meant it, Mrs. Bull," he assured her. "Nobody could *dream* I meant such a thing!"

But Mrs. Bull, a large woman, stout of body, annoyed in spirit and feeling the heat, was not easily soothed.

"But, Mrs. Bull, please be reasonable," young Mr. Sime begged her. "I explained I never dreamed anybody'd think I meant your house wasn't big enough."

"I told your mother," Mrs. Bull interrupted, "I says to her, 'If it comes down to *family*, I guess the Bulls would show up good enough alongside the Simes.' I says to your mother, 'If you want to compare *family*,' I says, 'why, just compare your son Fred, tryin' to run a little one-horse newspaper, just compare him to my daughter Jessie and her success in the city that's the capital of our State. Just compare 'em,' I says. 'That's all I ask, if you want to talk about *family!*' "

"But I wasn't," Fred Sime protested, "I wasn't talking about it, and I wouldn't ever dream of comparing myself to Jessie. When's she coming home, Mrs. Bull?"

"Next week."

"Next week?" he repeated, and his eye brightened. "Well, the whole town's missed her, and we'll all certainly be glad to have her back again."

JESSIE'S won another medal for Expressiveness," said Mrs. Bull, and added, with satire, "I was goin' to tell you and let you put it in the paper, but after what come out in it last Saturday, I suppose you'd consider any of our family too obscure to be mentioned!"

"Now, now, Mrs. Bull!" he exclaimed. "All in the world I meant was that you didn't have a sign out in front."

"How obscure!" said Mrs. Bull, and she went into the house, letting her spacious convex back express what she thought of the young editor and of his suggestion. Nevertheless, she talked the matter over with her husband that evening rather favorably, and he agreed with her that a sign might be a good thing, but they decided to leave the question to Jessie.

Leaving questions to Jessie was a habit of theirs, a habit that Jessie had taught them, it may be said. She had no great difficulty in teaching them, for ever since she won her first "Prize for Declamation" at eleven, Jessie had been not only their pride and joy, but their leader. Jessie's further career had been one of almost continuous triumph; she won a "Prize for Declamation" every year, and other honors as well. After graduating at the high school, she had taken a "correspondence course" in classic dancing; and at an afternoon banquet of the "Ladies' Auxiliary Relief Corps" she danced some classic dances that upset people even more than her famous essay "Theatre vs. Church" had upset them. Her mother was prouder than ever of Jessie; and her father, a bald, plaintive little old man, was no less vain of her in his own way. For so distinguished and brilliant an offspring they both felt that sacrifices should be made, and so they had topped her education with an artistic year in the "National School of Expression," at the capital of the State.

"I haven't seen the script yet, but they tell me it's rather a really smashing part"

JESSIE returned to Edwards City on the "four-fifty-eight local" one afternoon of bright June weather, and by supper-time everybody in the village knew that she had outdone the most daringly modish of the home-staying girls in the brevity of skirt and sleeve reported in magazines and Sunday editions to be the knowing fashion for that year, though she had not gone so far as to have her hair bobbed.

Jessie decided in favor of a sign-board. She directed and supervised the carpenter (her great-uncle) who constructed the sign, and the painter (her second cousin) who painted it; and ten days after her return it was set in place, at the edge of the pavement before the picket gate. A tall post, painted bright orange, supported a blue cross-bar, and from the cross-bar the square sign-board was swung out boldly, so that its legend, in deep blue letters upon an orange background, could be read from far up and down the street:

THE NEW COLONIAL ARMS
TRANSIENTS ACCOMMODATED &
MOTOR PARTIES A SPECIALTY.

Jessie's father was doubtful; he said he feared this might be thought "kind of loud"; and he favored simply "The Bull House," in gilt on a black background: but she overruled him, and he submitted with customary meekness, later admitting that he had been wrong. For "The New Colonial Arms" at once received the approval of everybody. It was considered to be a step forward; and the *Enterprise* made almost fulsome amends for the blundering adjective of a former issue. Editorially it said:

> We hasten to welcome the progressive spirit we have lately seen displayed by certain of our citizens. This paper has long advocated a hotel for our community and has even been reproachful upon the topic, fearing that Chautauqua Week especially might find us unprovided in that regard, and thus practically advertise to the world our deficiency, giving us a black eye as it were. But thru the efficiency of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bull of our little city this gaping lack has been overcome and we wish to congratulate them on the opening of The New Colonial Arms. The principal rooms downstairs are to be renovated in the colors of the Inn sign-board, which as all admit is an artistic triumph in the quaint fashion of "Ye Olde Colonies." These changes and "Ye Inne" sign-board are due to designs executed by Miss Jessie Bull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bull. All hail to The New Colonial Arms! The World do move! Selah!

Such was the infectious enthusiasm of Fred Sime; and yet the only changes that had taken place at the boarding-house were the erection of the sign and the painting of the two front rooms downstairs. Nevertheless, it was generally felt that Edwards City had become more modern and cosmopolitan, and as "Chautauqua Week" approached, the *Enterprise* several times congratulated the citizenry upon being able to offer the performing celebrities an "Inne" of the type with which fastidious travelers would naturally be familiar and congenial. The *Enterprise* was indeed liberal with "publicity" for "The New Colonial Arms," though the editor was paid (and thought himself well paid) by Jessie's condescension when she would consent, sometimes, of an evening, to walk "up town" with him for refreshment at "Grismer's" or for an hour of moving-pictures.

CONDESCENSION, in fact, they both thought it, when she went with him upon these little excursions. Jessie's viewpoint was no longer that of the village maiden who won high school prizes, and to her own mind she had but alighted in the home nest for a brief poising before stretching her wings in flight to where the world was. Her thoughts were not in [*Turn to page 34*]

A Queer Human Kink

WHAT strange bundles of contradictions we all are! We tell each other earnestly that health is one of the most precious things in life—and yet what do we do to keep it, to protect it? It's a queer kink in human nature, isn't it, to *think* one way and *act* just the opposite!

We know so little about our health, and we imagine so much. We are like the man that Jerome K. Jerome told about in "Three Men In a Boat". Do you remember—the husky, young man who got hold of a medical book? As he read on and on he was horrified to discover that he had symptoms of every disease listed—from Ague to Zymosis — except Housemaid's Knee.

The Harm of Self-Diagnosis

You know how idle people love to talk over symptoms and recklessly recommend all sorts of cure-all remedies. Have you ever been dragged into a "piazza clinic"? Aunt Mary will tell Cousin Jane: "I think I have the same kind of trouble that Caroline has. I wish you would get me the prescription Dr. Banks gave her."

What a tremendous amount of harm is done by these attempts at self-diagnosis! Here is an example: A prominent man made up his mind that he was eating too much meat and heroically put himself on a strict diet. Sometime later, he was taken ill. His doctor astonished him by saying that while most men of his age would have benefited by doing what he had done, his case was an exception and that *lack* of meat caused the trouble.

How Long Do You Want To Live?

Just so long as you are well and happy? Good!—but suppose you keep right on living long after you have ceased to be well! Take your own family—some relative who has been a semi-invalid for years. The poor soul needs all the sympathy and love that you can give—no matter how many times you have heard the old story of aches and pains.

Look ahead a few years. You may be exactly like that—a burden to yourself and to others—unless you take steps *now* to safeguard your health and learn how to run the machine that you call your body. How much do you really know about your physical condition?

Stop right here and think about it.

You would not treat your car as you treat yourself. You probably know more about the mechanism and general condition of your car than you know about your own body. You constantly test the steering gear and the brake bands. You make sure that bolts are tight. You listen to the motor for the faintest "knock". You are careful about the fuel mixture—it must not be too rich nor too lean or the engine will not pull properly.

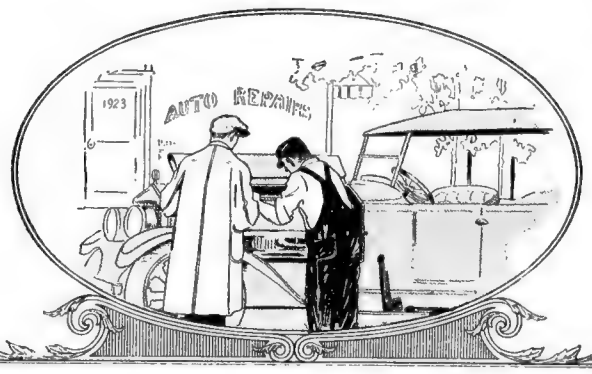
But do you know whether the food—the "fuel mixture"—that you give your own body is too rich or too lean? You can replace parts of your car that are damaged or worn-out—but you can't replace a worn-out heart, an abused stomach, an overworked liver or frayed nerves.

Years Alone Do Not Age Us

The physical changes ascribed to age may be due to poison, infection, wrong food or emotional strain, principally worry. And these things are in large degree under our own control.

Go to your wisest adviser, your own good friend, your Doctor, within the next few days, and have a *thorough* examination. If you are well, you will be glad to have his O.K. And if he finds some slight defect, be thankful that it can be corrected in time—before it becomes serious.

Begin the New Year right!



The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company believes thoroughly in the value of the annual physical examination. All of the 8,000 employees of the Home Office are carefully examined each year; also its field force of nearly 20,000 employees. These examinations are carefully followed up and those employees who show impairments receive particular attention. The result of such intensive care is very gratifying.

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It is not difficult to understand why this should happen. Many of the policyholders who had been examined did not know that they were impaired. They took the advice of the physicians seriously; they followed instructions and thereby averted serious trouble.

The great waste of life that still prevails can be prevented. If people will make an annual inventory of their physical condition and will follow the advice of trained physicians and live hygienically, they will add whole years to their working lives.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail you, without charge, a booklet entitled, "An Ounce of Prevention". It will help you in guarding that most precious possession—your health.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

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The Heart of Carmencita

[*Continued from page 15*]

girl was covered with confusion. She hid the cause of all the trouble behind her skirt and raised to him marvelous, dark eyes, large and limpid, set in lashes that curved, two heavy lines of black, against the drooping lids.

This was Carmencita, the Señora Smith explained, her daughter.

And Carmencita, surreptitiously dropping the *tortilla* behind the palm, made him an enchanting curtsy. That bow came, he was certain, from behind the high mud wall of St. Ursula's Retreat.

At the meal which followed, set on a long table in a high-ceiled room, where candles burned, the girl was a model of manners. They were well mannered, Lambert observed, these dark-skinned folk of the old adobe house, and their innate kindliness shone through their every act. The Señora must know his family history, with tongue-clickings of sympathy at his recital of aloneness; the boy offered shy advances, and Carmencita, after the meal, brought a well worn pillow to put behind his head as he lay in the hammock which swung beneath the palm trees.

Thus began Phil Lambert's stay in the healing land.

The days were hot and silent, except for the roar of the Limited going west, and the shrill voices of children playing over beyond the tracks. Women came to the adobe house to gossip with Mrs. Smith—shy, quiet, dark women with black *rebosos* over their sleek black hair, and Carmencita went each day to the dull iron gate and entered into St. Ursula's Retreat.

Lambert stopped her one morning as he lay in the friendly hammock.

"What do you learn from the Sisters, Señorita?" he asked with a vague interest. The girl paused willingly. She was like a painting as she stood beside the palm, slim, rounded, graceful. Her black hair, smoothly parted over her olive brow, created a likeness to the little Virgin's head but her black eyes gave the lie to any meekness as her lips parted in a ready smile. There was fire in Carmencita—fire of joy, of love and happiness, and of hate and rage as well. It lay close to the surface and a spark could touch it off.

"The organ," she answered, "the beeg organ—and, oh, Señor, it is like the heavenly harps, so deep, so tender! I play very well, so Sister Francesca tells me." There was a childish pride in the statement. "I study very hard," she went on, "and some day I shall go to the far city to earn much money."

"So—you will have a career?"

Carmencita shook her head vigorously.

"Oh, no sir!" she said. "It is not for myself! I will buy nothing for me. It is for the debt?"

"Ah?" said Lambert, "the debt?"

"*Si.* In three years the debt, it will eat up the *casa.* Father Antone has figured it all down. My mother, she can no more than pay the interest—the beeg debt. Señor, it is like a beast that gnaws at the garden. In three years—oh, unless I learn to play queek it will eat it all—the palms, the walks, the house itself. So I must go to my practice now," and with a belated anxiety she roused her young body from its rest against the tree and went quickly away.

Lambert began to think about Mrs. Smith and her problem. A mortgage, evidently, placed on the adobe house—perhaps by the Señor Juan in his day, perhaps after his death. At any rate it was grown now to the likeness of a beast "gnawing at the garden." And so the Señora took in boarders, "with personal attention to comfort," and Carmencita in the dim convent playing like "heavenly harps"—striving against time to arm themselves that they might go out and slay the monster. Poor, eager, friendly folk! How full and tense was life to them, and *they* were happy in spite of their troubles.

IT was a month later. The yuccas had ceased to bloom but the velvet "moss" that clung along the sand was gay with blossoms of all colors of the rainbow. Summer was full upon the land.

The desert was hotter than it seemed possible for earth to get, and Lambert, swinging idly in the faded hammock, watched the still air quiver in the heat. Across from him Carmencita sat on a little stool pulling fine threads from a cobweb square. Her shining black head was bent and the man looked at the soft olive curve of her throat with gentle eyes. She was good to behold, this young Carmencita, with her moods of melting softness and her flares of wrath. More than once he had laughed uproariously at her whirl-wind tempers—and once when there had been tears he had put a hand upon her little head, comfortingly. He did not know that the heart of Carmencita had stopped for a full beat at that touch, nor that her eyes had flamed beneath their fringed wet lids like beacon fires of hope. How could he?

Now he said, "What are you making, child?"

"*Pañuelos* — handkerchief," she answered, "for my bride-box."

Drawn by H. J. Soulen

She could picture them standing in the patio. The beautiful lady would kiss him perhaps . . .

The calm statement was something of a shock to him. He had hated the very thought of weddings. A wedding had meant to him Lorma Van Arn in the glow of white satin with her pale head under orange flowers.

So now he frowned and Carmencita said wonderingly, "You—are not pleased, Señor?"

"No," he said. "You are so young, Carmencita—so young!"

"I am eighteen," she said quickly.

"Yes—and you have a lover?"

"Oh, no! None."

"Then why the bride box?"

"I sew for that one, who, when he does arrive, I shall love weeth all my heart and soul, Señor," said Carmencita softly, though she did not look at him.

"Lucky man!" said Lambert with a trace of his old bitterness, "I wonder if you are true—if such a thing is possible."

"As the stars," said Carmencita gravely, and strangely enough he believed her. As she rose to go Lambert reached and caught her hand.

"Little one," he said gravely, "you are made for healing. I hope to God you never learn the art of breaking hearts!"

And a little later, Carmencita, hid in the depths of the *casa*, raised that hand to her lips and kissed it fiercely. There were tears again in her black eyes.

"*Madre de Dios*," she whispered, "bless him, heart, soul and body!"

So the days passed—long days, quiet, regenerating, and Lambert did not know that Carmencita watched his fair head against the hammock with a devouring hunger in her young face.

"Oh, Sister!" cried Carmencita a little later, "let us put *two* candles on the altar! Two very large—very long ones! This day the Señor-with the heaven-eyes forgot his crutch and walked from the hammock to the first palm tree!"

And she laughed and flung away, to run home to the sandy garden and stand a moment looking down at Lambert where he slept in the hammock, one arm bent under his tawny head Her eyes were fathomless, alight with passion, and she stooped as if she would kiss him—helplessly, drawn by the fire that was in her—but made the sign of the cross above him instead. She gathered a handful of portulaca blooms and carried them to Lambert's room. She would make a fresh garland for the Virgin and beg of her new blessings for this man . . . She stopped on the sill. One by one the gay flowers dropped from her fingers.

LAMBERT'S suitcase had fallen from its usual place upon the little stool. The clasp had come apart, his possessions were scattered in an untidy heap beside it; uppermost among them there lay a woman's picture!

A woman—*a gringo* woman—an *Americano*—fair as the dawn, with a face like the angels in Father Antone's painting of the Nativity! And upon her proud head was a light of pale hair, like an aureole.

Down on her knees went Carmencita to clutch this thing in shaking hands and stare at it, fascinated.

As truly as though he had told her, she knew that *this* was why the Señor's gray eyes were so often filled with shadows. Some day, when the Señor was well she would come and take him away. She could picture them standing in the *patio*—the beautiful lady would kiss him perhaps. . . . Sick to her soul's foundation the girl rose and left the dim room.

From that time forth he had scant sight of Carmencita. She went early to the convent and came late, and she avoided the dry garden as she would a scourge.

On a breathless day in August there was utter quiet in the *patio.* The Señor Lambert always slept late these mornings—blessed fact—and those at the *casa* guarded his sleep most jealously. So that when a stranger came to the stone path beyond the drooping palms the Señora Smith said quickly, "Run, *babita*, and meet the beautiful lady, and bid her speak carefully."

SLOW and still, as if the blood congealed in her, Carmencita went down the white flagged walk. The sunset color was quite gone from her round, young cheeks; the great black eyes, with the dark rings under them, were beginning to shine with a flat brilliance. Carmencita opened her ashen lips to catch the breath that seemed so suddenly elusive.

"Good morning," said Lorma Van Arn. "Can you tell me, please, where I can find Mr. Lambert? Mr. Philip Lambert?"

So—she had come for him! Soon, in a day, perhaps within the hour, he would go away—with her—and the garden would be forever empty!

"*Si,*" she said sharply, like a hiss, "I can tell you! Sure. He is gone—to the beeg town—to—to buy—" She stopped, put an uncertain hand to her throat where a pulse throbbed, and went on desperately—"theengs for—for the bride-box—laces and a fan of feathers."

At the look of shocked astonishment on the other's face she rushed madly on:

"And white cloth for the bridal dress—*si*—yes—with little beads of silver—"

Lorma Van Arn raised an imperious hand.

"Do you mean to tell me," she said with cold distinctness, "that Phil Lambert is going to—marry someone?"

"*Si*—yes, ma'am," said Carmencita.

"Who—may I ask?"

"Me," faltered Carmencita.

"*You! You?* Why, of all things! A—a *Mexican!* Phil Lambert marry you?"

The brilliance of Carmencita's eyes became shallow and hard as lacquer. "Your picture—with the rose—he—tore it up," she said as sly as Eve. Lorma Van Arn dropped the hand she had lifted. She *had* given Phil a picture—with a rose—and he had shamed her before this brown girl of the Border! At Carmencita's words the ghastly doubt became a certainty. With the dignity of her breeding she turned and walked away without a backward look. And Carmencita watched her with widening eyes. It was for this woman he had looked with sick eyes across the desert, and she—she, Carmencita Smith—had lost him the blessing of happiness for which she had so ardently besought the Virgin!

For one more moment she hesitated, fighting like a soldier, cast one despairing glance at the hammock that would swing forever empty, then, flinging out her young arms, she tore out across the sand like a whirlwind.

"Señorita!" she gasped, clutching at the stranger's arm, "I lied to you! It is not true—nothing! He is sleeping this moment in the *casa*—and he will marry no one!"

[*Turn to page 69*]

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for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

There are three main groups of prospective buyers of Chevrolet automobiles and commercial cars.

First, are all who know from comparisons or through the experiences of friends that Chevrolet provides the utmost dollar value in modern, economical transportation of people or merchandise. This group constitutes our spontaneous market; its members walk right into our dealers' places of business and buy Chevrolets.

Second, the large group of people with modest incomes who have the false impression that so good a car as Chevrolet is beyond their means.

They do not realize that due to engineering excellence and full modern equipment, Chevrolet operating and maintenance costs average so low that during the life of the car, it delivers modern, comfortable, fast transportation at the lowest cost per mile, *including the purchase price.*

The tremendous growth of our business during the last two years has been due to the shifting of thousands from this group to the first group.

Third, the smaller but very important group of people of ample means, able to buy the highest priced cars, only a small percentage of whom as yet realize that Chevrolet combines quality features of much higher priced cars with such operating economy that as an extra car it virtually costs them nothing, due to the reduction in their transportation expenses effected by it.

Every 2- or 3-car private garage in the country should have at least one Chevrolet for daily use going to and from work or for milady's shopping, neighborhood calls, taking the children to school, etc.

This message, then, is addressed to all in the second and third groups. We respectfully suggest consideration, investigation and comparison of Chevrolet with any other car at any price. The result will be to our mutual benefit.

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Superior Sedan	795
Commercial Models	
Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Light Delivery	495
Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

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Books for Busy People

[*Continued from page 2*]

these different things. I have allowed myself to be defrauded of time and money so often by the thing coming to be denominated as "a publisher's blurb" that I really feel that I never shall allow this to happen again. By some hook or crook I shall read a volume, or at least find time to examine it to a satisfying degree, before it becomes mine. Only a few days ago I ordered three books because the advertisements concerning them were luring and convincing. They struck a new note. One publication suggested that the author had written a book that was "the beginning of imaginative literature." Naturally, that caught me, so that on the strength of it I ordered the book. I wish sincerely that I had back my money and the publisher his book.

At the same time I invested in another book, sight unseen, of which I have been able to read only a few pages. It proved to be a piece of "imaginative literature" of such value that I would rather give up many times the price I paid than to lose the impulse from the few pages I have found time to read. It makes me feel all the more defrauded in the case of the first book mentioned. Two like the second would be an acquisition to any library.

I CAN state definitely, however, that from the chagrin of a number of expensive experiences, I have quit buying books that I have not personally examined. Books people send to me are another matter. If I find time to read them and they are good, I thankfully put them in my library. If they do not treat of a subject in which I am interested, I give them to friends who would be interested; while if I deem them a waste of paper and ink, as I very frequently do, they always make excellent kindling, and I so use them, because I do not want them to fall into the hands of my young people.

One of the books constantly required to be used in my youth was Wilson's "Outlines of History." Wilson's "Outlines" become dry as dust when compared with Wells', while as a matter of fact, backed by modern astronomical and scientific research, I have no doubt that of the two Mr. Wells' book is more authentic. Certainly, it is the book I should read could I have only the one or the other. I am still puzzled as to how Strachey dared publish the memoirs he wrote of Queen Victoria, but that is a book that I would recommend to busy people, because it tells the truth. The author has a sense of humor and a way of presenting a whole picture in a short paragraph.

From years of personal knowledge of Walter Page, as my senior publisher, I find his letters so sane and just, so like the fine, upstanding man he was, that I take personal joy in them and recommend them to all lovers of a fair statement, truthfully set forth by a responsible man.

I have read only about one third of Papini's "Life of Christ." It is a book I will only read at leisure and with a clear mind, so it is slow going. So far as I have read, I am of the belief that it is the product of true conversion—another case of Saul when the scales fell from his eyes. I know that in high quarters this book is being criticised, that it is stated that it is not sincere; but so far as I have gone, I have the feeling that it is. I feel that it would be to this world very like a second coming of Christ were we to accept it and follow its suggestions for the betterment of the existing relations among men.

In the field of fiction tastes differ so widely that the busy man must select for himself the author whose work runs along lines in which he wishes to be entertained or informed. I have only one suggestion to make in the selection of books of fiction. In the rough they may be divided into three classes. There are books written by men who wish to exploit their own ideas of what they feel right and proper conduct for themselves and to justify these ideas by giving them the support of appearance in book form. Whenever any man writes a book in which he runs wildly amuck on the sex question, allowing his characters to live out their lives purely according to the dictates of animal impulse, he always appeals to me as a man who is using the character of his book as a shield for himself. The reports of the police courts and the statistics of crime are enough to keep us fairly well informed as to the doings of the underworld. I strenuously object to having these same things analyzed and dragged out to the last possible ramification on the pages of a book, under the excuse that the author is writing realism. He is writing realism, but it is realism that is out of place in high grade literature to be circulated for the reading of the general public, quite as the living of such lives as these books describe is out of place among men and women who wish to be of political, social, religious, and economic benefit to the day and age in which we live.

Then there is another class of book, and it is written mostly by women, in which the same subjects are only delicately hinted at; endless analysis is spun out to prove why men or women make their mental and moral failures, and the failure is graphically described, but there is no antidote. One is simply hit in the face with facts concerning whose existence the world is already sadly informed. I cannot write very largely concerning this kind of book, because when I begin one and find upon what I have happened, I consign it to the kindling basket.

THERE is a third class of book, which is written straight from the heart, an attempt to paint life as it is lived by the average people, a book in which the decencies are preserved, morality extolled, the star of hope left shining with sufficient brilliancy that it can be located in the firmament, and here and there an attempted explanation of the why of things; seeds of understanding implanted in the brain that give some hope for a crop of ideas as to how a reader may manage his own life so that he derives something bigger and better from it than he has been having previously. If you want specific instances of the kind of book I mean among volumes of the past year, "Maria Chapdelaine" is an outstanding example. Two of the finest books of exactly this kind that ever have been written in this country are Kathleen Norris' "Certain People of Importance," and Rupert Hughes' "Within These Walls." One element in the Norris book, to my way of thinking, should have been eliminated to preserve the decencies. For the remainder, it is a great book; while I shall be re-reading Hughes' "Within These Walls" so long as my eyes serve me. It is one of the very greatest books of our generation or any other. I read it serially. I told Mr. Hughes after the first chapter that I never should forgive him if he failed to fulfill the expectations he had raised in my mind. He retorted that he very probably should; but he did not. He went on for page after page, faithful to life as his characters lived it, and so he produced a great book.

I believe that the busy man or woman who wants to keep in touch with the times, to be able to converse intelligently, to give their brains the benefit of the exercise of thinking along the line of hints and indirections, would reap a rich harvest from a thorough course in poetry. If this essential part of education was neglected in youth, go back and begin with the classics. Come down through a carefully selected list of the great poetry of Germany, France, England, and Italy, not neglecting China and Japan, and on through our own writers up to the present. For the present I know of no better way for the busy person than to subscribe to three magazines of poetry which cover the field fairly well. "Contemporary Verse," published by a former professor of languages of Princeton University, Charles Wharton Stork, will give the cream of present day poetry, with leanings toward the keeping of rules, the writing in accepted forms, but with the breadth to see beauty, if beauty there be, in more irregular work. Logan Post Office, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is the remainder of the address, and the price one dollar and seventy-five cents a year. If you cannot afford the entire year the magazine comes at fifteen cents a copy.

Then the "Poetry" Magazine, published at 232 East Erie Street, Chicago, Illinois, three dollars a year, was founded and is edited by Harriet Monroe, herself a poet of distinction. In this magazine you will find the work of all the important poets of the day, with a strong leaning toward those who are struggling for self-expression even though the struggle be extremely formless. Then, for the West of the country, there is a poetry magazine, founded and edited by Grace Atherton Dennen, 1139 West Twenty-seventh Street, Los Angeles, the title "The Lyric West." The poems accepted are more likely to conform to rhyme, rhythm, and meter than to free verse or *vers libre*.

The point is that for six dollars and twenty-five cents you may bring to the home of the busy person, once each month, the work of the men and women who, in a few instances at least, will secure the laurel wreath and live in history as the outstanding poets of our time. It is a very good thing to have these magazines in every home, to read them aloud to your children, to teach them to read aloud. I never can get over the idea that a poem should be read aloud. This probably is due to the fact that my father constantly read aloud to us as children the great poems of the world, with his running comments and interpretations, and we constantly learned and recited from memory great poetry for public appearances in my youth, the result being that the instant I start reading any poem in which I am at all interested I find myself beginning immediately to try the effect of it on my ear as well as with my eye and my consciousness, because a great poem makes one hear music, makes one see pictures, makes one think and feel.

FOR people who have worlds of time I am not writing. For the busy folk who want help to the best in the shortest order, I love to recommend John Masefield. His logic is sound; his natural history is good; he conforms to accepted rhythm and measure; he helps me to hold my place in the procession, to lift up my head and march to his measures.

The same is true of Vachel Lindsay. If I can enter Heaven for myself, just once, anywhere near as naturally as I have entered times unnumbered with General Booth, I shall be fortunate. Lindsay is a great help in the problem of daily living. A higher compliment could be paid no man. I have not seen the recent work, but I liked the early poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

I have heard people complaining that they did not know what a recent book by Mary Austin, "The American Rhythm," was about. I had no difficulty. It was about the life we live in this great land of ours—the song of the axe stroke, the sweep of the scythe, the hum of life where it strikes in measured rhythms that I have heard all my life. The sooner every one learns to hear and assimilate, the greater joy in life. By all means, cultivate a taste for poetry. [*Turn to page 74*]

The Fountain of Youth

[*Continued from page 6*]

About the time Dr. Steinach began his operations on men, surgeons, instead of operating on women for fibroid tumors, began to treat them with the X-rays. Several of them commented to Steinach upon the singular fact that when these middle-aged women were cured they looked twenty years younger. He realized at once that the X-rays stimulated those cells upon which the full life of the other ductless glands depended. The reinvigoration of the cells naturally permits the other aging ductless glands to function once more at full strength, and youth returns to the face as well as to the mind and body.

There has been a great deal of interest in the transplantation of the glands of the ram and the sheep into the human body for purposes of rejuvenation—I ignore the ridiculous subject of monkey glands. If the patient is a good subject, the result is the same as the X-ray treatment. Dr. Hunt claims that the treatment is even more beneficial, because whereas Steinachism only restores the same degree of vitality enjoyed by the subject before senescence, the transplantation gives a greatly accelerated vitality.

I have been very glad to accept the invitation of McCALL'S MAGAZINE to write this article, if only to warn women against quack X-ray practitioners who may advertise that they are giving the treatment. Unless it is done by a *conscientious expert* it will do far more harm than good.

I hardly think it possible that Steinachism will ever be as widely practiced among women as among men. Men are more adventurous to begin with, and, moreover, are used to taking chances in their daily life. If they are beginning to feel worn out, no longer able to meet the fierce competitions of business as in their prime, or if they have unfinished work of any sort to do, they will take the new chance without hesitation. As far as I am able to see, the women who will be most thankful for either of these rejuvenating treatments are the professional and business women. I know two women who have taken the Steinach treatment with complete success, but am not at liberty to mention particulars.

AS regards the inception of *Black Oxen:*

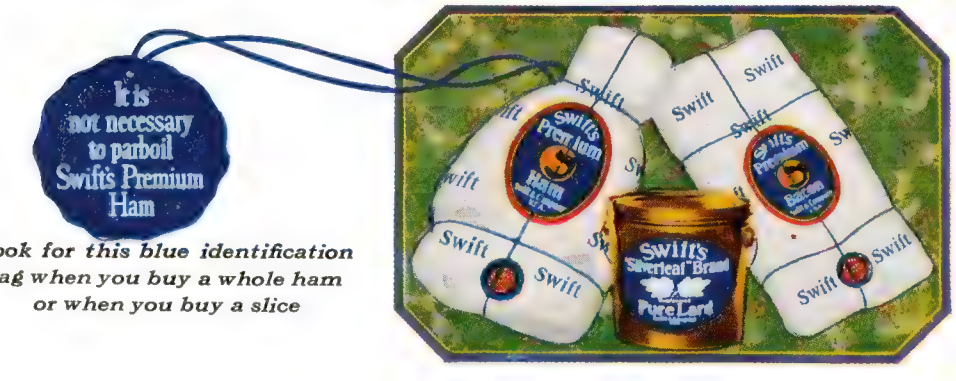
About five years ago the opening chapter of a novel came to me in one of those sudden visions all authors have. I saw a woman at a first-night rise at the end of a curtain, turn her back to the stage, lift her opera-glass and survey the house—something that is done every night in European playhouses, but never here. The audience was surprised and mystified. But if they could discover nothing neither could I.

Then, a year ago last February, a day or two after the sensational interviews with Professor Lorenz, a reporter of the New York *World* obtained an interview with Dr. Benjamin, who was known to have written a number of papers on Steinach in the leading medical reviews, and in the course of the talk Dr. Benjamin remarked that not only men were flocking to Vienna but women, and that the result of the X-ray treatment on the latter was a loss of wrinkles and a general appearance of youth. I got the connection before I had finished the paragraph and went up that same morning to see Dr. Benjamin. In that and subsequent interviews he told me about the treatment and its intermediate and final results. I got Mary Zattiany, the heroine of *Black Oxen*, out of that theatre where she had been embalmed for five years and brought her to life. From that moment the story wrote itself. I shut myself up and saw practically nobody for five months, and I was never more vitally interested in a novel. Here was not only a new theme, or rather a solid foundation for one of the oldest themes in the world, but a new psychology, such as no author had ever been able to attempt before—the old mind in the young brain. With another sort of woman the results might have been different; the subject could be treated in a hundred ways.

But Mary Zattiany created herself. She rose on my horizon and walked into my consciousness full-blown, then waited patiently until I had found the knowledge she was unable to communicate to me. There have been many women like her in Europe. They long to look into their mirrors and find there the freshness and beauty of well-remembered youth, but whether they have rejuvenated themselves, and are continuing their depredations, or using their profound political understanding for good or ill, I cannot say.

The enjoyment of Premium Ham does not greatly depend upon the particular way in which it is served; it has always the same distinctive goodness. Yet, as an accompaniment, a sauce of raisins seems especially fitting

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

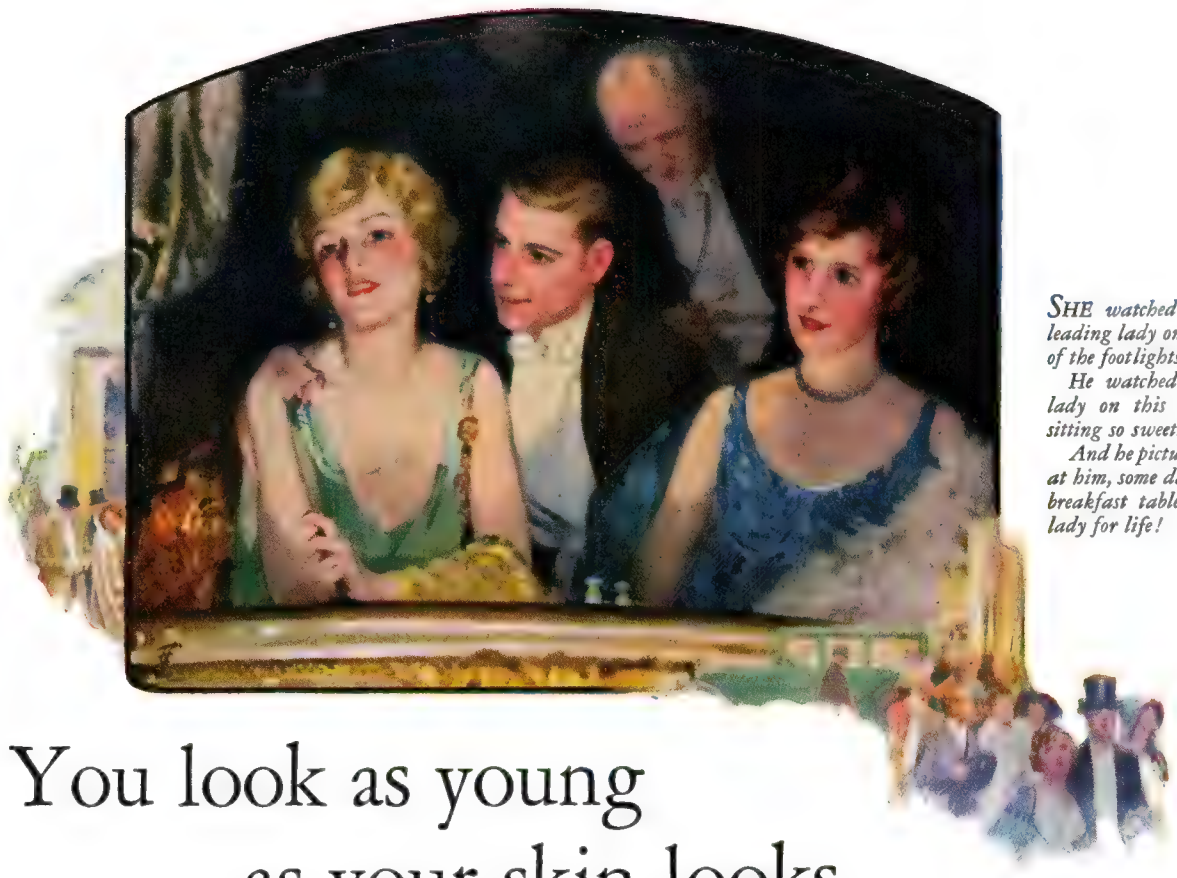


Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Baked Ham with Raisin Sauce

Pour a cup of vinegar and 1 cup of brown sugar over the butt half of a Premium Ham, and add enough cold water to just cover it. Simmer until tender, allowing about 20 minutes to a pound. Place ham in baking pan with 2 cups of the liquid in which it was cooked, a cup of sweet cider, and a thick layer of brown sugar sprinkled over the ham itself. Bake 1½ hours. After 1 hour's cooking add about a cup of seeded raisins. Thicken the sauce with a little cornstarch if necessary and serve in a separate dish

Swift & Company
U. S. A.



SHE watched the beautiful leading lady on the other side of the footlights.

He watched the beautiful lady on this side—the one sitting so sweetly close to him.

And he pictured her smiling at him, some day, across their breakfast table—his leading lady for life!

You look as young as your skin looks

By MME. JEANNETTE

EVERY woman must know that so long as her skin is smooth and fresh-looking, so long will she "look young."

The prettiest debutante and the most fascinating matron are alike apt to be noted for their beautiful skins—though there may be a score of years' difference in their ages. *These women know how to care for their skins.*

Wise mothers teach their daughters to begin in the early years of life to cultivate beautiful skins. It is as necessary as the care of the hair and the teeth. These are duties to self that are essential!

Correct eating, exercise, regular bathing, etc., all have their places in the daily life of intelligent women. But there is still the important question, "How do you care for your skin?"

A two-purpose cream

Pompeian Night Cream combines two services—it is valuable as a "cleansing" cream, and it also has the fine attribute of softening and nourishing the skin.

Your skin is a treasure to you—you should treat it as a treasure. It is a fine covering, more beautiful and more marvelous than the finest silk.

Through all the hours of the day your skin is being subjected to heat and cold, wind and dust, as well as the varying emotions of the day. By night-time your skin is dirty, probably unnaturally dry, and certainly tired.

To help keep your skin young

Upon retiring use Night Cream as a cleanser, applying it carefully over every part of the face and neck. It softens the skin, freeing it of surface impurities and harshness. It relaxes tight pores and causes them to function naturally and throw off unhealthy accumulations.

As Pompeian Night Cream cleanses, it heals, and its regular use will keep your skin "young-looking." After applying it as a cleanser, wipe off all superfluous cream with a soft cloth. Follow this with a quick ice rub or a dash of cold water to close the pores normally.

Finish with a very light application again of Pompeian Night Cream, leaving just enough to make the skin feel soft and cool—*not oily.*

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM *(cold cream)*	*60c per jar*
POMPEIAN DAY CREAM *(vanishing)*	*60c per jar*
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER	*60c per box*
POMPEIAN BLOOM *(the rouge)*	*60c per box*
POMPEIAN LIP STICK	*25c each*
POMPEIAN FRAGRANCE *(a talc)*	*25c a can*

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian
Night Cream
Cleansing and Skin-nourishing

Get 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples

For Ten Cents

The newest Pompeian art panel, done in pastel by a famous artist, and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 7¼ ins.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom and Night Cream. *Tear off the coupon now.*

WINTER WAYS AT YOUR TOILET TABLE

The winter days demand almost as great a change in the manner of your use of powder, rouge, etc., as they do in your manner of dress.

The cold, tingling air of winter brings about very definite changes in the condition of your skin. The more sombre colorings worn in winter demand a heightening of color in your face!

The skin should have more attention now than in summer. More cream should be used to soften the skin and to make active the natural healthy secretions of the skin. More care should be given to patting the face perfectly dry after touching it with water, to prevent chapping or roughening. By these particular details of the day you will keep your skin soft and smooth and in fine condition for the use of powder and rouge.

The foundation for your powder

When the frost is in the air there is very special reason for you to use Pompeian Day Cream as the base for your powder and rouge. It is a disappearing cream that touches your skin as lightly as a kiss, yet it leaves a beneficial film of protection to which your powder will adhere for hours at a time.

Over this invisible layer of cream you may use your powder generously, taking care to distribute it evenly over face and neck.

Powder protects your skin

Pompeian Beauty Powder certainly enhances the loveliness of your skin. It also has the virtue of forming a protective covering that wards off many of the injuries offered by wind and cold. Even if you neglect to put on your powder as often as necessary in the house, never go out into the winter weather without careful attention to your use of powder.

Winter roses in your face

With your dark clothes or your furs you *require* pinker cheeks to give your eyes brightness, and to obtain that exquisite appearance of sparkle and glowing health. After thoroughly powdering comes the application of Pompeian Bloom. This is a compact rouge that blends perfectly with your powder, and that adds a natural color. The new Orange shade is very popular.

Colorful lips

Pompeian Lip Stick gives the delightful appearance of youthful freshness to your mouth—it is perfected to an exceptional quality of natural color, and excellent consistency. It comes in a dainty gilt container, convenient for your hand bag, or your dressing table.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2009 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for **1924** Pompeian Art Panel "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

What shade of face powder wanted?_____

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The Doubtful Inheritance

[*Continued from page 13*]

Father will play his best because you are there." She did not know that Father never wanted them to go to his concerts. If they did go, he never noticed either of them, and Mother seemed scared and unhappy.

When Mother came home, she forgot all about her surprise and was as excited as Father was. "It is wonderful, wonderful," she said. "Mrs. Bryson is a real musician." She went to Father and tried to reach up to kiss him. "Now you will soon be recognized by the right people, and the whole city will know what a great genius you are. I am so proud of you."

"And we're going, too, Mother—you and me." John Raymond could not wait any longer. "She is a nice lady and she asked us very particular, and we've got to go."

"Yes." Father nodded but did not stop walking up and down. "Yes, and I must have new clothes, a new suit at least. My old one is not the cut they are wearing." Mother looked surprised and frightened. It did seem strange, John Raymond thought, for Father to need another suit when he had so many nice clothes.

"I must have it." Father went over and stood before the glass. "Everything must be just right. You've got to manage. You should know I needed new clothes for such an occasion without my telling you." Father's face got red.

"All right." Mother answered in a hurry. "I'll manage. And maybe there'll be something else new." She looked as though she had a secret. "Just wait."

He found out that night how Mother was going to manage. After Father went out she sat with her mending by the table in the dining-room. Her eyes were no longer shining, but sad and worried. Every few minutes she looked up at John Raymond as though she would like to ask him something but couldn't.

"What is it, Mother?" He went and stood by her chair. She stroked his hair but when she began to talk she did not look at him.

"You love Father, don't you, John Raymond; and you'd be willing to do anything in the world for him, wouldn't you?"

"Of course," John Raymond did not see what he could do, but he was sure he was willing. "Of course."

"And we're very proud of him, aren't we?" Mother went on, "and should be willing to sacrifice everything for him—everything." She paused for a minute. "He cannot wear old clothes. It hinders his development. You want him to have a new suit, don't you?"

He nodded. "Yes, he ought to have it."

Mother talked very fast. 'You can get it for him, John Raymond. I knew you would be willing. If you lend me the money you have saved he can have it. I'll try to pay it all back by summer. You won't mind lending it, will you?"

She turned her head away again, and he was glad. He did not want her to look at him. Give up his bank money that was to pay for the summer's vacation! It had taken so long to save it—errands and birthdays and Christmases for years. He had never been allowed to spend a cent of it, but this summer he was to have had it all to go to camp with his old playmates.

John Raymond swallowed hard. His throat pained. "No, I don't mind," he said.

WHEN he came home from school next day Father and Mrs. Agnew were in the studio. Mother was there, too, standing very quiet right inside the door. She did not notice John Raymond at all. She was watching Mrs. Agnew unwrap a package.

"I know you will like it." Mrs. Agnew was saying. "It is a Cremona which I was lucky enough to find. I wanted it for you as soon as I saw it and bought it for your birthday."

She took from its wrappings a violin, the most beautiful one John Raymond had ever seen, and handed it to Father. "I could not have you use the old one," she said. "I know what a beautiful instrument means to an artist. You should have had one long ago."

Father held the violin close to his heart and took Mrs. Agnew's hand and bowed low over it. "You are wonderful, the best friend I ever had. Whenever I play I shall be thinking of you. You have done more for me than any one else in the world."

John Raymond did not like to hear Father talk that way. It made him feel foolish. Mother coughed, a queer sound in her throat, and Mrs. Agnew turned around quickly. She threw her head to one side and pulled her furs up around her neck, and her rings flashed on her white fingers. Her voice was soft. "Your husband could not play his best without a good instrument, Mrs. Eckart. I suppose as you are not musical you have failed to realize that and have bought other things for his birthday. He should have had a new violin long ago."

John Raymond would have liked to see Father's present, but Mrs. Agnew was talking about it to Father and they did not notice him. He went presently to find Mother. She must be happy to know that Father had a new violin for Mrs. Bryson's musical. With it and a new suit there would be nothing to stand in his way, and he could show them all what a genius he was.

Mother was not in the dining-room, so he opened the door and looked into the bedroom. She was there, down on the floor at the bureau. In her lap was a large tin box. John Raymond opened his eyes very wide. It was filled with money—bills and dollars and quarters and dimes and even pennies. He had never seen so much money. Mother was clinking it through her hands. He thought at first that she was laughing, but when he got close to her he saw there were tears on her cheeks.

"Oh, mother, whose is it! Where did you get it?"

Mother did not look up to answer him. "This was the surprise, John Raymond. It was to buy a new violin for Father's birthday. I have been hunting for months and I found one yesterday. It was such a good one, although it was not a Cremona! I began long ago to save for one for Father, every cent I ever got for myself—birthdays and Christmases, and from my sewing. I never took anything from Father or you, John Raymond. It was so hard, especially lately. And it was all no use—no use!"

So that was why Mother never had anything, no clothes or pretty things like other ladies. She had been saving to buy a new violin for Father. And now Mrs. Agnew had bought it first, and Mother could not give it to him for his birthday. But he did not see why she was crying.

"She's rich, Mother. She can easily get all the violins she wants for Father. Now you don't need to buy one for him."

"Yes, she's rich, John Raymond, and it was nothing for her. But he should not have taken it. She has done more for him than any one else in the world. He said so. He should not let her."

John Raymond could not understand. It seemed queer for Mother to care because Father took the violin, especially when she could have all this money herself and buy whatever she wanted.

"Just think, Mother," he said at last. "You can get a new dress with it—maybe two."

"That's true." Mother smiled through her tears. "That's true. Let's put it away and forget."

FATHER was so busy the next week practicing for Mrs. Bryson's musical that they scarcely dared speak to him. John Raymond was kept home from school the day of the concert so that he could run errands and help. Father took the whole afternoon to get ready and kept them both busy waiting on him and getting his things. The new suit was very fine, but he was not altogether pleased with it, and at the last Mother took it back to the tailor's herself and had it fixed just right. They were both very tired; but when Father was dressed he looked so big and handsome that John Raymond almost forgot about his vacation. The cab could not be kept waiting, and Mother only just had time to change her dress and put on her hat, and Father scolded because he thought they might be late. But they were early after all; and there were only a few people there when they arrived. Mrs. Bryson's home was very grand and Mother held John Raymond's hand tight as they followed Father into the big drawing-room. Mrs. Bryson was glad to see them and made Mother smile and took them herself to find good places. She found a chair for Mother in the first row next to an old lady whose name was Mrs. Bryson also. She could not hear well, but she had a kind face and seemed to like to have Mother near her. There was a seat for John Raymond between the fireplace and the piano so that he could be close to Father and see the whole company and into the room where the musicians were. He was glad of this for Father's number did not come until near the end of the program and he got very tired waiting. But when at last it was Father's turn and he came out and bowed and began to play, he thrilled with pride.

Mother was proud, too. She was sitting forward in her chair with her hands clasped in her lap, and her eyes were shining like stars. Father was showing them what there was in him and how great a genius he was.

When he had finished they all applauded and he had to come out again. He selected the piece which he had played at the concert in Hillsburg—the one Mother loved. John Raymond looked over to catch her eye and then sat up very straight. Mother was in distress. The old lady next to her was pushing her with her elbow and trying to make her talk. Mother's face got red and she shook her head and her lips moved, but the old lady kept right on. John Raymond knew Mother was afraid to answer. Father always got angry at home if they even whispered when he was practicing. But she could not be rude to the kind old lady, and so at last she leaned over and spoke to her, just a few words—twice, because she could not hear the first time. She appeared to be satisfied and thanked Mother, and John Raymond breathed a deep sigh of relief. Scarcely any one had noticed or moved and he felt sure Father had not heard.

But he knew as soon as he saw Father's face that he was angry. He had heard, and he was going into one of his rages at Mother. He looked at her just once such a fierce ugly glance from his black eyes that Mother drew close in her chair as though she did not want any one to see her. John Raymond was glad they were not at home. Father could not scold her before all the people or stop playing for the day. But in a few minutes he discovered that Father had thought of another way to let Mother know how he felt. He was punishing her through his music. Each note was ugly and angry and threatening. John Raymond looked around at the guests, but of course no one was noticing. They probably thought that the strange music was just Father's way of showing them what an artist he was. But Mother understood each angry note that was aimed at her. She was still sitting close in her chair with her head bowed as though she was being shamed before all the people. How thin she was, and how sad and white, and oh, so shabby! She had sacrificed everything for Father's great gift—and he was using it to scold and hurt her. John Raymond looked from her to Father, standing there so tall and handsome in his fine clothes. His selection was over and he was turning and bowing at the applause. He laid the new violin on the table and turned to the ladies who came up to speak to him. His face was all smiles, but he never even glanced at Mother.

Then something rose in John Raymond which made him feel queer. The blood pounded in his head and his eyes stretched wide open.

He doubled his fists. [*Turn to page 69*]

Youngsters' delight

SMILING faces—smacking lips—Beech-Nut Peanut Butter! These three you can always find together. And it does your heart good, too, because you know how nourishing Beech-Nut is, and how pure!

Mothers know it's not always easy to provide a luncheon that is both popular from the appetizing and flavor standpoint and also nourishing and body building. But such a product is Beech-Nut Peanut Butter.

Vacuum sealed in glass jars to protect its delicious flavor, it is ever ready without cooking or any preparation, for the school lunch or the snack when the hungry boys and girls tumble in from play.

A glass of milk, a peanut butter sandwich and an apple make a perfectly balanced luncheon—and a pleasing one! Serve it on the table too. Its deliciousness appeals to both young and old. On crackers or toast, on white bread or graham.

For flavor and highest quality—be sure you order Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. Beech-Nut Packing Co., Canajoharie, N. Y.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

Dept. 4-W BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Please send, without expense to me, Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen's Beech-Nut Book of menus, recipes and service information.

Name.....

Address.....

Did he have a right to suspect her?

DUNBAR was in a terrible state of mind. He was worried sick about his wife. He was madly in love with her and she had been acting very strangely during the past several months.

The thing that troubled him most was that she now responded very reluctantly to his affectionate advances. She wouldn't even let him kiss her. The whole state of affairs was driving him mad. He suspected everything. And, yet, he alone was to blame.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And not only closest friends but wives and husbands dodge this one subject.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

Step By Step

[*Continued from page 17*]

"There is no such thing as 'educating the public.' People know what they want very well and they intend to get it. Producers have to go along guessing, and if we are successful it means that we have guessed right oftener than we have guessed wrong. But we come to know certain things about the *kind* of thing wanted by the public through studying the returns upon our pictures.

"Nine years ago I played in 'Tess of the Storm Country,' for Mr. Zukor. Last year I made it again for myself. Why? Because the returns showed that 'Tess' has been shown in more theatres and more times than any picture ever made, *and there was still a steady demand for it.* When I bought the right to re-film the story I also bought the right to destroy the old film so that there could be no competition with the new 'Tess.' The new picture, up to date, has been shown in more than three thousand theatres in this country alone—a record no other picture yet made can equal.

FOR any star the public has certain personal demands. My films have had clean, wholesome stories, and mothers all over the country trust me. That is a confidence worth living up to. But even clean, wholesome stories do not always succeed. 'Suds' and 'Stella Maris,' both favorites of mine, both as carefully made as any pictures I ever sent out, both well received by the critics, were not box-office successes. People wrote to the studio and said that they did not want to see Mary Pickford as a messy little chore girl in a play with an ending that was not happy. They did not want to see her as an invalid. They want to see the character I play well and happy and definitely settled in life when the story ends. From these letters and the returns, I am learning bit by bit what the people who go to the theatres want of me. To follow the second part of the lesson and give them a *little more than they expect* I try constantly to raise the standard of production.

"I never could have done this if I had not become a producer, and I never could have become a producer if in addition to studying the business I had not saved money all my life. For the past five years no one has helped to finance me or my productions. Last year the United Artists decided to open fifty-six foreign exchanges and to build a number of foreign theatres. Picture people are not popularly supposed to be thrifty, but neither Douglas, Charlie nor I went to anyone to borrow money. We all had saved up." And Mary Pickford is widely quoted as the richest woman in the industry, perhaps the richest person in the industry.

HARDLY anybody is willing to save enough to get ahead. A girl or a young man who is single and who is making twenty-five dollars a week ought to save ten of it until a nest-egg of fifteen hundred dollars is reached. Then, if you must, cut the saving to five dollars. Five hundred of that fifteen hundred is needed for an emergency fund kept in the savings-bank close at hand. The thousand can be invested safely and wisely.

"A young couple whose income is fifty dollars a week need to save twenty of it to get ahead very far. You cannot live on Porterhouse steaks while you are doing it, nor can you wear much pink silk underwear. But it is quite possible with careful management.

"It is only at first that saving is so terribly hard. In a little while the habit so strengthens character that you feel independent of the opinion of others, and that growing pile will give you an assurance that nothing else can give. Once learned, the habit of thrift is learned forever.

"You won't get ahead except by a miracle unless you learn to save. But don't watch the bank account all the time. The bank account isn't the thing that makes for success; it is security, a haven in case of storm, and power when you need it. The thought of that growing pile will help make the pile bigger, but if you think only of the pile you will not get far. No one succeeds who does not dream of achievement. Watching the bank account too hard takes time and thought away from worthwhile dreams.

YOU cannot afford to undersell yourself always, but until you are certain it is better business to undersell than to oversell yourself. You can't live down the latter, but you can catch up on underselling.

"Almost all working people consider themselves and their feelings too much. Long ago I made a rule that when I didn't get anything I was sent to get, there would be no excuses. It's a first-class rule. If you can't excuse yourself, you hardly ever fail.

"You can't measure work by hours, not if you want to get ahead. When I was at the Biograph we finished at about six, and the girls would dress and go up town. But if Mr. Griffith stayed, I stayed, I stayed and watched him directing. I stayed many nights—not that it is a particular credit to me, since I was so much interested I could hardly tear myself away. But the last time I visited New York one of the girls who always hurried away up town telephoned me.

"'Mary,' she said, 'I can't get any work. I'm hungry.'

"If she had learned what I learned staying those nights she could not be hungry. A dozen positions in the industry would be open to her if her career as an actress had ended.

"Learn all you can about the business you are in. Your employer will appreciate it. When we were making 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' I hesitated about blotting paper.

"'I wonder if they used it in that day?' I said. One of my property boys spoke up quickly.

"'Oh yes, Miss Pickford,' he assured me. 'It came in in eighteen fifty-two.'

"There was no reason why that property boy should have been possessed of that particular bit of knowledge except that his interest in the picture had led him to look up the history of the props and their fitness for the picture. But I shall never forget it or him.

"Successful people must weary of hearing that their success is due to a 'wonderful personality.' I wish I had a record of the number of times I have been told that this is what accounts for my success. It probably is true that as an actress what is called a 'screen personality'—the ability to make people interested in you in that form of presentation—has been a big factor with me. But looking not only at myself, but at other successful people in pictures, on the stage and in business, I believe that a large part of what is called 'wonderful personality' is a determination to be agreeable to everyone. Almost all the big successful people I have known have three attributes: belief in themselves, a great desire, and a genuine liking for all kinds of people. You cannot succeed without the assistance of others, and to get that you will have to like others.

"In making pictures I try to make what people want so that they will want me again. Planning a business career is exactly the same. Whenever I left a place, I left under conditions *that made it possible for me to return in case it was necessary.* I left friends all along the line. This is essential. If you slip on the next higher rung of the ladder you can grasp and hang on to the one below until you are able to climb again. If you can't stay on that rung you may slip a long, long way."

In interviewing many captains of industry I have rarely met as sound and complete a philosophy as that outlined above. This girl who has traveled so fast and far is a young woman. The years to come will assuredly develop her still more, so that the future of Mary Pickford will be not less brilliant but rather more so than her past. To this future Mary looks forward eagerly.

"Some day," she said to me, "I want to be a producer of great pictures."

That ambition is likely to be fulfilled.

Learn from the women who tax their skin the most . . . .

and keep their faces loveliest

TWO ESSENTIALS THEY NEVER FORGET

THE actress, the society woman, the modern young girl are the ones who have learned first how to care for their skin. Because they have been obliged to search and study until they have found the *right* way. In no other way could they go on subjecting their skin to the same conditions and keep it beautiful.

The whole secret of their loveliness today lies in giving their skin regularly the two things they have found are *indispensable* in keeping a woman's skin young and supple.

First—the kind of cleansing that frees their skin nightly from the tenseness of the day's strain and clears it of the collected dust and oil and cosmetics—restores its transparency and natural pliancy. This toning up at the end of every day is absolutely essential.

Second—they know it is imperative to render their skin immune at all times to strain, dirt, changes in temperature—to all kinds of exposure that tend to coarsen it.

MAE MURRAY Photo by Edwin Bowes Hesser

The actress gives her complexion harder wear and demands more of it in return than almost any other woman. She must keep her skin fine and clear though she covers it with make-up. It must be fresh in spite of late weary hours. Her very success depends on her finding the right *way to care for her skin.*

THE FAMOUS METHOD THAT MAKES IT EASY FOR THEM

TWO distinctly different face creams, each beautifully designed for its special purpose—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream. For years the whole effort of an old and much esteemed maker of toilet preparations was centered on these two preparations that were to answer the two vital needs of women's skin. Today millions of women are using these two creams night and morning and sometimes during the day, to keep their skin perfectly fresh, supple, young.

Just the right amount, just the finest quality of each ingredient to do the actual benefit to the skin for which each cream was formulated. You do not merely cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream—you actually restore your skin's natural freshness. And besides the sure protection of Pond's Vanishing Cream, you have the instant beauty of fresh, smooth skin under your rouge and powder.

Buy both creams tonight in jars or tubes at any drug store or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS—POND'S
TWO CREAMS USED BY THE WOMEN WHO TAX THEIR
SKIN MOST AND KEEP IT LOVELIEST

The society woman knows how to be a zealous sportswoman by day and appear in the evening with delicate skin unmarred. She will not allow exposure to roughen or redden her skin, or fatigue to mark it with lines. What is her secret?

She insists on both—her career of cars and sports and the particular kind of complexion men bow to! How the modern young girl keeps her skin so fascinatingly fresh is perfectly simple—according to her. She just goes in for taking care of it.

SEND THIS COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.
269 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

*Name*_____

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Every hair in a child's head cries out for proper care

A CHILD'S hair must be *properly* shampooed for the sake of *future* hair health as well as for present loveliness.

Suppose you could get a shampoo as pure as certified milk—as mild as soft water—as fragrant as a wild flower, and even more *cleansing* than the usual harsh, ill-smelling soap?

You can! Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo is soothing to the tenderest scalp. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and removes all the dust, dirt and dandruff—the chief cause of hair trouble. And it keeps the hair soft, fluffy and clean.

It is surprisingly economical. For only 50 cents your druggist will give you a large six-ounce bottle so that you may see for yourself how easy it is to keep your child's hair *healthy,* and sweet enough to kiss.

WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The Power of the Press

[*Continued from page 24*]

Edwards City. As she explained to Fred Sime on one of their evening walks. "When a girl's spent as many years as I have studying the art of self-expression by bodily rhythms, why it really looks as if she ought to do something more with it."

"It's funny," her companion remarked, with a deferential laugh, "I never would have believed I'd be walking around the old home town some day with an actress!"

"Yes," she said, "I suppose I really am entitled to call myself that, at last. So far, in my career, I've made more public appearances as an actress than I have as a dancer, though I really consider myself only at the beginning—professionally, I mean."

THIS conscientious modesty and accuracy of statement was one of the things the young editor admired in Jessie. Her year in the great city had been somewhat foggy to him, but the fog was a gilded one. She had disappeared into a bright mist, pierced only by the glinting of the medals she had won, and behind this mist she seemed to be moving brilliantly in a life strange to him. She had written him, briefly, now and then, casually mentioning the medals, and alluding to matters of which his conception was the vaguest: "We call ourselves the Villagers—like Greenwich Village, you know—though of course we don't believe in the vices, like those Villagers in New York City. We're all wild about the Little Theatre movement, and I *may* make my début there." Fred sighed as he read these short letters: he could only record the latest medal in the *Enterprise* and mention that she would probably make her début at Little's Theatre in the capital, for until she explained his error to him, he supposed the Little Theatre to be a playhouse owned by a Mr. Little.

Upon almost all imaginative young people there is at least the lightest touch of the florid sun of Tarascon. Youth has not had time enough to distinguish itself; yet it has the most urgent yearning for distinction; and fact, ungilded, is often unbearably dull for the young natural colorist. So he puts ornamental tints upon the truth, and thereafter perceives the color as a true part of the original fact. And so, scraping down to what was actual, underneath Jessie's gildings—medals were rather plentiful at the School of Expression, where she had shared a room with a girl who was a nonpaid member of the Little Theatre company and once took Jessie to a rehearsal. Jessie was almost unaware that she had absorbed this other girl's experience. Her absorption of her roommate's slight theatrical career was what made her say (and really feel) that of course she already considered herself on the stage—"practically."

For this was the house of Fame that Jessie built about her, the airy dwelling she found herself inhabiting, when the announcement of the "attractions" for that year's Chautauqua were given forth. Wherefore, with what glows and thrills did she read that on Thursday night of the great week the public would be entertained by Madame Ruth Browne's Company of Players in the drama "Pride's Crossing"!

"As it happens," she told the young editor, "I've never met this Madame Ruth Browne herself, not personally, that is. Anyhow, I think it will be more than likely that I know some of 'em, or a good deal about 'em, at least."

"Well, I suppose it'll be a great treat to you," he said, rather sadly. "I mean your getting a chance again to talk about dramatic matters with people that are on the inside. You're looking forward to it, I suppose, Jessie?"

"*Am* I!" she cried, and her eyes shone. "Yes, I'm certainly looking forward to it, Fred! Why, it'll seem like getting back to *life* once more! I'm so excited—"

Upon this point, at least, she used no gilding brush: she was even more excited than she said; but her excitement usefully expressed itself in energy. Indoors, in the central hallway, and not far from the front door, Jessie set against the wall a wooden table, painted orange and blue, and upon it she placed a thick ledger. This was to be the register wherein autographs of distinction would soon appear; and she decided to preside here herself, to welcome the guests.

"Now, for heaven's sake remember, papa!" she said. "You must take their bags and go upstairs ahead of them, and don't get mixed up about the names of the rooms I'll give you. For instance, when ex-Congressman Falmouth gets here on Monday afternoon, I'll be at the desk with the register open, and you must be standing just inside the front door. You must be sure to have your coat on, and don't forget your necktie, and when he's registered I'll just smile and say, 'Mr. Falmouth will have the green room!' Then what do you do, papa?"

Mr. Bull consulted a short written memorandum she had given him. "I take him upstairs to the room Uncle George died in."

"That's right. It'll all be perfectly simple up to Thursday. Of course Madame Ruth Browne herself will have the green room and as soon as they've registered I can tell which is the leading man, and I'll give him the blue room. I'm afraid the lesser members of the company will have to double up; but we've got the cots in, and it'll be all right, so long as you don't get confused."

"I bet I do," he said pessimistically. "I'm kind of confused already. This callin' all the rooms in a person's house by new names—"

"That reminds me," she interrupted. "Lew Potter's going to bring the company from the station in his Ford 'bus, and he promised me he'd get out and help bring their things in and upstairs. They carry their scenery in a trunk, and he'll stop at the tent on the way from the station, and leave the trunk there."

On Thursday, when Lew Potter's "Ford 'bus" was heard turning the Washington Street corner, two blocks away, Jessie was full of excitement. Wearing her highest heels, her thinnest stockings, her shortest skirt, an embroidered, tan-colored "Russian" blouse, and a little cloth-of-gold turban, she stood in the shadows of the deep old hallway, looking out through the open front doors, and she became tremulous as the omnibus drew up thunderously before the gate. But as six occupants of the vibrating seats climbed out, one by one, disappointment restored her calmness.

THE first to alight was obviously Madame Ruth Browne herself, a businesslike woman of forty. She was followed by two younger women and by three middle-aged men; and all of these players were just tired-looking, "ordinary people," in dusty, dark clothes.

But Jessie's disappointment was beautifully alleviated when the seventh passenger emerged from the omnibus. He had delayed a moment to obtain a match from Lew Potter—though it is possible that he had the habit of entrances and exits so fixed upon him that he did not care to pass out of even an omnibus except alone, and with the air of doing something decisive. However that may be, his audience of one, looking out from within the hallway, was offered an effect that thrilled her. He stepped lightly down from the omnibus, strode across the pavement and through the gate; paused abruptly, hung his walking stick upon his left forearm, tapped a cigarette upon his left cuff, lit the cigarette with the match Lew Potter had given him; threw up his right arm in a gesture that pulled back his tight sleeve, looked frowningly at the little watch strapped upon his wrist; and then strolled slowly onward toward the house, swinging his stick so that it flashed in the sunshine.

"Will you be good enough to come in and register?" Jessie said, as the tired-looking group came up the steps of the veranda. "This way, if you please. Your bags will be taken to your rooms at once if you will point them out to our men."

The debonair person had paused on the veranda steps, and was surveying the prospect before the house, his shapely back turned to the interior. In fact, he did not come in until the last of his colleagues was mounting the stairs under convoy of Mr. Bull and Lew Potter. Then he turned suddenly, strode into the hall, looked frowningly at Jessie for an instant, and, with an appearance of some surprise, removed his straw hat.

"Ah!" he said formally. "I beg your pardon." That is, he really said: "I beg yaw pahd'n," for his pronunciation of even these simple words was so distinguished that Jessie at once supposed him to be a young Englishman. His short hair was of a sandy fairness; he had a tall, trim figure, neatly displayed by the close, light tweeds he wore; and his eyes were of a blueness that was emphasized by his blue collar. Indeed, he must have known very well, himself, that his eyes were blue, for he wore also a boutonnière of cornflowers upon the left lapel of his coat.

In the presence of this dashing figure Jessie blushed charmingly, as she swallowed and said: "Oh, not at all. Would you be good enough to register?"

"Ah, thanks!" he murmured; then bent over the table, and, in an unexpectedly plain and painstaking hand, wrote the name, Richard Doyne.

"Ah, thanks!" said Jessie. "One of the men will take your bag up to the green room."

"Ah, thanks!" he returned, and a moment later followed Mr. Bull upstairs. The latter, descending presently, reported that Mr. Doyne was "washin'."

"Yes, sir; started in washin' himself right away," said Mr. Bull. "The rest of 'em's layin' down. Lew, he went off kind of mad because they didn't none of 'em offer to give us anything for our trouble. He says he don't look for no very high-class performance tonight, himself."

"Never mind, papa. They might hear you. Besides, he's wrong. This Mr. Richard Doyne is a *very* distinguished actor."

"How do you know?"

WELL, you can tell by his looks, and I'm almost sure I've heard of him somewhere."

"I can't help that," her father insisted. "Lew says—"

"Sh!" she warned him again, coloring deeply, "I hear his door opening," she whispered. "I think he's coming downstairs."

"Well, excuse *me!*" Mr. Bull muttered plaintively, and he disappeared toward the rear of the house as the refreshed Mr. Doyne descended the stairs.

"Ah, howdyado!" he said to Jessie, who was still at the orange and blue table, and apparently occupied with the "register."

"I hope you found everything comfortable," she said.

"Ah—quite so," he returned, and went out upon the veranda, where she could not see him; but a moment later the faint complaint of an old wicker chair made her aware that he had decided to sit there. Then she heard him light a match and soon after caught the pleasant fragrance of a cigarette.

The house was quiet, and outdoors the little town lay silent in the sunshine. Jessie stood in the hallway, tremulous, with parted lips, listening; though the only sound that reached her ear was the light contact of a shoe with the floor of the veranda in some shifting of position on the part of the young gentleman who sat there. Jessie almost started as she heard it, she was so nervously alert. Then, beginning to hum the air of a song, as if carelessly to herself, she went out upon the veranda, and, with a little frown, looked up and down the street.

She seemed to be expecting someone—a mercantile person with supplies of some sort, perhaps; but certainly someone who lingered over-long upon the way; and she made this clearer by a little oral sibilant of annoyance as she turned to go back into the house. But before she reached the door, a thought appeared to strike her; she checked herself abruptly, and, with a serious air, turned toward Mr. Doyne.

"Oh, I wonder if *you* could tell me," she said. "Do you know what John Barrymore is going to do next season?"

Mr. Doyne rose from his chair, though without the slightest sign of surprise. "I'm not shaw," he [*Turn to page 40*]

Gold Medal Muffins

Eat
More
Wheat

Whether it's muffins or pie, or cake, or bread —the success of whatever you bake depends first upon your skill and next upon the flour you use. So be sure the flour is right.

Baking success is more certain with GOLD MEDAL. It is not only good—it is always good. One sack is just like another. It is made from the best selected wheat the country produces and no flour leaves our mills until it has passed the test for baking qualities.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR never varies in fineness, color, flavor or food values. The GOLD MEDAL label, which you know so well, is your guarantee of this. And our reputation stands back of this guarantee. Eat more wheat. Wheat is nourishing. Flour is wheat. And GOLD MEDAL FLOUR is wheat at its best.

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.

GENERAL OFFICES

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

How these *1000* food experiments helped *2,000,000* wives

ALL of the foods shown below were cooked with this pure vegetable shortening from recipes taken from the private cook book of Miss L. A., whose picture you see above. Miss A. is an Eastern woman who has made a life-long hobby of cooking. Her recipe for "Love Knots" is given just below.

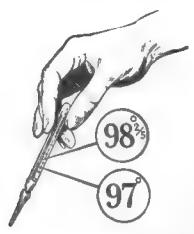
Miss A.'s "Love Knots"

1 tablespoonful melted Crisco
1 tablespoonful cream
2 eggs
⅓ cupful sugar
1 teaspoonful baking powder
1 teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful mace

Enough flour to make a batter stiff enough to roll. Cut in strips about the size of a lead pencil. Tie in a loose knot. Cook in deep Crisco until a light brown. Dust with powdered sugar.

Low Melting Point!
Easy Digestibility!

For easy digestion, say doctors, a fat should have a melting point near body temperature of 98⅖ degrees. This pure vegetable shortening melts at 97 degrees—even below body temperature. Yes, it is very digestible.



WE little dreamed, years ago, that the strange little scientist who dropped into our office with his odd foreign clothes and accent would help us to add new relish to the meals in at least 2,000,000 homes.

He had crossed the Atlantic to tell us of a new scientific idea. It was a rather vague and wholly untried idea but we saw possibilities of developing it and employed him to experiment under our direction. And, at last, after completing over 1000 experiments, we announced a totally new food ingredient.

It was a revolutionary contribution to American cooking—a rich, creamy shortening made from the pure sweet oils of growing plants—a shortening which alone filled every shortening need; every cake making, baking and frying purpose.

Thousands quickly discovered its new convenience

Crisco was quickly adopted by chefs, by domestic science experts and by hundreds of thousands of home cooks, and soon comments and compliments began to pour in.

These alert cooks welcomed the convenience of a shortening which came in a clean, sanitary can and which kept sweet and fresh indefinitely without ice-box help.

They found, too, that by merely straining Crisco after each frying operation they could use it again and again—that they could fry fish, then onions, then potatoes in Crisco and the potatoes would have a delicate, delicious flavor without hint of fish or onion.

Thousands of homes in every state soon learned that Crisco was remarkably pleasant to "handle." In frying it never spattered, it made no smoke or unpleasant odor and it gave foods a quick, enticing brown crust. It creamed smoothly in cake making and in making pie crust it cut into the flour beautifully.

A few "bouquets" from its millions of friends

Friendly letters and comments come to us constantly; now from a woman who sends her favorite pie crust recipe and gives Crisco full credit for the flaky tenderness of the crust; now from the head of a private sanitarium who so appreciates Crisco's wholesome digestibility that no other shortening is allowed in his kitchen.

Often, too, we send out women to talk over home cooking matters. Whenever they enter a Crisco home they find a gratifying enthusiasm for Crisco's delicious results, for its purity and healthfulness.

Thoughtful housekeepers everywhere seem instinctively to prefer this pure, vegetable shortening to animal fats. And women who entertain delightfully tell us that Crisco's freedom from smoke and odors solves the troublesome problem of keeping kitchen news out of the living room.

With Crisco's help you can give your husband and your children the same delicious treats that have made Crisco the largest selling brand of shortening in America. So we suggest that you ask your grocer for a can today (they come in a number of convenient sizes) and try Crisco in any of your own favorite recipes, without any bothersome change of method, or use it in the recipe printed on this page.

Special "Cooking Secrets" and Sample Offer

In return for 20c (in stamps or coin) we will send you a special sample can of Crisco (containing full half pound) together with Mrs. Neil's Cooking Secrets—a cook book containing scores of helpful cooking hints and 250 tested recipes. Address Section L-1, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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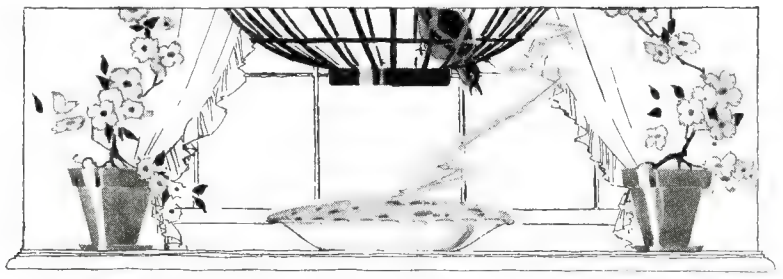


Winter-Fruit Delicacies

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

IN ADDITION to such delicious fresh fruits as are in season during the winter, we have excellent dried and canned fruits.

Canned and dried fruit in the markets of today is as available as fresh fruits are in the summer and autumn. Canned or dried fruit is economical, too, for such fruit is perfect and all of it can be eaten.

Dried fruits should be washed and then put to soak in cold water so that they may take up the moisture which has been dried out. When cooking, cook in the water in which they have been soaked. Many of the dried fruits on the market today need no soaking, but the water may be poured on to the fruits and then they may be cooked at once over a low fire. When put into a covered jar and covered with water and then cooked very slowly in the oven, they are delicious.

In the diet of children the pulp of the fruit is extensively used. For their sandwiches, fillings made from fruits are delicious and very nutritious.

Canned fruits may be eaten just as they come from the can, but there are also many attractive ways in which they may be prepared with other foods. Salads, pies, puddings, gelatin mixtures, blanc-manges, charlottes, cakes, beverages, cocktails, all kinds of ice-creams and ices, cookies, quick breads and cereal-combinations may be made with canned or dried fruits.

FIG FILLING FOR CAKES

½ pound of figs chopped fine
½ tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup sugar

Cook in a double boiler until thick enough to spread. Use while warm. This is also a delicious sandwich filling.

BRAN FIG NEWTONS

1 cup bran
2 cups flour
2 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons fat
1 teaspoon baking-powder
¼ teaspoon salt
Cold water to make a dough which can be handled

Mix the dry ingredients, cut in the fat, add the water slowly. Roll out the mixture on a floured board in a rectangle, spread fig paste over one-half, fold the other half over, cut in squares or oblongs and bake in a moderate oven (360 to 380 degrees Fahrenheit).

PEACH SNOW-BALLS

1 tablespoon gelatin soaked in ¼ cup cold water
¼ cup boiling water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup cooked dried peaches pressed through a sieve
Whites of two eggs
¼ cup sugar

Pour the boiling water onto the softened gelatin; add the sugar and the lemon juice. Strain and cool. Add the fruit. When the mixture is the consistency of thick cream, beat the eggs until stiff, beat the mixture slowly into them. Use the Dover egg-beater for this. Mold in egg cups or other small cups. Serve on round pieces of sponge cake or place each ball in half a canned peach. Serve with or without whipped cream.

FIG PIE

½ pound figs chopped fine
½ cup lemon juice
¾ cup water
1 egg
Sweeten to taste

Beat the egg-yolk and mix with the other ingredients. Cook over hot water until thick. Turn into a baked pie crust and make a meringue of the white of the egg and spread over the top. Brown a delicate brown.

PINEAPPLE BISQUE

2 cups crushed or grated pineapple
1 cup whipped cream
1 cup sugar
¼ cup macaroon crumbs
2 cups water

Cook the water and sugar 10 minutes; cool, add the juice from the pineapple and freeze partially; add the cream, the fruit and the crumbs. Pack into a mold and freeze in ice and salt two hours.

PASTRY PEACHES

¾ cup dried peaches
2 eggs
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons sugar (powdered)
Pie crust shells
2 tablespoons sugar (granulated)

Bake a plain pie-crust over the bottoms of muffin tins; remove carefully. Soak the peaches and cook until soft and the mixture thick. Press through a strainer. This should make a cup of peach pulp.

Beat the egg yolks, add the granulated sugar and the milk, then beat in the peach pulp. • Beat the whites until stiff, adding the powdered sugar gradually. Fold the whites into the first mixture. Pour into the pastry shells and bake in a moderate oven (about 350 degrees Fahrenheit), until the mixture is a delicate brown. Serve with whipped or plain cream. Canned peaches or other fruit may be used.

DRIED PEACH CONSERVE

½ pound dried peaches
1 pint cold water
1 orange
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup raisins
Juice of 1 lemon
½ cup chopped nuts

Soak the peaches overnight; in the morning add the raisins, lemon juice, the orange cut in small pieces and the sugar. Simmer 1¼ hours; add the nuts 15 minutes before removing from the fire.

DRIED PEACH CAKE

Three-fourths cup peaches soaked in cold water and cooked until soft and thick. While hot, take 1 cup and press out all the liquid. Add 1½ cups sugar, ⅓ cup fat. Beat well.

Sift together 2½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon each of salt, soda, cinnamon and ginger. Add this to the peach mixture alternately with ¾ cup sour milk. Pour into well-greased pans and bake in a moderate oven (360 to 380 degrees Fahrenheit). If desired, 1 tablespoon of cocoa may be added with the spices.

This may be eaten as a cake or dessert, serving it with whipped cream. Apricots or apples may be used.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY SALAD

Remove the stones from large red, black or white cherries. Place a piece of a marshmallow in its place. Serve on lettuce leaves with a dressing made of oil, vinegar, juice of the fruit and seasonings. Serve with cookies or cheese straws cut in the form of hatchets.

FRUIT OMELET

3 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
½ cup fruit pulp or fruit cut in small pieces
1 tablespoon butter

Beat the eggs; add the salt and sugar. Melt the butter in a frying pan, pour in the egg mixture and put over a low flame. With a spatula lift the egg, as it thickens, from the bottom of the pan. When all is thick, spread the pulp on one-half of the pan's contents, and turn the other half over it like an omelet. Keep over the fire 1 minute and turn out on a hot plate. Sift powdered sugar over the top. Serve at once.

In following these recipes be sure to use level measurements and standard measuring cups and spoons. Each recipe serves about six persons.

The SECRET of her complexion is in the pantry

More and more women are learning this simple truth: Nature does not sell complexions at the cosmetic counter. For the skin merely mirrors the body within!

A well-nourished skin reflects not only a well-nourished body but a *well-regulated* body. It is here that prunes can be of great help to every woman—and especially the woman who leads an indoor life.

Prunes can do more toward an attractive complexion than all the mystic bottles that adorn your dressing table. Trust Nature to do that! Through their gentle laxative action, prunes help to rid the body of impurities that clog pores, bring blemishes and mar an otherwise lovely skin.

For a clear, faultless complexion—look to Sunsweet Prunes in your pantry! Give the "beauty recipe" below a fair test and let your mirror be the judge! Sunsweet Prunes—California's finest—are to be had at your grocer's either in bulk or in the 2-lb. Sunsweet sanitary carton. And send for the Sunsweet Recipe Packet—use the coupon.

Try this "beauty recipe" in your own kitchen:

Sunsweet Prunes properly prepared, will not only *do* you more good but will *taste* so much better! Why not try this tested method: Soak prunes over night, if possible; but, if not, several hours at least. Cook slowly until tender in water in which they were soaked. Use plenty of water so fruit will be "loose." Do not cook too long lest fruit becomes too soft. Flavor with inch stick of cinnamon or some lemon or orange juice. No sugar is needed.

SUNSWEET
CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED
PRUNES

Mail this coupon for Recipe Packet—free!

California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association, 261 Market Street, San Jose, California
A non-profit cooperative organization of 11,000 growers

Please send me, without cost, the Sunsweet Recipe Packet.

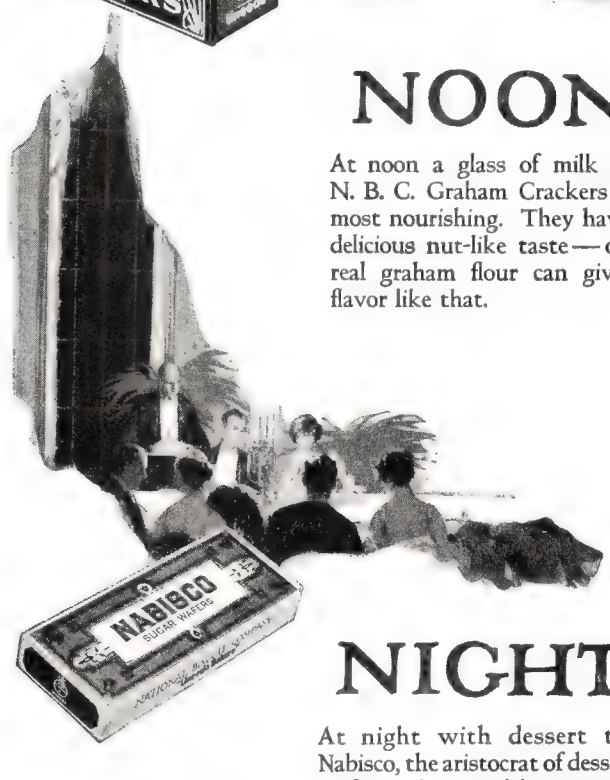
Name_____ Address_____

Breakfast for His Majesty the Baby — N. B. C. Zwieback! Father and Mother too, will like this delicately flavored toast. Its thorough baking makes it easy to digest.

MORNING

NOON

At noon a glass of milk and N. B. C. Graham Crackers are most nourishing. They have a delicious nut-like taste — only real graham flour can give a flavor like that.



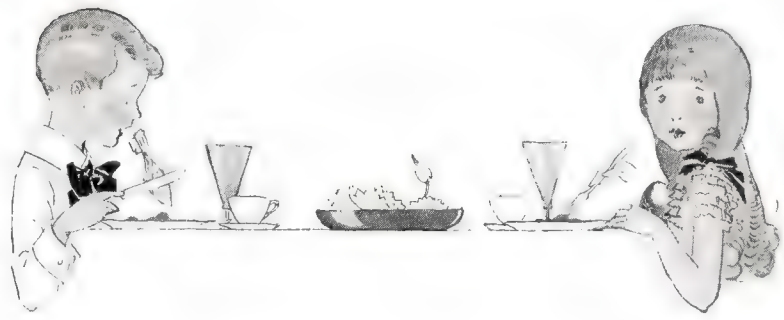
NIGHT

At night with dessert try Nabisco, the aristocrat of dessert wafers. They are delicious with ice cream or other desserts.

—and for all meals and between meals—

The whole family will appreciate the crispness and freshness of the finest soda cracker made.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"



If We Eat White Bread

E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds
School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

MANY charges are made against white flour. It has been pointed out that white flour is more expensive to manufacture than is whole wheat flour. It has been charged that the white flour is deficient in amount of proteins and of mineral salts as well as in all the essential vitamins as compared with flour made from the entire wheat kernel.

It is asserted further that whole wheat is a corrective for constipation, a condition from which few adult Americans escape; indeed, it is maintained that white flour bread is in no small degree the cause of this unfortunate condition.

The further charge is brought forward that bread made from white flour, being softer than whole wheat bread, requires less chewing, and that it tends also to leave starchy deposit on the teeth; while, on the other hand, bread made from whole wheat needs to be chewed thoroughly, this exercise improving the teeth greatly.

If one knows all the facts of chemical analysis of the two kinds of flours and if one has followed the studies in metabolism and nutrition which have been carried out by the best methods perfected in recent years, one admits each of these contentions.

It may seem strange, in the face of such an array of sound arguments, for us to insist that it really does not make any difference, so far as the health of the nation is concerned, which kind of bread is eaten.

The crux of the whole matter is that our diet sadly needs to be improved. This need is shown by the prevalence of under weight in children, of skeletal defects of the type known as rickets, and of teeth of such poor quality that they decay early and cause many types of diseases which result from focal infections.

BUT there is a better way to improve the diet so as to get the desired results, than by insisting on the use of whole wheat flour.

First, let us consider the claim that whole wheat flour is superior in all its dietary properties to white flour, except possibly in being slightly less digestible. We need to consider only two dietary factors in this connection. One is that whole wheat is very poor in the element calcium, the principal component of lime which is so necessary a part of the skeleton. The other is that whole wheat is very poor in the vitamin A as compared with certain other foods. Our usual diet in America consists largely of white bread, meats, potatoes and sugar. All these are exceedingly poor in both calcium and vitamin A. Therefore, even if we gained through the consumption of whole wheat bread, the added nutritive qualities of the whole wheat over white flour, we still should have a seriously incomplete diet.

It is of little advantage to improve our diet in two or three respects if it remains distinctly defective in two very important factors. Since whole wheat is not a complete supplementary food for our diet of refined flour, meat, potato and sugar, we must find other corrective foods. What we need is a sufficient amount of foods which are in every sense *protective foods*, in that they will correct all the defects of the articles which form the major part of our food-supply. This function whole wheat cannot perform.

But two kinds of foods, suitable for human consumption in liberal amounts, fulfill the requirements of protective foods. Milk, as we have often before emphasized, is the more important of these.

In proper amount, milk will do everything which whole wheat could do to improve our dietary and do it far better; in addition, it will supply in abundance both the missing calcium and vitamin A. Milk is not only the one food for which there is no effective substitute, but it is the best supplementary food in the sense in which we have defined a *protective food*.

A single correction should be made in this statement. Milk does not aid in the elimination of intestinal waste, whereas whole wheat, in some degree, has such a property; however, the regular consumption of liberal amounts of the other class of protective food—leafy green vegetables such as spinach, kale, lettuce and so on, will stimulate intestinal elimination—and are far more effective in this respect than whole wheat bread is.

WE can hardly over-estimate the importance of a diet sufficiently rich in calcium and containing an amount of this element appropriate to the amount of phosphorus in our food.

If the diet contains a proper per cent. of these mineral matters, the skeleton is protected against the deformities characteristic of rickets—such deformities as abnormally large joints, collapse of the ribs so as to leave too little room for the heart and lungs, crooked limbs and other malformations.

When the diet is relatively poor in both calcium and phosphorus, or relatively rich in both these elements, the bones of the skeleton are of better quality than when the diet is rich in one and poor in the other.

In other words, rickets are much more liable to develop when the diet is poor in calcium and rich in phosphorus, or poor in phosphorus and rich in calcium, than when a relative lack exists for both, or when both are furnished somewhat in excess of the body's actual needs.

So serious is the problem of bone and tooth development in man that we should consider the wisdom and expedience of altering our national dietary. But substituting whole wheat flour for white flour in the dietary would exercise little if any influence upon the bone and tooth development. The use of white bolted flour, now so widely advertised and consumed, seems entirely justified.

It is doubtful whether whole wheat bread demands to be chewed more than bread made of ordinary white flour. Neither has to be masticated to any great extent and the average American is likely to spare his jaws as far as possible from masticatory effort.

This lazy inclination is an additional reason for eating two salads a day since raw lettuce, raw chopped cabbage, celery and fruits practically necessitate fairly vigorous exercise of the muscles of the jaws. Such vigorous chewing improves the circulation in the teeth and helps to preserve them. And the salads provide the vitamin C, which is found in fresh raw foods.

Few persons who are well informed about nutrition will espouse with enthusiasm the cause of whole wheat bread.

His one great morning need—and yours

Are you fully meeting it?

YOUR first job in the morning is to get the family up and ready for the day—starting father off to business and children off to school.

And so often it is such an effort. You do not like to hurry; they do not wish to be hurried. That awful early morning lethargy!

Psychologists tell us it is *10 o'clock* before the average man gets his mental and physical powers shifted into high gear. Until then he chugs along in low.

Yet it is a well known fact that morning is the best time for work. Those early hours should find us fit. Then why is it so hard to "get up steam"?

During the night your system has been repairing the tissues torn down by the previous day's activities.

For twenty-six years this familiar figure has been identified with Cream of Wheat—a food known and approved by diet authorities for its rich energy and easy digestibility

Cream of Wheat Muffins

½ cup Cream of Wheat (uncooked)	1 tablespoon melted butter
1 cup flour	½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder	1 cup milk
1 tablespoon sugar	1 egg

Mix and sift dry ingredients and add milk, beaten egg and melted butter. Pour into greased muffin tins and bake in a hot oven about twenty minutes. Vary the muffins by adding 1 cup nuts or 1 cup chopped dates or raisins

Morning finds your engine ready for another day's run.

But to get it started, one vital thing must be supplied—energy! And of course the natural source of this supply of early morning energy is breakfast.

For breakfast, then, you must provide food which will fill this fundamental need for energy—fill it quickly and completely.

A food rich in energy—easily digested

With one familiar food you may meet your family's morning need for energy—with Cream of Wheat!

For besides being unusually rich in energy units, Cream of Wheat is so easy to digest that it makes no extra demands which in themselves consume energy.

It is made of the heart of the best hard wheat—that part richest in energy elements which scientists call carbohydrates. And these, of all food substances, are most quickly, most easily digested.

Other foods, of course, are rich in energy. And still others are easy to digest. But the combination—high energy, quickly available, at so little cost to digestion — with these unusual values Cream of Wheat answers the body's morning call for energy.

And you may get its energy values in so many delightful ways! Combine it with dates, raisins, prunes; try it in muffins and omelet for breakfast. Or in tempting desserts for other meals.

You will be interested to know these new ways of serving Cream of Wheat. We have a recipe booklet which suggests 30 delicious ways. We will gladly send it to you with a sample box of Cream of Wheat, *both free*, if you will send in the coupon.

Free—Recipe booklet and trial size box of Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Please send me, FREE, your recipe booklet, "Thirty Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."
☐ Please send me, FREE, your recipe booklet and sample box of Cream of Wheat.

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Try this fascinating new art of lepaging

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Easier & Quicker than Sewing

". . . You are really right about this new way of lepaging things being easier and quicker than sewing. I made three cretonne covers for flower pots and one cretonne wastebasket in one afternoon. They match my cretonne curtains and make the room look much prettier."

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Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find 10 cents (stamps or coin) in payment for a copy of LePage's Craft Book, which contains clear, simple and complete directions for making over 40 different articles—useful, practical, economical and attractive. Please send me a copy by return mail, postage paid.

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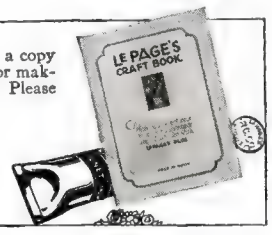

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The Power of the Press

[*Continued from page 34*]

said; and, making a graceful gesture to a chair near his own, he added, "I mean to say, won't you be seated?"

"I—I have so many things to 'tend to," Jessie said, with a polite little laugh, as she sat down. "I really oughtn't to. But I just thought likely you might know. I haven't seen anybody the whole summer that *does* know anything."

"No," Mr. Doyne acquiesced. "I suppose one wouldn't. I've never played here, I believe; but it doesn't look to be too much of a place! I'm only doing this to help out Madame Ruth Browne, because I'd been doing stock with her earlier, and she was in rather a bad hole for this circuit. It only lasts another fortnight, thank heaven, and by that time there'll be something different waiting for me in New York."

At this, Jessie looked at him as eagerly and as reverently as Fred Sime usually looked at her. "Are you going to—to open—in New York?" she asked.

"Oh, I suppose there'll be a week or so of try-out," he said negligently. "After that, New York. I haven't seen the script yet, but they tell me it's rather a really smashing part."

"Now nice!" Jessie exclaimed, and then she shook her head ruefully. "Of course that's the trouble with stage life," she went on to say, quoting with her roommate of the Little Theatre. "There are so few good parts, and pretty nearly always they give 'em to the wrong people. *I* know how *that* is, only too well!"

"Oh, you've had some experience?"

"Yes, indeed!" Jessie said, and then, as at a second thought, laughed deprecatingly. "I'm afraid you might snub me if I told you what it was, though!"

"Oh, no; not at all; not at all. I mean to say, what were you out with?"

"I know you'll laugh," said Jessie. "It was only a Little Theatre company and just this last season. I know you'll laugh."

"Not at all," he returned graciously. "The Little Theatre movement does a great deal of good to widen interest, you see, and so it's a useful thing; though I can't say I'd ever care to put in my own time that way, myself."

"No, of course not," Jessie said meekly. "What sort of parts do you like best?"

"Not the sort I'm doing in *this* silly old play!" he replied, with emphasis. "I have to fight to get 'em. Every night it's the same old fight, fight, fight, and it always exhausts me!"

"Oh, is there a fight in this play? How stunning! How—"

But Mr. Doyne looked at her with a coldness that checked her enthusiasm. "No, there's no fight in the play. You see, I mean to say, the author hasn't made the part sympathetic; I have to do that for him. I have to fight to get the audience with me."

"Oh, yes; I see," Jessie said apologetically; and she added, "I know how *that* is myself, only too well!"

"I suppose so," he assented, turning upon her his notable blue eyes, which became warmly appreciative as his glance lingered upon her. "Ah—what are you doing next season?" he inquired. "Little Theatre again?"

"Well, I'm not sure," Jessie replied looking thoughtfully down at her lustrous patent-leather slippers. "I haven't made up my mind whether to go back there or not."

Then she looked up suddenly and asked, "What would you think about it?"

"I'm not shaw. Ah—there might be other openings for you, if you looked for them," he said. "Ah—you're rather a stunning person, you know! Would you care to take a walk?"

"Oh, I'd *love* to!" Jessie cried, and jumped up, radiant.

SHE told Fred Sime all about this wondrous excursion that evening, on their way to the Chautauqua tent, whither Fred escorted her to see Madame Ruth Browne's company of players in "Pride's Crossing"; and Fred tried to be sympathetic, but found it difficult. "He's simply a great celebrity, Fred," she said. "He's known all over the country, and yet he's just as frank and simple as any ordinary person, after you get really acquainted with him."

"Did you?" Fred asked. "I mean, it didn't seem a very long time to get acquainted in, just walking around for an hour."

"Oh, we had quite a talk in the yard after we got home," Jessie explained. "And then I sat with him at a little side table, and had dinner with him, too, so we could go on talking. I fixed it that way, and he said he'd rather not eat with the others if it could be arranged. He doesn't dislike 'em, but naturally he feels they're not in his class. So you see, I've really gotten to know him very well indeed. Isn't it wonderful?"

"I suppose so," Fred assented as enthusiastically as he possibly could. "I saw you when you were up on Washington Street with him; I guess the whole town did, for the matter of that."

"They *were* staring, weren't they!" Jessie laughed excitedly. "You can hardly blame them; he's so different-looking! Fred, he thinks we can be in the same company next season—*this* season, really. He's going to telegraph the manager in New York and tell him about me. He thinks there'll hardly be the slightest doubt of it, because this manager'll do anything he tells him. It's a manager that's going to feature him, practically, and that's almost the same as starring. I never did meet anyone like him before, Fred—it's just like some magician with a wand! He thinks rehearsals 'll begin in about two weeks. My! The most wonderful thing about it all to me, though, is his being an Englishman. Think of an Englishman coming way over here to take such an interest in a young American actress that's hardly known at all!"

"Did he tell you he was English?"

"Oh, he is," she said. "You can tell it by his looks and his accent; and besides he told me he had the 'dearest old mater.' That's the way they talk, you know, Fred. He meant his mother, and he said she was the best pal he had, and he wanted me to meet her some day. At first he had terrible opposition in his family to his going on the stage because he was the oldest son; but he knew he had the talent for it and couldn't ever be happy doing anything else; and since two years ago, when he made his big hit in Chicago, his family 've begun to think it's all right."

"What was his big hit in?" Fred asked. "Some play, probably?"

YES. It was in a play that—well, it made a colossal sensation," Jessie said, recalling this phrase of Mr. Doyne's. "He's just being the leading man for Madame Browne to oblige her, and he thinks this play we're going to begin rehearsing next week will have a part for him that'll give him a chance to do the same thing he did in Chicago. What he likes to play is a part that makes him a strong man, all red blood and everything like that, you see, but at the same time just a great, big-hearted, lovable boy. If this new part isn't like that he says we can simply walk out of rehearsal and look around for another part that *will* be."

They were now close to the gaily lighted tent, and had come among the crowd of sedately chatting and laughing people who moved toward the entrance. "Oh, Fred!" Jessie said, and squeezed his arm. "Just think! In only a few minutes we'll see *him* up there on that stage! Then you'll appreciate how wonderful he is as much as I do!"

For a considerable time after the curtains parted upon the opening scene of "Pride's Crossing" there was no mention of "Carol Romney," which was the name opposite Mr. Doyne's upon the program; and the action of the play appeared to concern others exclusively. Fred began to be puzzled, for, as the piece continued, it seemed to him that much the most important personage in the story was "Roger Dawson," played by one of the middle-aged actors, who looked quite young in his make-up.

"Are you *sure* Mr. Doyne is the leading man?" he whispered to Jessie. "The way it looks to me, the whole play is about this Roger [*Turn to page 43*]

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"Very Special" Diamond Walnuts

For True Holiday Hospitality

Walnuts?—the best of them, especially for *Christmas!*—for Walnuts lend a note of real Christmas cheer and hospitality—particularly *Diamond* Walnuts.

Thin shells that crack without crushing the kernels!

Plump, crisp, tender, luscious meats that say to the palate, "Very special!"

"Very special" is correct, for there are 4,074 of us growers in California who specialize in growing "English" Walnuts, and in *selecting* certain nuts from our special Crops that we label, "Diamond Walnuts."

Very specially are the best of these nuts picked out by hand by experts—and even then, put through a patented machine which *surpasses the experts*, eliminating more than 5,000,000 pounds a year that you, or we, would say "looked good."

Joined in a great Association, we are enabled to standardize quality more easily than are others.

We haven't space here for more proof in print.

But your grocer or fruiterer has the Walnuts themselves which are the best proof we know.

Let the Diamond Walnuts tell you how good they are—for Christmas and for the year around.

As the price of Diamond Walnuts is usually about the same as for other Walnuts—surely it's worth your while insisting that the grocer take yours from the famous Diamond bag, illustrated below.

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MOST DIAMOND Walnuts — about 50,000,000 pounds a year—are sold in shells. But you can also buy these same delicious Walnuts *shelled*—just the kernels alone. Selected halves for table use and fancy dishes *in glass jars:* halves for topping mixed with pieces for filling and salads *in tins.* Both "Vacuum Packed" so they come to you with the incomparable DIAMOND flavor and freshness intact.

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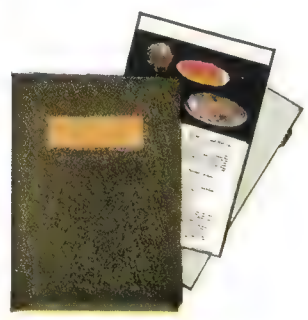

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HAWAIIAN Crushed PINEAPPLE

Start their day right~ PINEAPPLE SAUCE* *for breakfast*

"Plenty of sleep, plenty of fresh air, and *plenty of fruit to eat*"—how often have you heard it prescribed for growing children?

And it is an equally good prescription for the child, grown up.

"Plenty of fruit," of course, means fruit at every meal—in winter, as well as in summer. For instance, what is better these bracing days than a heaping dish of luscious, golden "Pineapple Sauce" for breakfast?

Pineapple Sauce, you know, is simply another name for Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, just as it comes from the can. It is a healthful, delicious, easy-to-serve treat for young or old—a breakfast dish that makes keen, alert, rosy-cheeked children and puts grown-ups in trim for the day.

Are you taking full advantage of this convenient and economical form in which you can now buy Hawaiian Pineapple? Cooking authorities say, use both kinds: The *Sliced*, by itself, or in fancy desserts and salads; the *Crushed* (sometimes called "Grated") as "Pineapple Sauce" or in pies, cakes, fruit-cocktails, ices, sundaes, salads and hundreds of other dishes which call for the cut-up fruit.

Both are identical in quality and flavor—the same sun-ripened fruit grown on the same Hawaiian plantations—packed in the same modern canneries, the day it is picked.

Order from your grocer—to-day!

** Pineapple Sauce is simply Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, just as it comes from the can—America's favorite breakfast fruit.*

—and serve these Pineapple "creations."

"CRISS CROSS" PIE

Heat 2 cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Mix ¾ cup sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons flour. Add the hot pineapple and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly, and add 1 teaspoon butter. Cool slightly, add 1 beaten egg and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Pour into pastry lined pie pan and arrange strips of pastry across the top. Put into a hot oven and after 10 minutes reduce heat and bake about 30 minutes longer.

PINEAPPLE TAPIOCA

Mix 2 cups sirup drained from Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and ½ cup granulated tapioca and bring to the boiling point. Boil 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Cook in a double boiler until tapioca is clear and transparent or about 20 minutes. Add ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 1 cup of the drained pineapple. Pour into a serving dish, chill and serve with whipped cream or marshmallow cream.

PINEAPPLE ROLL

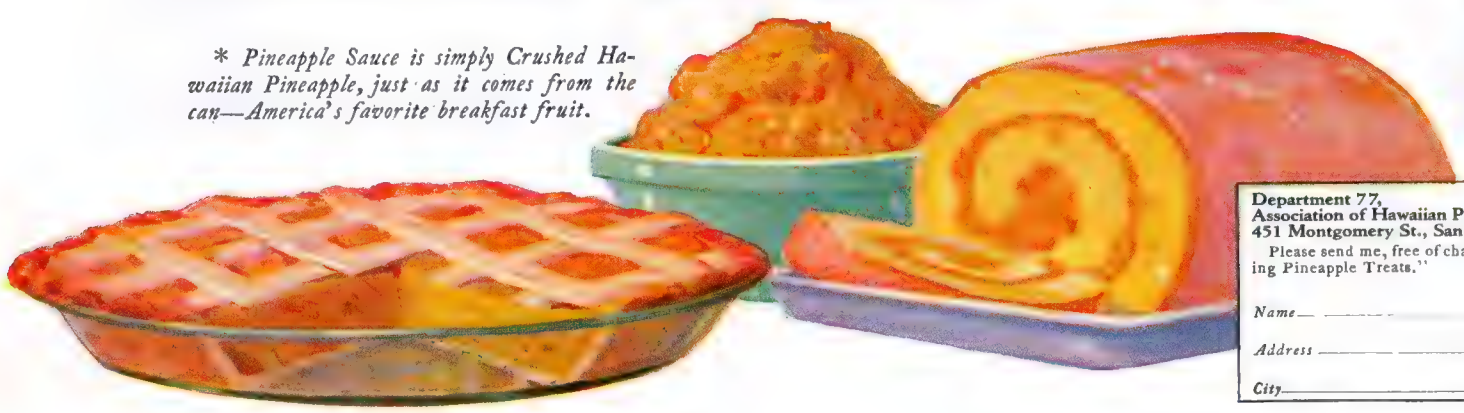
Add ¼ cup sugar to 1 cup well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, heat until the sugar melts and set aside while cake is being made. Mix and sift 1½ cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar, and 2 teaspoons baking powder; add 2 beaten eggs, stirring constantly, and ¼ cup hot water. Beat until smooth and spread in a large greased pan. Bake in a moderate oven about 12 minutes. Turn out onto a paper thickly sprinkled with powdered sugar and spread with the pineapple. Trim off the crusty edges with a sharp knife and roll up like a jelly roll. A strip of paper or cloth may be pinned around it until it cools to keep it in shape. Serve in slices.

PINEAPPLE AMBROSIA

Mix 2 cups water and ½ cup sugar and boil for 5 minutes. Add 2 cups sirup drained from Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and chill. Just before serving add 2 cups ice-cold ginger ale.

PINEAPPLE DATE SALAD

Thoroughly drain 1 cup Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Discard pits from 1 cup dates and cut in pieces. Mix with pineapple and arrange on lettuce. Serve with French dressing.



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The Power of the Press

[*Continued from page 40*]

Dawson.' He certainly has the most to *say*. He talks practically all the time when Madame Ruth Browne isn't at it."

But Jessie shook her head impatiently. "Sh-h! You'll see!"

He did see, a little later, but he was only the more mystified by what he saw. When "Mr. Carol Romney" was announced, Fred felt the slight shock of Jessie's chair against his own as she impulsively leaned forward, radiant, her eyes shining, to watch the entrance of the great young man. No one else seemed to share her thrill, nor did any other person, either upon the stage or in the audience, appear to be at all warmly interested in this "Carol Romney," as the action of the drama continued. In fact, it seemed to Fred Sime that the function of Mr. Doyne was to enact a secondary lover, a supplementary rôle; that "Carol Romney" was but the friend or confidant of the heroic "Roger Dawson." He wondered more and more how Mr. Richard Doyne could possibly be the "leading man."

NOR was his impression of Mr. Doyne's art a favorable one. It seemed to Fred that he spoke in a sing-song manner, with an indistinctness that blurred his words and made them difficult to understand. And he began to be sensitive for Jessie, to pity her for the mortification she must be feeling; but when he stole a glance at her, she was leaning forward, her lips parted, her eyes aglow, and her color high. She applauded longer and more vehemently than any one else did, when the curtains closed upon the act, and then she leaned back, sighing with delight. "*Oh!*" she said. "I never saw anything *like* him!"

"Didn't you?" Fred inquired, and he looked at her wonderingly. "Well, the way it struck me, he doesn't seem to have much to *do*."

"He will," Jessie said, smiling and closing her eyes to retain her new memories. "You'll see. He told me he has to fight to get the audience."

But when the last act gave the usual signs of drawing toward a conclusion, he remembered what Jessie had told him of Mr. Doyne's struggle with the audience. "You 'have to fight to get 'em,' do you?" Fred inquired mentally, addressing his rival on the stage. "Well, it looks to me like if you're going to fight any, it's time to begin!"

But the final curtains closed a minute later, and to Fred it appeared that his warning had gone wholly unheeded. Again he was almost afraid to look at Jessie, he was so sorry for her; and again he was dumbfounded: she was more radiant than ever. "Never did I see anything like him! Never!" she said. "Did you *see* how he came up in that last act—how he made that part stand out and just won everybody? And when he gave the flowers to 'Lydia' and bowed and kissed her hand—*Oh!*"

"Yes," Fred said, looking away from her. "He *was* right good there."

"And when he said to Sir Charles: 'That annoys! That annoys!' wasn't he wonderful?"

"Was that what he said?" Fred asked, in honest good-faith. "I thought first he said 'Adenoids, adenoids'; but it seemed so out of keeping kind of, I decided he must be trying to say, 'Is that a noise? Is that a noise?'" Then, seeing that she turned her head quickly away from him, he felt himself detestable for lessening her high pleasure, and hastened to apologize again. "I'm sorry, Jessie," he said. "I wouldn't do anything to hurt your feelings for the world. I guess he was pretty good and likely enough the leading man after all."

"Of *course* he was!"

"Well," he said, "shan't we be getting on towards home?" For Jessie had risen but still remained by their seats, though the last of the audience was now passing out through the lifted sides of the tent. "Hadn't we better be going?" he repeated; and his heart sank as she shook her head.

She also blushed, which failed to brighten him. "I'm afraid you'll think it isn't very polite of me," she said. "He doesn't have to change his costume, and he said he'd be out right away. I—I promised to walk back to the 'Arms' with him."

"You—did?" was all her discarded escort found himself able to say, and even that with a noticeable huskiness. Coming toward them from the direction of the stage was a dashing figure, tapping a cigarette upon a blue cuff as it came. "Yaw thiah, ah you?" Mr. Doyne called briskly as he advanced. "That's ever so jolly of you, little gel!"

"You don't mind, do you, Fred?" Jessie whispered hastily. "Please don't mind!"

"All right," he said, recovering himself. "I got to interview Madame Ruth Browne for the *Enterprise*, anyhow. I promised our committee I would. Good night, Jessie."

"Good night," she said, but her tone was absent-minded; for just then she took Mr. Doyne's arm and began to look worshipfully up at him, as they moved toward the moonlight beyond the tent. . . . A moment later her voice came back to Fred, who now stood alone among the bleak rows of undertaker's folding-chairs: "Simply magnificent!" he heard her saying. "I was just in a dream—just in a *dream!*" And the warm breathlessness of her voice, the sweet huskiness of it, told all too much of a girl speaking still in a dream that lingered.

Probably few young lovers have ever suffered more poignantly than did Fred that night: he had not only the pains of natural jealousy and of defeat to bear, but he had to fear for his loved lady, who was at least in danger of making a fool of herself. "Oh golly!" he groaned. "I *did* think she had more sense—why, I thought she was the smartest girl that ever lived! Oh golly; she isn't!"

Yet, finding her human and foolish, he cared none the less for her; and he sat down to fight for her with the only weapon he had. Long and carefully he wrote, that night, by an oil lamp in his mother's cottage, and so produced his masterpiece in journalism. He was mildly ambitious; he hoped some day to sell the *Enterprise* and his "job printing" business, and go to a town larger than Edwards City to "work his way up" on an important daily newspaper—no incredible prospect, since he was young, tractable and liked work. But whatever his future was to be, and although he might learn a great deal more about the craft of writing than he knew now, he would never in his life produce a more accurately effective bit of journalism than the "interview" he wrote for the *Enterprise* that night of woe. He had saved space for it, and it appeared upon the front page, on Saturday.

CROWNING TRIUMPH

CHAUTAUQUA WEEK REACHES CLIMAX SPLENDID RENDITION OF "PRIDE'S CROSSING."

MADAME RUTH BROWNE DISCUSSES DRAMA WITH NEWSPAPER MAN.

Madame Ruth Browne sat in her dressing-room in a chatty mood as we congratulated her after the splendid performance of "Pride's Crossing" which Edwards City unanimously regards as the event *par excellence* of this year's Chautauqua Week. She was tired but happy.

We told her our opinion of the splendid performance just witnessed and she smiled her agreement. "I give all the credit to my company of players," she deigned, graciously.

We ventured to protest. "There were notable performers among them," we jerked, timidly. "Nevertheless the show could hardly have been rendered except for the star. Whom do you consider the most talented of your company?"

"Oh, Mr. Kelly, without question," she replied in a flash, Mr. Kelly being the gentleman who enacted the rôle of "Roger Dawson."

Again we ventured to protest. "Mr. Kelly's work as 'Roger Dawson' was above par indeed. But surely the greater meed of praise should be given to Richard Doyne, the leading man in 'Carol Romney,' should it not?"

We wish all readers of the *Enterprise* could have witnessed the expression that made [*Turn to page 44*]

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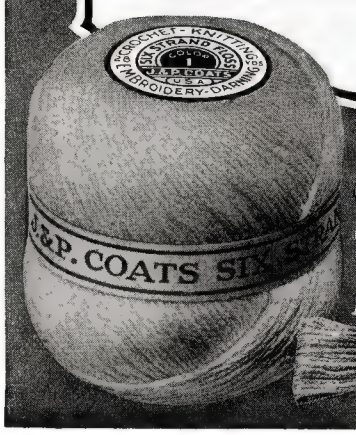

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The Power of the Press

[*Continued from page 43*]

its appearance upon Mme. Ruth Browne's visage as we said those words. She was unfeignedly delighted. "It makes me so happy," she exclaimed, "to hear even the humblest member of my company praised as you do this Mr. Doyne. In fact he is a protégé of mine, and though of course technically not my leading man, as the leading man is technically Mr. Kelly, still Mr. Doyne has the very highest merits and Mr. Kelly has often said to me laughingly in towns where Mr. Doyne has been mistaken for our leading man, "Oh, it is a matter of no great importance to me. So long as I play the leading part, why should not Mr. Doyne also be afforded a little pleasure in his own way?"

Mme. Browne went on to speak at length upon this subject, waxing enthusiastic. "Of all the splendid young actors I have ever assisted to develop," she exclaimed, "this Mr. Doyne you rightly admire so greatly is one of the most striking, and he would show promise of becoming one of the very greatest actors on our stage if he could overcome some slight minor defects. He has made splendid progress in his art for an amateur, as it is only five weeks since I discovered him. We are all proud of our little discoveries, we impresarios, you know," Mme. Browne laughed, modestly.

"I take great credit for discovering this rising young man," she pursued. "I consider him all the more remarkable because he was assisting his mother to run a boarding-house in Milwaukee when I happened to be staying there some weeks ago and upon his solicitation I engaged him on seeing him enact an amateur rôle in the parlor, in a performance presented by himself and the boarders while I was there. I was then on my way to Chicago to engage Mr. Kelly, who had made a colossal sensation in a part in that city, which he has often talked about with Mr. Doyne and all of us. Mr. Kelly consented to make part of this tour with me, but," sighed Mme. Browne, "he is unfortunately too much in demand in New York City and will leave my company in a fortnight to join an important manager there."

We guided her thoughts back to the channel of the actor whose splendid work as "Carol Romney" had so engrossed our enthusiasm that we wished to hear more of his work. "When Mr. Kelly resigns," we consoled, "you will still have Mr. Doyne in your company.

"It was a great pleasure," we continued, "to witness the work of this rising young Englishman and though you state he has recently been located in Milwaukee we presume he is descended from some Engish ancestors, which accounts for our getting the impression of his being a native of the British Isles. You agree with us, do you not, Mme. Browne, in considering that he has a great future before him in his chosen art?"

"I do indeed most emphatically," she flashed back instantly. "He would be upon the highroad to success if it were not for minor mental defects. Also, I consider it remarkable that his articulation reaches the back rows as plainly as it sometimes does, owing to the fact that he has to overcome a handicap which is principally due to premature dental difficulties. But this may be righted, and if the purely mental deficiencies are also sufficiently overcome, so that he will begin to comprehend the intended interpretation of his rôles, no one could predict what triumphs will not be his.

"Mr. Doyne is deserving of the highest praise both as an actor and as a man. As an actor he stands without a competitor in my company for the rôles assigned to him. As a man and gentleman he is also worthy of admiration, being of splendid manners and unquestionably reliable in many ways. Sprung from what may be called humble surroundings, his rise to his present position is an example of what talent in a free country can accomplish. All he lacks in order to ascend the loftiest pinnacles is more energy and intelligence, and with these acquired and his dental impediment overcome by a competent firm, your prophecy of his future will be assured."

With these words of praise, Mme. Ruth Browne graciously signified that our interview must come to an end, as she and her splendid Company of Players were obliged to leave on the early morning local, and so we reluctantly bade her farewell and wended our way homeward, full of memories of this gracious and talented lady and of one of the most inspiring and delightful evenings it has been our lot to ever experience. Selah!

IT was not until Sunday that the editor of the *Enterprise* again held communication with any member of the Bull family. Then he was passing "The New Colonial Arms" on his way home from church, when Mr. Bull waved a palm-leaf fan from his chair on the veranda, and walked out to the fence in a sociable manner. "Good sermon?" he inquired. "You look some like it made you think of your sins."

"It did," Fred said gravely. "How are all your family?"

"Pretty well. We done as good as we looked for on the big week: cleaned up thirty-eight dollars and fifty cents. We'd of made it an even forty-one, but one of 'em walked out on us, and Jessie didn't say anything about it till he was gone; and then she said he was only absent-minded and would probably remember and send it from their next town. She's cashier."

"Who was it?"

"It was that one you went and give the big send-off to in yesterday's paper," said Mr. Bull, and, resting his forearms upon the top of the fence, he gazed in some perplexity at the editor. "Say, what got you so all worked-up about him bein' such a great actor? Ma and I went to the show, and the truth is we thought he was about the poorest stick they had in it—only Jessie got mad at us for sayin' so! I heard a lot o' people wonderin' what on earth was the matter of your eyes and ears, though some of 'em says they was a lot of mighty strong 'ifs' and 'buts' in what you wrote, and they couldn't make out jest what you *was* up to! Honest, was you just doin' it to please Jessie, because *she* thought he was so great, or did this here Mrs. Browne really puff him up like that?"

"Well," said Mr. Sime, deliberately. "what she told me about that, I didn't like to come right out with. She said, 'As a man this Dick Doyne is perfectly charming, and he's only got one fault in the world: you can't trust him.'"

Mr. Bull looked a little dazed, and repeated this tribute in a wondering voice.

"Did—did Jessie happen to read the interview?" the editor inquired hesitatingly.

"Yep."

"What did she say?"

"She went on up to her room and laid down," said Mr. Bull. "I don't know as I've heard her make any mention of it, particular." And he added, "You can go ask her if you want to. She's been settin' on that stump out in the back yard for about an hour, lookin' at the hens."

At this, to Mr. Bull's surprise, Fred seemed rather startled, as if some astonishing idea had been put before him abruptly. However, all he said was, "Well, I guess I will," and, coming into the yard, he went round the house to Jessie.

He found her still seeming to look at the hens. "Jessie—" he said huskily. "Jessie—"

She turned to him and smiled faintly. "That was quite an interview you wrote," she said. "I'm glad you did so well by Mr. Doyne. Of course you were kind and enthusiastic about him, but I think you might have left one thing out, even if Madame Ruth Browne did say it."

"What was it?"

"It was about—" She paused and an expression that seemed to indicate distaste slightly shadowed her young forehead. "It was what she said—about dentistry."

"Why *that's* nothing against him," Fred said heartily. "It's not against his character at all, and it won't interfere with his career on the stage. If you and he join that company in New York—"

But she interrupted him. Her thoughtful gaze had been upon the ground as he began to speak, but now she looked up, and he seemed to see something plaintive in her eyes, something not only plaintive but pleading.

"Oh, no," she said. "I've thought it all over, and I've about decided to retire from the stage, Fred."

The Phantom Taxi

[*Continued from page 19*]

"I believe I'd rather."

"Let's take a taxi, then. We can drive home in an hour, very nearly."

The street here was dim. On either side of them were lofts and shops with shut doors and dark windows. Ahead of them, where Sixth Avenue crossed their path, the dozing elevated dropped its giant shadow. Above them was the golden haze that is Broadway's aura, and, up beyond it in the sky, a moon that altered queerly what it touched beside them in the strange twilight of the street. But even in this quiet backwater of the city's night swirl, there were taxis, silent, still and waiting. One chauffeur, seeing potential custom, climbed from his driver's seat and held the door for Leighton and his lady.

"Get in here," said Leighton, taking Edith's arm. And then he saw the color of the cab—pale gray, or silver, possibly. In that light he couldn't tell. It hardly looked material. He dropped her arm. "No, no, come on," he added quickly. "There's a car—there's another I prefer."

"That was queer of you," said Edith curiously as they walked toward a second cab—a blue one this time. "Whatever was the matter with that other one?"

"Oh, nothing but the color," he laughed. "I'm superstitious about gray taxis."

"How absurd!"

He laughed at her. Why, everyone was superstitious about something—himself about a silver taxi: gray, of course, in the broad day, but silver in the moonlight. "I was nearly run over by a taxi like that once."

ONCE!"—and now Edith laughed. "To be nearly run down *once* by any sort of taxi is little to base superstition on."

So it was. Besides, he reflected as he handed Edith into the car of his choice and gave the order for the long drive up the Hudson, the gray taxi there *was* real, whatever it had suggested. Edith had seen it, too, almost climbed into it, in fact. Seated beside her in the blue cab, he could look out even now and see it among the other material objects of the street. It was no phantom, anyway. Edith was silent on the drive home. He had her in his arms. But he wished she would talk. He kept thinking of his cousin Sam, kept seeing images and pictures of the old town, hearing echoes of his cousin's voice: "You're mighty lucky, boy. Look at Marty. He's going to die in prison. Tonight, quite possibly."

The cab in which he and Edith were driving had long since crossed the Harlem and was now speeding along the high, rolling country of Westchester county. Oddly, the moon had followed them. Over the Hudson, which it silvered, it was keeping pace with them. It seemed to leap with every burst of the taxi's speed, and then, when the motor slowed, to float lazily beside them. "It's nice driving at night," said Leighton. "No traffic to bother with. We must notice the time when we get home. I believe this way beats the train."

"Oh, yes," said Edith; "I've no doubt it does."

He wished she would talk more. Was she still thinking about his shying at the taxi? If she was going to take it seriously, he wished he had gone on and got into the cab. Of course he wasn't afraid of any real taxi. But that one, looking almost immaterial in the moonlight, had suggested something he must forget. The moon, which had helped the illusion, was still following. No, it was not really following. Really, it was swinging west. Already it was touching the white façade of the bank, and the towered jail quite near the bank, the flimsy jail, wherefrom, on such a night, a taxi—

"Here we are," said Edith.

His eyes found comfort in the low, gray wall, the smooth, sloping ground, the bare trees, the lighted house. "The first gate on your left," he told the driver. In another moment he was looking at his watch. "Twelve-fifteen exactly," he reported.

The chauffeur, who had parked on the left side of the road, was tugging at the door that gave upon the sidewalk. The door seemed stuck. He hammered mightily with his fist, then tried the wrench. "Mind getting out on the other side?" he asked. "I bumped this door today, and it won't open."

"No, certainly not," said Leighton. "I'll try the other one myself." He did swing the hinges outward, but he did not get down, for on ahead of him he saw a taxi without lights quite rapidly approaching. He saw it clearly in the moonlight, so he waited till it should have passed.

"We might as well get out," said Edith with a note of something like impatience.

He pointed to the coming taxi. It was gray like the rejected one. "Wait," he said.

It came on rather slowly considering his illusion of its speed, then suddenly swept by like the rushing wind. "Look, man," he had shouted as the chauffeur, evidently not seeing the swift vehicle, came carelessly around his own cab. "It almost got you. That fellow ought to be arrested, running without lights."

"What fellow, sir?"

"Why, Leighton," Edith said; "what are we waiting for?"

His trouble had come back on him—that was quite clear—when he had least expected it. Yet he had seen it—the old phantom that had haunted him before he knew her, before her calm eyes and sweet repose and steadfastness had quieted his nerves.

"You had better go home and get some rest," Edith said to him as he kissed her good night. But his empty rooms, the long, dreadful hours until morning—how could he rest? It seemed more terrible this time. It was more terrible to see with actual and physical eyes wide open a thing that has no reality. Tonight he had not only seen it; he had felt the breath of it—cold. Yet there had been nothing there.

The reappearance of this phantom seemed to him suddenly, as he drove back to the city, to have altered the whole aspect of his life. Did he have a right, after all, to marry Edith? He had fancied that she had cured him of those brooding visions, whereas this one tonight was far more real and potent, somehow, than any of its predecessors. Where would they stop? One day would they unfit him to be her husband? Was he going—? No, of course not. But perhaps he ought to see a doctor before he had committed Edith any further.

He found a doctor in an old brownstone mansion in Lexington Avenue. In some ways he would have preferred his own medical man; but there was very little time: his own doctor was slow; and besides, he might have felt a delicacy in going to a friend, whereas he could speak frankly to the stranger whose light burned in the old parlor at the top of the high stoop.

THE doctor seemed a competent sort of man. "You've a little fever," he said, feeling Leighton's pulse. "Your hands are trembling. You haven't had a shock, have you?"

"Oh, no, I've taken cold," answered Leighton. "Had a hot ride in the train, and then a motor trip. It isn't about that I came to see you, though."

"Well, out with it."

He knew he was absolutely safe—the law could never touch him—yet Leighton found it hard.

"I was almost run down by a taxi once," he started, then remembered Edith's laugh when he had told her that. The doctor didn't laugh, however. "Ever since then I have been troubled. I have seen this taxi in my dreams. It rushes at me, almost runs me down. And then I wake."

"Many people have nightmare," the doctor said.

"I know. But not like this. They have them only in their sleep, as I had before tonight. Tonight, however, I saw it with my eyes wide open. I saw it and felt the rush of air as it went by."

"Where were you at the time?"

"Sitting in a taxi with my fiancée."

The doctor laughed soothingly. "No doubt it really was a taxi you saw."

"No. My fiancée—the chauffeur: neither saw it."

[*Turn to page 46*]

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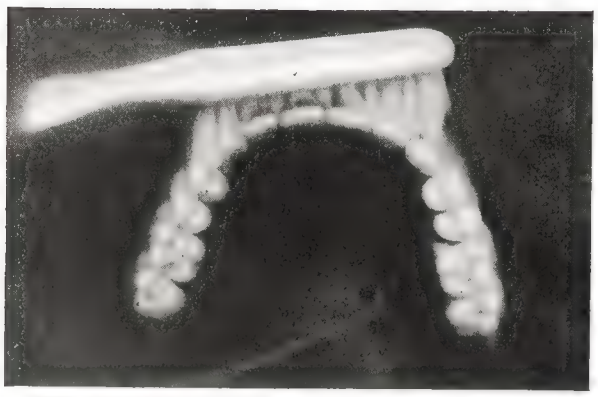

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The Phantom Taxi

[*Continued from page 45*]

"Well, you are overwrought tonight. Your cold and fever—"

"Ought I to see things—when they aren't? I've got to know the worst tonight."

The doctor, looking grave, seemed to have laid aside a mask. "Has there ever been any insanity in your family?"

"No, doctor," Leighton answered, his heart missing a beat at the dreaded word. "I can save you a lot of trouble by simply telling you how all this started." The doctor had to know, and Leighton had to tell him.

"It was five years ago," Leighton began rapidly. "I was working in a bank out West—a little suburban town. There was a peculiar situation. The president, who knew only one end of the business, managed the loans and left the accounting side and the cash to us—two boys, that is.

"The bank seemed to be doing well; and everybody—nearly—thought it was on a good basis when one day the state examiner came along and discovered a shortage of thirty thousand dollars.

WELL, the shortage lay between us boys—myself and another. I had seen the examiner looking grave as he went over the books, and knew by his manner that he had discovered something wrong. At least I was prepared. I thought Marty was, also; but Marty was a nervous young chap—reckless, high-strung. Anyhow, when the president called us into the room where the bank examiner was waiting, and locked the door, and the examiner started shaking his finger in Marty's face, Marty pulled an old pistol out of his pocket and shot him dead.

"The authorities locked Marty up on a charge of murder, and the bank was closed. Then, doctor—this is what I am getting at—some of the mill workers who had savings in the bank, started after Marty—tried to break the jail."

"You weren't in the jail, were you?"

"Oh, no. But it was worse than if I had been. You see, I couldn't sleep for thinking about Marty. He had been a sort of pal; and then I felt that maybe if he hadn't shot the examiner, they might have suspected me—about the shortage for which Marty took full responsibility. I couldn't sleep, and I was out there in the dark, staring up at Marty's window, when they came after him that night.

"There was a little man who mounted the steps of the jail and began ranting about his money. Soon a crowd of mill workers had gathered about him, cursing and shouting and sobbing. I knew what they meant to do. I telephoned the sheriff.

"The sheriff didn't tell me he had asked help from the city nearby; and when I got back to my shadow, the mob had built a fire in the street and begun rapping on the old wooden door of the jail. When they got no answer except a warning from the jailer, they started with a ram. I could hear the blows echoing in the dark building.

"But they didn't get him. The taxi came. No one saw it coming, not even I, walking around the jail, hiding in shadows, shaking with terror for Marty. I didn't see it until after it had gone up to the back door of the jail and they had hustled Marty into it. Then it almost ran me down, going without lights. I felt the rush of air as it whirled around the corner of the alley where I stood, and then I saw it, silver in the moonlight, as it disappeared. I have seen it ever since, at times; that is, I have dreamed of it, though not for nearly a year, until tonight—"

"See here, Mr. Leighton," broke in the doctor, "you really are in a state tonight. You had to tell me this, of course. But you mustn't brood on it. I'm going to give you something to reduce your temperature. Then you should get some sleep immediately. By tomorrow things will look different to you."

"You think I have the right to marry?"

"Happiness might help you. A man of strong will can save himself."

Oh, yes, the doctor understood. Leighton had told him everything save only that the two boys at the bank had put the money in oil stocks and it had gone. The doctor had understood and given the best advice: Don't brood, and if you think you see something that really doesn't exist, deny it. Deny hallucination. That is the way to conquer it.

Leighton felt much better when he awoke next morning. It occurred to him, as he ate his grapefruit that he had been rather short with Sam the night before, and, through Kato and the telephone, he sent an invitation to his cousin to have lunch with him at the club in East Forty-fourth Street.

Last night he would have dreaded seeing Sam privately, but today he was strong in the consciousness of his own will. Already he had stopped brooding. After all, it was Marty himself who had bungled things. Poor Marty! Was he really going to die?

IT was rather a good luncheon. "You haven't heard from Marty, have you Sam?" he asked, keeping his voice quite casual, or nearly so.

Sam shook his head. "I won't unless it happens," answered Sam. "If it does, they're going to wire me. Yes. At Edith's. I—I thought it might be rather lonesome for him. You know, they will bury him at home, and people might . . ."

While everything had been arranged, there were a hundred little details and anxieties which required his attention—so many, indeed, that not until he reached the Banning home that evening did Leighton have a moment to himself.

He realized suddenly that he was tired. He noticed, when he sat down before the fire, that his hand trembled lighting a cigarette. He wished he might see Sam. If Sam had had no telegram, then Marty might be living yet. If Marty had to die, it made no difference, of course, that he might die on the day of Leighton's wedding; there was no moral link between Marty's death and Leighton's wedding. Yet he recoiled from the coincidence. The hour of his wedding was approaching. Already was the house astir with arriving guests. Rolly came, and then the minister put in his appearance, and they all went over the ceremony together. Sam didn't come. He saw the minister go out, then he heard the awaiting chord, fell into step with Rolly and went in. The room was a dim mist of which Edith, coming toward him, seemed the luminous center. For a moment he saw nothing, no one, but the girl who was to be his wife; then, in an eternal second before he turned to the candle-lighted *prie-dieu*, he glimpsed Sam's face, white and somber, in the dissolving crowd. Marty is dead, it seemed to say. Oh, yes, he had known it. He had known it all day. But now that he could see it in Sam's face it seemed more terrible. He was seeing it at his wedding. Yet the coincidence was meaningless. Marty might have died at any time. Leighton really could be happy now. Marty was released. Edith was his this instant. The ceremony had been finished. There was the march of Mendelssohn's, and there were Edith's lips, warm against his own, and there was a happy tumult about him as he stood with Edith and her family and had his hand pumped up and down.

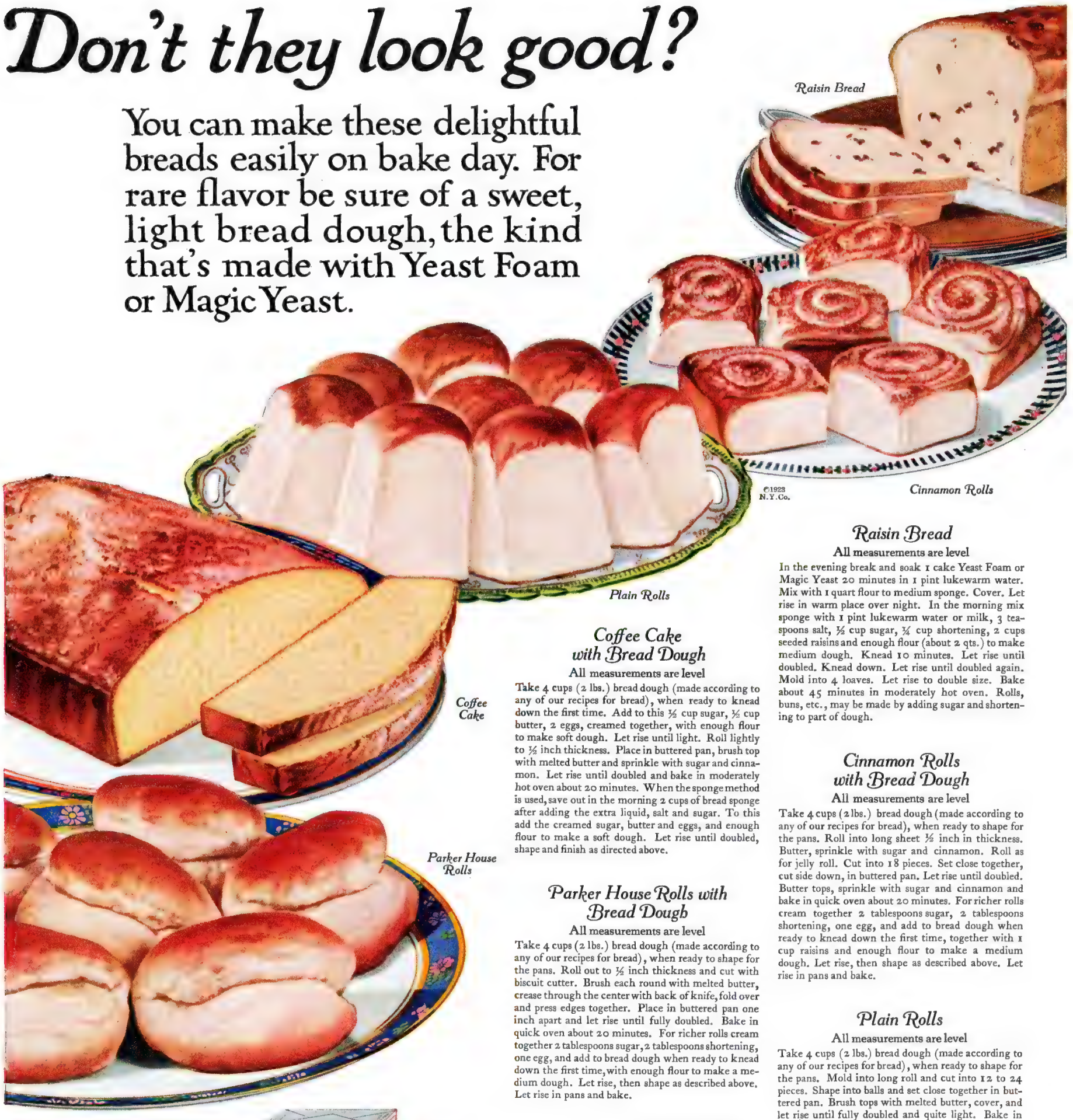
How beautiful she was! He watched her climb the stairs and turn, before a final flight, to fling down her bouquet to the waiting bridesmaids. He wanted her to hurry and come down and get into the waiting car with him. He longed for the hour's drive on up the Hudson to the house that was first to shelter their happiness. In a little while he himself went upstairs and got his coat and hat; a servant came and took him down the back stairs and through the butler's pantry out into the open.

He was the first to arrive—and that was right, because Edith ought not to have to stand in the sharp air or the sad beauty of the night. But he wished she would come. There was the same moon in the west, across the river, touching already, perhaps, far tree-lined streets with columned houses and steepled churches—and the high old jail. He didn't mind, however, because Marty was not in the jail. Marty was— But, never mind! What

[*Turn to page 74*]

Don't they look good?

You can make these delightful breads easily on bake day. For rare flavor be sure of a sweet, light bread dough, the kind that's made with Yeast Foam or Magic Yeast.



Raisin Bread

Cinnamon Rolls

©1923 N.Y.Co.

Plain Rolls

Coffee Cake

Parker House Rolls

Raisin Bread

All measurements are level

In the evening break and soak 1 cake Yeast Foam or Magic Yeast 20 minutes in 1 pint lukewarm water. Mix with 1 quart flour to medium sponge. Cover. Let rise in warm place over night. In the morning mix sponge with 1 pint lukewarm water or milk, 3 teaspoons salt, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup shortening, 2 cups seeded raisins and enough flour (about 2 qts.) to make medium dough. Knead 10 minutes. Let rise until doubled. Knead down. Let rise until doubled again. Mold into 4 loaves. Let rise to double size. Bake about 45 minutes in moderately hot oven. Rolls, buns, etc., may be made by adding sugar and shortening to part of dough.

Coffee Cake with Bread Dough

All measurements are level

Take 4 cups (2 lbs.) bread dough (made according to any of our recipes for bread), when ready to knead down the first time. Add to this ½ cup sugar, ½ cup butter, 2 eggs, creamed together, with enough flour to make soft dough. Let rise until light. Roll lightly to ½ inch thickness. Place in buttered pan, brush top with melted butter and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Let rise until doubled and bake in moderately hot oven about 20 minutes. When the sponge method is used, save out in the morning 2 cups of bread sponge after adding the extra liquid, salt and sugar. To this add the creamed sugar, butter and eggs, and enough flour to make a soft dough. Let rise until doubled, shape and finish as directed above.

Cinnamon Rolls with Bread Dough

All measurements are level

Take 4 cups (2 lbs.) bread dough (made according to any of our recipes for bread), when ready to shape for the pans. Roll into long sheet ½ inch in thickness. Butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Roll as for jelly roll. Cut into 18 pieces. Set close together, cut side down, in buttered pan. Let rise until doubled. Butter tops, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and bake in quick oven about 20 minutes. For richer rolls cream together 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons shortening, one egg, and add to bread dough when ready to knead down the first time, together with 1 cup raisins and enough flour to make a medium dough. Let rise, then shape as described above. Let rise in pans and bake.

Parker House Rolls with Bread Dough

All measurements are level

Take 4 cups (2 lbs.) bread dough (made according to any of our recipes for bread), when ready to shape for the pans. Roll out to ½ inch thickness and cut with biscuit cutter. Brush each round with melted butter, crease through the center with back of knife, fold over and press edges together. Place in buttered pan one inch apart and let rise until fully doubled. Bake in quick oven about 20 minutes. For richer rolls cream together 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons shortening, one egg, and add to bread dough when ready to knead down the first time, with enough flour to make a medium dough. Let rise, then shape as described above. Let rise in pans and bake.

Plain Rolls

All measurements are level

Take 4 cups (2 lbs.) bread dough (made according to any of our recipes for bread), when ready to shape for the pans. Mold into long roll and cut into 12 to 24 pieces. Shape into balls and set close together in buttered pan. Brush tops with melted butter, cover, and let rise until fully doubled and quite light. Bake in quick oven about 20 minutes.

Note—If hot rolls are desired for a later meal place the required quantity in the ice-box as soon as shaped and in the pan. About ½ hour before the meal remove from the ice-box, brush rolls with melted butter and bake in a quick oven about 20 minutes.

Ask our expert what you want to know about bread making. Hannah L. Wessling, formerly bread expert, Department of Agriculture, will be glad to answer any question about flour, yeast, temperature, mixing, kneading, rising, molding, baking, etc.

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WHEATENA—WHOLE WHEAT, NUT-BROWN AND SWEET

For One-Dish Meals

By May B. Van Arsdale, Day Monroe and Mary I. Barber

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

IN ENGLAND in the days before the introduction of forks, royalty dined upon what was appropriately called "spoon meat"—stews and ragouts. The stew had acquired such excellence through expert cooking and seasoning, that it was considered "a tempting dish to set before the king." Stew can be as good today as it was in the seventeenth century. What kind of meat do you choose for stew? Of course stews can be made from left-over meat, but if you would have your stews uphold the reputation of their ancestors, make them from meat bought especially for this purpose.

Butchers tell us that breast of lamb or veal, and bottom round of beef are the cuts most commonly asked for by stew-making housewives. Is this choice based upon flavor, or cost? Or is it the result of habit? An investigation was undertaken in the Food Workshop to answer these questions.

For the lamb stews, breast, shoulder and neck were purchased—a pound and one-half of each. We paid the butcher thirty-five cents a pound for the breast, fifteen cents for the shoulder and twenty-five cents for the neck. Stews were made from each, using the same recipe. When the three were tested by judges who did not know which was which, the shoulder and neck were both considered more tender, and more delicate in flavor than the breast, though this last was the most expensive.

Since there was no more waste with one cut than with another the cost per pound as eaten was in proportion to the original price—the shoulder costing about half as much as the breast. For the veal stews we purchased neck, breast, flank and shin, all at sixteen cents a pound. In the opinion of the judges the shin made the best stew, the neck ranked second and the breast third. Flank was the least desirable from the standpoint of flavor and tenderness.

THERE was a higher percentage of waste with the breast, neck and shin of veal, than with the lamb—only about one-third of the meat being actually eaten. But from two pounds of shin there was enough meat for a good stew, and from the bone, marrow and trimmings, enough soup for another meal. Hence the shin was the "best buy" from the standpoint of economy and flavor. The flank of veal had less waste—about half being eaten, as in the case of the cuts of lamb. In buying for solid meat, it would be cheaper than the shin, but, in every family, soup is a welcome addition to the next day's dinner.

A neighborhood butcher whose customers were, for the most part, wives of salaried men, told us that in the majority of instances bottom round was their choice for beef stews. While this is cheaper than top round, it is too expensive for its quality. The fibres are long, making the meat tough, even after a slow, protracted cooking. In our stews both chuck and shin were more tender and considered of better flavor than the bottom round.

The per cent. of waste was about the same with the round and chuck. With the shin only about half of the weight purchased was eaten, because of the bone and trimmings. But as with the veal, the bone, marrow and trimmings made a quart of soup. We paid the butcher forty cents a pound for the round, thirty cents for the chuck and twenty-five cents for the shin. Again, if you are buying for solid meat, the chuck is the most desirable. But if you make soup, you are getting better value for your money in buying the shin.

IF YOU would help restore the former glory of stew, never serve one that is pale. Cut the meat into pieces about one inch square, dredge them with flour, and cook them until well browned in drippings, or other fat, with thin slices of onion. Add the boiling water and let simmer very gently so that the meat will not become stringy. When the meat is partially cooked, add the vegetables. If these are put in too soon they will cook to pieces before the meat is done.

Imagination and seasonings are more needed with stews than with the more expensive cuts of meat. Carrots, turnips and potatoes are the old stew standbys. But vary them with green beans, green peppers, peas, tomatoes or corn. Celery adds much to the flavor. Other kitchen herbs, as thyme, marjoram and bay leaf, and even whole cloves, give the French accent—and after all a ragout is only an exceptionally well-seasoned stew.

The gravy of the stew may be thickened with rice, barley, small pieces of vermicelli or macaroni. If you have a knack with dumplings, they make the stew even better.

Perhaps your family would prefer meat en casserole to stew, for dinner. Brown the meat and make the gravy on top of the stove as usual; add the vegetables—small whole onions, mushrooms, and potatoes and carrots cut into quarters—and put everything into a casserole for a long slow cooking. When almost done, add one-half cup of peas.

From the Italian section of New York comes this recipe for an old world stew, which is worth adopting.

One pound mutton or lamb, 3 cups squash, cut into cubes; 1½ tablespoons olive oil, or other fat; 2 cups tomato sauce; 2 tablespoons onion, chopped.

Cut the meat into inch cubes and brown with the onion in the oil or other fat. Add the squash and tomato sauce; cover and cook slowly for about thirty-five minutes or longer until the meat is well done. Add salt and pepper to taste.

This recipe serves about six persons.

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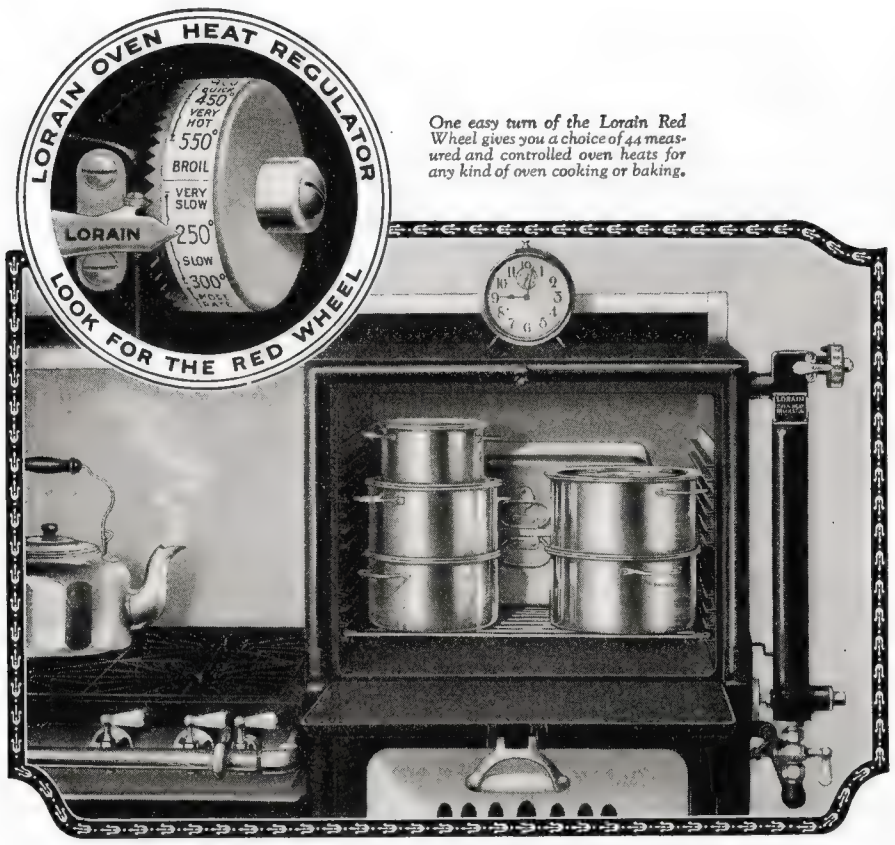

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SEE that long, black tube attached to the extreme right of the stove in the above picture, the tube with the indicator and wheel at the top? That's the famous Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, the wonderful device that measures and controls the temperature of a Gas Range Oven.

In the circle at the upper left is an enlarged view of the wheel, the Lorain Red Wheel. It's marked with every cooking temperature you'll ever need. Turn this Red Wheel until the indicator points to any desired temperature, and Lorain will automatically maintain that EXACT temperature in the oven until you shut off the gas.

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1924

Good Looks in the School

By Olive M. Jones

President of the National Education Association of the United States

I SHOULD say that there are three things on which the judgment of every woman in the educational world must be certain. The first is books, the second is people, and the third is herself—and not the least important part of that self is her appearance.

I do not mean that to succeed as a teacher a woman must possess distinct and striking beauty, but she must never believe that brains make up for untidiness, nor that accomplishments can compensate for a dress that is out of style, an unbecoming hat or shoes worn down at the heels.

My own education in these matters began when I was very young. I had two sisters who were beautiful girls, while I myself was regarded as the "ugly duckling" of the family. Childlike, I did not suspect this until one day I chanced to overhear two aunts discussing me with my mother.

"What a pity that Olive is so homely!" one of them exclaimed. "The good looks in your family, sister, haven't been evenly divided."

That conversation was a tragedy in my little world. I moped for weeks and no one could guess the reason.

Finally my godmother, who must have suspected something, told me one day that if I learned to wear my clothes the right way, to dress appropriately for all occasions and to carry myself with a dignified yet gracious bearing, these matters would count more for me in life than mere good looks.

I MUST have set out consciously and deliberately to follow that advice. For instance, I was round-shouldered because I had been permitted to study bent over into a heap. It was not stylish then—nor is it now among sensible people—to slouch, so I made up my mind that I was to have a straight back. And by keeping rigidly on my guard I did acquire a straight back and rid myself of the round-shouldered posture. Teachers as a group are painstakingly careful of their appearance. Nothing has a more harmful effect upon a class than for the teacher to wear the same dress day after day. Of course, this does not mean that a teacher should try to outdo a motion-picture actress in the variety and splendor of her wardrobe.

Teachers occasionally make the mistake of wearing depressing colors in the classroom. A dark dress is serviceable, but a dark dress can be relieved by color, ornaments, or a string of beads. Nor should a teacher, even though her pupils be boys and not girls, wear a blouse or dress that is marred by a spot.

I have no patience with "best clothes." I work six days a week; consequently I think it is logical to spend more attention and money on my clothes for school than on what other people might call my "best clothes."

Try to select clothes that are individual and have a distinguished appearance. Watch the shop windows and notice what women of good bearing and good appearance are wearing, and then select from these styles that which best suits your own type.

OR, find some saleswoman in a shop of good standing. Let her know how much you have to spend and frankly enlist her interest. You must not take her knowledge without giving her adequate return. As far as your pocketbook will permit, make your purchases through her. If you select the right saleswoman she will tell you very honestly whether you are getting the right or the wrong thing and she will be more interested in retaining your patronage and in turning you out a credit to her than she will be in making an immediate sale.

In the effort to be well groomed, many women are careful of everything except their hair. I spend more time combing my hair than on all the rest of my dressing because I know that a woman's looks depend in large measure on the way her hair is arranged. And in these days when you can match any shade of hair with hair nets there is no excuse for not having your hair always neat. But the hair net must be arranged properly—there is nothing well groomed about the appearance of the woman who has the binding of the net stretched across her forehead like a string.

Use a hand mirror to get three views—front, back, and side—of your hair and hat, for those are the three angles from which it will be seen. Be careful about these minute details when you dress and then you can forget about your appearance for the remainder of the day, confident that all is well.

The sum total of such details constitutes one's appearance. Many a time I have heard teachers say, "She always looks so nice—she'll be a credit to us when she gets on the platform."

And if women themselves are thus influenced by another woman's appearance, what shall we say of men?

Here Is The House You Asked Us For

Designed by Walter B. Chambers

A WISE old architect friend of mine, who counted the Presidency of our Institute at Washington among his many professional honors, used to outline to his clients the vital problems of a building's cost in the following simple terms:

"Each and every building proposition, whether State Capitol or hen-roost, comprises three elements, any two of which, when pre-determined, will automatically determine the third. They are the Size, the Cost, and the Quality." (Three vigorous thumps on the table usually emphasized this announcement.)

And so, when you ask me to design you a six-room, two-story house, equipped to satisfy the needs of the modern housewife, with kitchen closets and storage closets, and clothes closets and ice-closets and closets for the tea-wagon and the collapsible baby-carriage, you are trying to pre-determine two of our three elements, Size and Quality, and they therefore automatically fix the third, that is—the building's Cost.

You say you want three bedrooms. That means at least three occupants—and one living-room. Three people can't possibly "live" together in one living-room with any decent degree of comfort if it is a little, squeezed-up affair. It must be at least 16 feet wide and 25 feet long if it is to possess dignity of space and proportion. So begin with that. Let your dining-room adjoin it so as to give added space to the living quarters and yet at the same time serve its proper purpose. That is simple enough. The dining-room should become a dining-alcove, with a table of the so-called "refectory" type, placed near the wall, with seats against the wall on at least one side.

The fireplace side of a living-room is naturally the favorite one; and when it can be arranged, as in this case, so that those who are sitting near the fire will not be disturbed by others passing before or around them, the result is a distinct gain in comfort and convenience for everyone. So the fireplace has been placed at the end of the room against the wall, where no doors are needed. Flanked by book-cases and seats, this end of the room is assured of dignity and comfort which only the bungler in furnishing can mar.

The enclosed porch, on the garden side of the living-room, invites itself to be made use of in various practical ways; as an open-air, mosquito-screened verandah in summer, or a glazed sun-parlor and conservatory in winter.

The third side of the living-room, opposite the fireplace, is really the dining-alcove. For efficiency and convenience this is suitable, if modest. But here again is a chance for decorative treatment which the person of good taste will seize upon and turn to real artistic effect.

The entrance vestibule and stair hall are combined, and equipped with the necessary coat closet and one for the cleaning apparatus—broom, vacuum cleaner, garden tools and so on. The main staircase, on its way up to the bedroom floor, reaches a landing a little below the bedroom floor level, and a doorway on this landing opens into the stairs from the service quarters—a space-saving and convenient arrangement and one that gives the main staircase a chance for the dignity and importance it ought to have.

For motorists there is another little entrance directly from the motor driveway which connects the street with the garage.

Did any two housewives ever agree over the thrilling details of kitchen efficiency? I doubt it.

THE kitchen arrangements of this house have been designed to fulfill the "Questionnaire" demands of hundreds of earnest and interested homemakers. There is a range, a sink, cupboards for the kitchen pots and pans and service outfit, a proper store-closet. The refrigerator is iced from the outside by the ice-man, and the tea-wagon's importance is duly reckoned with. But we have not attempted to orient the cook-lady any more firmly than our colleague Mr. Atterbury did in his attractive English Manor House, when he declined to "route" her in her quest for the toasting-fork.

[*Turn to page 75*]

THE house of your dreams! How will you build it? How many rooms will you have? How many closets? What kind of heating, laundry? Do you prefer a big kitchen or a small one?

From thousands of McCall's readers have come replies to the questionnaire published in McCall's Magazine for March 1923, telling us what they, personally, want in their house-of-dreams-come-true.

Some of the letters were from men who are going into building on a large scale and who are therefore interested in the newest, most approved methods of house construction. Many were from brides and prospective home-builders; but the majority, by far, came from experienced homemakers, telling the features they found most valuable in their present homes; and the changes they would make if they could.

One woman pleaded for a closet downstairs "big enough for the boys' bicycles"; another wrote after long experience of muddy foot-prints on the living-room rug, of the fallacy of opening the downstairs coat-closet from the living-room.

There was a wholehearted chorus of demands for two cleaning closets, one upstairs and one down; for a dining-alcove in the kitchen to be used for hurried breakfasts; or store closets with windows and no more dark cupboards.

Out of all these replies, coming from every section of the country, has grown the charming house designed by Walter B. Chambers.

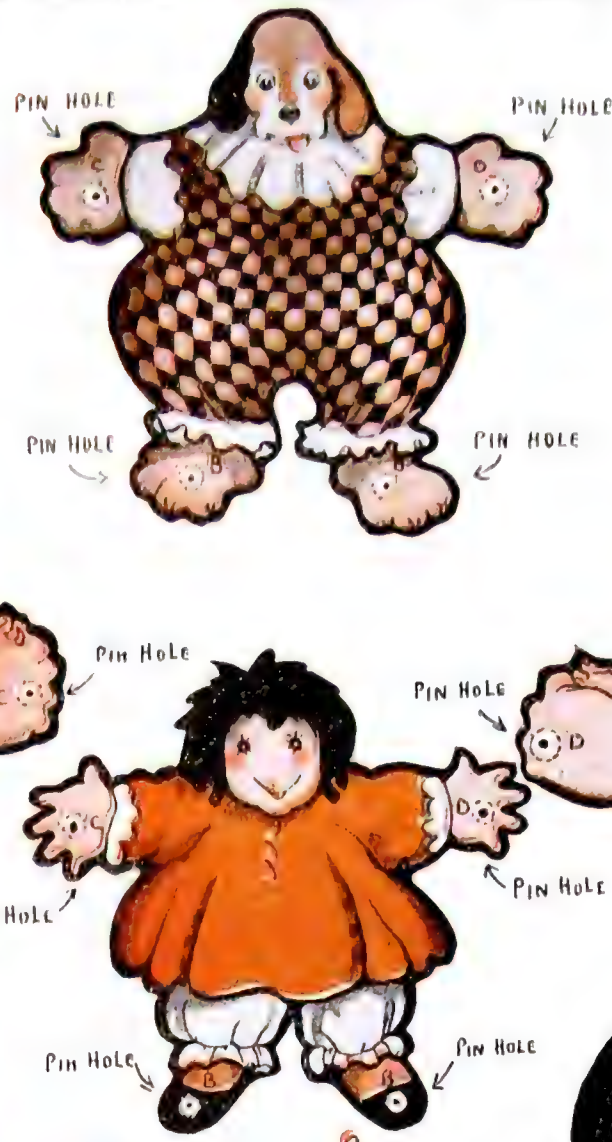
From Ideas of McCall's Readers

Slim and Sli, the Circus Clowns

By Berta and Elmer Hader

Figure 1

Figure 2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To Protect Its Health

Don't Believe a Child Must Have Whooping-Cough

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D.

IN LAST month's issue of this magazine we described the nature and peculiarities of transmissible diseases. In this group whooping-cough is considered first as it is one of the contagious diseases that few children escape, and because in infants under twelve months and in delicate children of any age it must be regarded seriously.

Children two years of age and older usually pass through a seizure during the warmer months without much trouble. At this age however, even in the robust, the incidence of grippe or measles makes whooping-cough a dangerous complication—all which means that regardless of the season, every effort should be made to protect children from contracting it. From the standpoint of mortality it is to be classed with diphtheria and scarlet fever.

The belief that it is best, or just as well, for children to have the usual contagious diseases while young and be through with them, is fraught with much danger. For one reason, there are the possibilities of complications. A child who vomits his food day after day is bound to suffer more or less from defective nourishment and his means of resistance is consequently lowered. Acting after this fashion the complications of bronchial pneumonia and middle-ear disease are not unusual complications, although it is generally accepted that the latter is due to a specific infection.

Whooping-cough is contagious largely through contact; in fact, there has to be a very close association in order that the disease be contracted. An unfortunate feature, and accountable for the ready spread of the disease, rests in the fact that it may be transmitted before the whoop manifests itself. In an average case there is a cough for one or two weeks which is usually attributed to a cold or bronchitis, and by the time the whoop and the decidedly paroxysmal character of the cough is established, the child has exposed the entire neighborhood.

Extreme youth offers no protection in this disease. Nor does the previous state of the child's health exert an influence from the standpoint of susceptibility. The robust and the weakly are alike susceptible. I have known the newly-born to contract the disease from the mother.

In a recent case a young woman developed whooping-cough three weeks before the anticipated birth of her child. My advice to the obstetrician was to remove the child from all possible sources of infection immediately after birth. This was done. The mother had a very severe and prolonged seizure and did not rest her eyes on her first-born until he was three months old. I understand that a snapshot of the baby was taken nearly every day so he was not exactly a stranger when the introduction took place.

Without fever or other signs of illness, the cough becomes steadily worse, despite treatment and is of a hard, dry paroxysmal nature. It is a peculiarity of the disease that the most severe paroxysms occur at night.

Another peculiarity is that the cough may be so mild that a positive diagnosis is impossible. Such cases, as well as those severely involved, may convey the disease. I have had patients who showed all the signs but the whoop. What to do under these circumstances is a troublesome question.

NOT all these have whooping-cough; in grippe there is often an infection of the trachea (windpipe) which gives persistent cough, often paroxysmal and so closely resembling whooping-cough that a differentiation is impossible. Such a cough, however, should always be regarded with suspicion, the child isolated and put under observation. Usually the choking, spasmodic, get-red-in-the-face-and-worse-at-night cough means that in a very few days the patient will begin to whoop and lose a meal or two now and then.

The duration of the disease is variable. Usually there are two weeks before the whoop develops, two or three weeks of an active stage, and two or three weeks for the decline.

A disturbing feature sometimes is a return of the whoop and a paroxysmal cough two or three months after the real disease has subsided. This only occurs with the contracting of a cold or a grippe infection and is not whooping-cough in the true sense—consequently not contagious.

Every case of whooping-cough regardless of age or condition of the child should be under the care of a physician.

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FLEXIBLE FLYER

Bringing Home Christmas

By Reading Old Tales and Poems in Every Home

By Laura Spencer Portor

GREEN boughs, open fires, "a hundred candles lighted in gladness" and the Christmas tree itself, with its spangle and its glory—these are the ways of old for bringing Christmas into the home; that "bringing home Christmas" of which the Yule log was in times gone by the most important symbol.

Yule logs are not for the majority of us; not all of us have open fires nor even as many green boughs as we might like. As for the "hundred candles lighted in gladness," it is a gay home that boasts them. But that, you see, is just the charm and delight of "bringing home Christmas" in the rather less material but certainly not less lovely ways of the spirit; not only in singing the old Christmas songs, but in telling and reading the old Christmas tales as well.

Anyone bent on finding appropriate poems and stories will not have far to look. There are the old favorites always available: Dickens' "Christmas Carol" and his other Christmas stories; Irving's Christmas sketches; many people are fond of the amusing "Birds' Christmas Carol"; there is a delightful volume of "Christ Legends" by Selma Lägerlof; and "The Other Wise Man" by Henry Van Dyke is an old favorite.

Not all the reading need be of Christmas in the strict sense. Holly and mistletoe are not the only Christmas boughs. There are hundreds of poems and essays and stories that are appropriate, since any story that has in it peace and goodwill and loving and giving and understanding of the human heart is fragrant with the Christmas spirit.

I once spent a Christmas under pioneer conditions, with three other persons. We were all meeting grave, even tragic difficulties, and the casual onlooker would have said there was not enough Christmas cheer available to make a merry Christmas for a mouse. Yet that Christmas was one of the most delightful and satisfying I ever spent. And its loveliness was due in the main to the reading we did in the week of evenings leading to Christmas.

We read aloud some downright Christmas stories, each of us taking a turn. But the one that I remember best is Stevenson's "Providence and the Guitar," that charmingly humorous, amusingly touching tale of two unsuccessful, irritable, strolling musicians; with not a word of Christmas in it, yet full at the last of exactly such a delightful understanding of the human heart and such kindly and delightful things as go to make Christmas. For the same reasons I once recommended as a particularly seasonable and delightful Christmas tale Wilde's "Story of the Happy Prince."

As to poems there is a wide choice, apart from the many distinctly Christmas ones. I remember as a child hearing read at Christmas time with delight such poems as "The Vision of Sir Launfal," Drake's "Culprit Fay," "Abou ben Adhem," yes, and the many lovely songs from Tennyson's "Princess."

For Christmas itself is the festival of sharing and giving; and literature more than any other art, I believe, has been the means of men's sharing and giving. By means of it we enlarge our own lives; we share the lives of all that dear company of shadowy yet intensely real people who live and move in great literature; and we share even more subtly as well, the lives and ideals of the great makers of great literature. Christmas is a time above all for forgetting oneself and entering into the lives of others. And what is easier than to forget oneself in a book or story or to become in this way a part of the lives of others?

THEN, too, although Christmas reading is so lovely and desirable a means of bringing home Christmas to grown-ups, it is even more than this to children. It is a royal means of bringing them truths that might otherwise escape them. We grown-ups speak knowingly of "peace" and "good-will" and "love" and "understanding," but these things are bound to be more or less abstractions to the child. But tell him, or read him, a story or poem in which these things shine and glow like Christmas candles, and they will become a reality to him—a very part of his idea of Christmas. I am not sure that I personally can make a child see the value and loveliness of a true Christmas spirit; but I know Bob Cratchit can. I might fail utterly to convey to a child the beauty of nobility and humbleness—but Sir Launfal will not fail him.

One thing more—let all the stories, especially if there are children in the household, be happy ones, and if full of wonder—so much the better. It is a happy and gracious time in the world. The stars seem to shine with an added brightness. The "bird of dawning" crows, they say, all night long. The wild and tame beasts lie down in peace together. It is in expressing, even though it be inadequately, some of the wonder of this blessed time that we most surely not only "bring home Christmas," but bring Christmas home—straight home to the heart.

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Bargainland

[*Continued from page 11*]

per cent on every deal. If the Bourse rate were five million to the dollar, you could get four at the bank.

The exchange laws had created a new and crowded profession in Germany—the bootlegging of marks. In a city of South Germany we met our first mark bootlegger, and thereafter one of his clan seemed to be perpetually at our elbows. From these men you could get higher rates for your dollars than from anybody else—almost always the full Bourse quotation, and sometimes more than that.

Every morning Germany paused and waited for the opening of the Bourse and —the RATE. On that depended the course of the day's business; by that a countless multitude of daily commercial adjustments would be made.

In general, imported goods or goods containing imported materials were expensive and all-German goods cheap. Anything of silk or linen was dear. For the most part, however, so far as prices were concerned, it was Topsy-turvy land—a land where it cost six cents to have your suit pressed and more than a dollar to have your shoes resoled; a land where a dime would buy the equivalent of a Pullman ride between New York and Philadelphia, but where it took five dimes to buy a handkerchief of medium quality; a land of two-cent cigars, ten-cent dining-car meals, two-dollar shirts, and dollar-a-pound coffee.

Rent, railway travel, human services, and to a slighter degree food—these were the cheap things we found in Germany; and the cheapest was rent. In Leipzig we visited one important business establishment occupying a suite of seven rooms in one of the best office buildings. For this suite, at the current mark rate, it was paying two dollars a year. We were told of fine houses in Leipzig renting for less than two cents a year.

Personal credit had disappeared. We were told that no German merchant had carried a charge account on his books since the spring of 1922, when the mark departed from its eminence of two hundred to the dollar. Much has been made of the fact the depreciating mark had virtually wiped out Germany's internal debt. The mark had also extinguished all personal debts. With a single day's wages a man could wipe out a burden of obligation that even six months earlier had been threatening him with bankruptcy.

One of our first nights in Germany we spent in a village inn in the glass-making district near Jena. Here in the evening in the tap-room, reeking of last winter's wood smoke, gathered some choice spirits to meet and entertain us—the plump, jolly railway mail clerk, his friend the train conductor, the piano tuner from Themar, two or three of the glass-factory girls, and some others. The shirt-sleeved landlord served oceans of beer, and as the evening wore on our friends for our delectation prodded up the village Bolshevist.

Next day in a neighboring town we met a glass worker just quitting for the night. He was carrying a pound link of sausage for which he had paid a million marks. His wages were three and a half million marks a week. A pleasant little bookkeeper observed mildly to use that he thought Germany would be a Bolshvik country before the end of 1923.

In Stuttgart we witnessed a demonstration of factory workers—a river of red flags flowing down the street, revolutionary songs, solemn hochs for various leaders, bold and defiant faces, stupid faces, angry faces, sheepish ones, but thousands of them. It looked dangerous, but the student corpsman with us was only bored; there had been dozens of such menacing gatherings, and nothing had ever happended. The only soldiers we saw in Germany were on the station platform at Erfurt where two days earlier six men had been killed and many hurt in a desperate riot. The newspapers were telling of gangs of city workmen out raiding farms in this part of Germany.

UP to this time we had thought we had detected a shortage of children in Germany. At any rate, city parks and open spaces that in America or England or France would have teemed with mothers, nursemaids, prams, babies, and older youngsters, were here deserted; nor did you see many children on the streets. A school teacher gave confirmation. The children born in the war years were now starting school—in fact, the 1918 brood would begin in September. In the three lowest grades two school-rooms were now doing the work of three in times past. It was too soon to tell by this index how successfully the post-war babies were surviving the perils of infancy.

It seemed likely that they were not surviving well. The infinitesimal size of the pitchers served in the restaurants proclaimed the milk scarcity, but that it took a doctor's prescription to get milk in potable quantities we did not realize until we encountered the concrete instance. Among some Americans whom we met was a nine-year-old girl convalescing from a sharp illness. The doctor—a kindly man, too—had refused to prescribe milk for her because he had other patients who needed it more—sickly children more than three years old and aged people reduced to a liquid diet—but for whom he was unwilling to obtain it. Every available drop was required for babies.

Our friend, the school-teacher, said that every morning during term it was her duty to select her eight hungriest pupils for a free hot breakfast being supplied to poor children by the American and English Society of Friends. But—the hungriest ones! When they were all hungry! Of the thirty children in her room, twenty-five were coming every morning without breakfast. To have to select no more than eight of these——!

The industrialists in Berlin were responsible for it—so we were often told by Germans; and some American residents professed to believe that the devastation wrought by the mark was only incidental to the workings of a deliberate gambling scheme in which the German Government had been used as a tool, to the enormous benefit of a handful of insiders.

IN England and France the extreme press was charging that the German Government intentionally destroyed the mark to get rid of the war debt and present to the reparations seekers a false appearance of poverty. But in a modern world it is difficult to conceive of statesmanship as blind as that. It is more rational to suppose that Germany simply drifted into her plight. The shock of defeat, the stupefying size of the indemnity, lack of strong leadership, the general lack of moral courage to face conditions—these contributed to the national indecision. The drain of the war had sapped the value of the mark, the weak administrations of the German Republic continued to inflate the currency in order to gain sufficient revenue, and the necessity to use the printing press to finance the policy of passive resistance in the Ruhr completed the ruin.

There is no reason to think, though, that the handful of industrialists in political control of the Reichsbank did not foresee in the Ruhr policy their own opportunity for enrichment. The scheme they worked, according to a close observer who explained it to us, was as follows:

It began last winter at the start of the passive resistance. Marks stood at forty-nine thousand to the dollar. The industrialists, controlling the Reichsbank, therefore controlled the money-printing press and also the bank's reserve gold, about a quarter of a billion dollars' of it. Their own wealth was safely invested in London, New York, and other financial centers. The signal for the game to begin was the Reichsbank's announcement of its new policy of supporting the paper mark, which meant that it would use its gold to buy marks in the foreign exchanges, thus stiffening the demand and the rate for them.

The first step of the insiders was to buy in the foreign financial centers a large quantity of marks at forty-nine thousand to the dollar. Then the Reichsbank applied its first installment of gold support, and marks went up to seventeen thousand. At this point the manipulators unloaded their cheap marks for a two-hundred-per-cent profit, the Reichsbank support was temporarily withdrawn, the printing press was started, and the mark slid to a new low level; and everything was ready for a second deal. After that the play was repeated again and again, each cycle lasting about a week. Only the exhaustion of the Reichsbank gold could end the scheme, so far as the gamblers were concerned; and our informant thought (in August) that that point had been about reached.

Thus, it was said, great fortunes had been piled up, great houses founded, great names established, luxury and magnificence assured for the descendants of a few men for generations to come; and thus, too, had vanished the support of widows and orphans and the life-savings of old people—not of some dozens, or hundreds, or thousands, but of all.

BUT where is all the suffering they told us about?" we heard the question asked by more than one tourist. It seemed almost a joke, as one looked at the well-dressed crowds on the best streets, apparently well-fed and prosperous. A United States Senator who recently came out of Germany, said that he saw no evidences of suffering except in Berlin.

One afternoon in a sidewalk cafe in Leipzig, screened off from pedestrians by boxes of flowers and vines, the coffee served, the waiter gone, I became aware of a whispering going on almost in my ear—"Bitte! Bitte!—Please! Please!" With a start I turned and saw the face of a boy staring through the foliage at my two cakes. I gave him one, and he vanished; but a moment later there was another whispered "Bitte!"—and there he was again with a small companion. So I gave up my other cake. Kamerad!

And the little middle-aged woman who plucked our sleeves in the Dresden street and asked if we had yet found lodgings—she had them to rent. She was but one of thousands haunting the city railway stations and adjacent streets looking for travelers to lodge with them. The system had acquired a name—"In Privat." In one great terminal the solicitors had organized and stood under a banner advertising private accommodations—hawking the privacy of homes once sacred.

And beggars—beggars everywhere. Even restaurants of the better class were admitting them to solicit among the tables. We gave to four of them one day at lunch in Berlin. One was a woman carrying a baby. One was a boy asking not for money but scraps of food off the plates.

There was the well-dressed starving man in Cologne—our friend the contraband exchange dealer told us about him. He had struck up a nodding acquaintance with the man; but one day the man faltered, leaned against the wall, and was very white. To our friend's questions he confessed that he was ill: he had not eaten for three days.

And somebody was paying for it. The German public was paying for it. The printing press had become the actual tax-gatherer in Germany.

And the Ruhr—another psychological puzzle. In the cabarets and elsewhere we heard fiery songs and poems directed against the French, but the audiences gave these only perfunctory applause. Yet there was no questioning the intensity of the hatred of the French as the result of the occupation. French francs in the exchanges were being discounted to one-third of their rightful value, entirely because of the sentiment against them.

What was going to come out of this morass of misery, hatred, and indecision? Would it all end in the Terror—in Germany becoming another Russia? From Germans we usually got the same answer —a shrugging, indifferent "Ich weiss nicht"—I don't know. It was almost a national attitude. Germany had been through much, and Germans had survived; what reason then to think that they would not survive through whatever might come. Hark! The first violin is playing that Serenade of Toselli's. It is better to sip this coffee and cognac and forget one's self in the melody than to worry about tomorrow, which after all cannot be much worse than today.

She has won two prizes for health

Dorothy Loraine Francis has already been voted the best baby in two better baby contests. Her mother, Mrs. Clay Francis, 5204 Barbara St., St. Joseph, Mo., says she owes her baby's perfect health to Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. "I don't believe there is another brand of baby milk that comes up to Eagle Brand," she writes. "I have started lots of young mothers using it." And what could be a better proof of her satisfaction with it than that?

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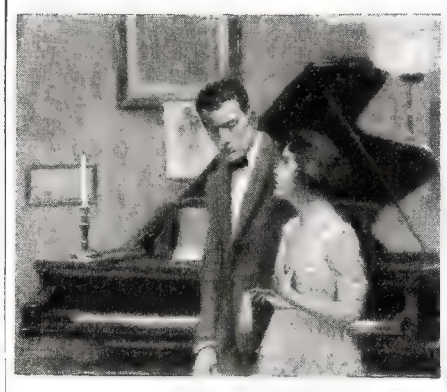

Homekeeping Hearts Are Happiest

"HOME-KEEPING hearts are happiest!" That's just as true as it ever was. Home is a word full of love and romance and joy—a magic-making word! And McCall's Service Library is helping to make it more so. If you could see the letters the Service Editor gets, telling her how "John loves me even better since I've become such a good cook," and how "the children call me their picture-book mother since I have followed your beauty advice," or that "baby came so beautifully well and safe—and I feel I owe a lot to 'The Friendly Mother,'" you would be sure to want many of these booklets:

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SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY, by May B. Van Arsdale, Head of the Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University; Day Monroe and Mary I. Barber. Recipes for delicious candies, cakes, frostings, salad dressings, ices, ice-creams, and chocolate dishes, based on safe, sure laboratory tests.

MASTER-RECIPES, by F. G. O. Can you believe it?—one hundred and sixty perfect dishes made from 16 master-recipes!

MENUS FOR TWO WEEKS, by Doctor E. V. McCollum, School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University. No charge for this leaflet.

WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES, compiled by Lilian M. Gunn, Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University. Delightful recipes and menus.

PARTIES ALL THE YEAR, by Claudia M. Fitzgerald. Costumes, stunts, invitations, contests, "eats." It tells you just how to give a party.

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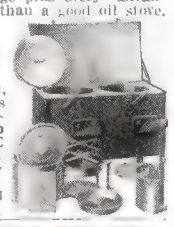

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The Mode for Separate Blouses worn with Camisole Skirts comes to Fifth Avenue via Paris

BY ANNE RITTENHOUSE

THE imported game of Mah Jongg, prohibited in China, gave a fillip to the decorative overblouse. The general acceptance of the comfortable camisole skirt made the garment take a dominant place in forming a costume. The shirtwaist is still in the shadows, except for schoolgirls, although the manufacturers who take their cue from Paris offer the dimity blouse which tucks under the skirt. It may succeed. It may not. Women, having learned the comfort of the overblouse as they learned the delight of the girdle corset, are not easily led back to former paths.

As a foundation to the long blouse there is the so-called camisole skirt which puts the weight on the shoulders and avoids a tight band about the waist which in this corsetless era proves a source of dire discomfort to young and old. If the band is small enough to keep the skirt in a secure position, it is too tight for the figure.

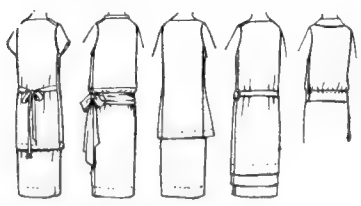
There are two recognized types of this newer skirt, the French and the American. One has straps over the shoulder and a brassière top; the other has a child's pinafore top with high back and low front. It fastens at side or front so that it is more easily slipped over the body without ruining the coiffure. The high back acts as an absorber of body moisture, thereby protecting the blouse. Both of these tops are made of thin silk in the color of the skirt fabric. If shields are necessary, there are very short sleeves to hold them. Another point of relief in the camisole skirt is the omission of heavy fabric from the waistline. Only the eel-like bodies of the young can stand thick material over the loose girdles that rise to the waist. The stout, the middle-aged, are glad to escape the bulk.

Blouses from the Orient

China was responsible for the straight tunic, highly decorative, charming in coloration, buttoned down the front, finished with a straight, narrow neck band ending in a loose cravat, and China was responsible, also, for the longer tunic blouse that fastens at the side, flares below the hips, and has widely opened sleeves that should be used as muffs to protect the hands. Both styles are to be worn wherever women foregather, be it for gay or serious purposes. The choice of fabric and ornamentation proclaim the hour and the occasion.

Neither of these Chinese blouses carries belt or girdle, simple or ornate. They hang plumb from shoulders to hem; the latter is where it should be on each figure. A woman must be governed by the length and breadth of her body when she cuts off blouses, skirts, and jackets. Fashion may lay down a law, but she must be its judge. Neither of these blouses shows the least curve into the waistline. The underarm seam is long and rigid. It begins in the armpit and ends at the hips.

(*Turn to page* 68)



3536 3530 3536 3532 3531
3537 3537 3540 3540

3531 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 3531, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material and ⅞ yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar, vest and sleeve trimming.

3536 Overblouse
6 sizes, 34-44
View A
3537 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

3536 Overblouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Emb. No. 1298
View B
3540 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46
View A

3530 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Emb. No. 830
3537 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

3532 Overblouse
6 sizes, 34-44
3540 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46
View B

No. 3536, LADIES' OVERBLOUSE. Size 36, View A, requires 2 yards of 40-inch material; View B, 2¾ yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1298 in beads supplies trimming.

No. 3537, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36, 2 yards of 36-inch; camisole, ¾ yard of 32-inch. Width, 1¼ yards.

No. 3530, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36, light 1⅜ yards of 36-inch; dark 1¾ yards of 40-inch. Embroidery No. 830 may be worked in silk floss.

No. 3532, LADIES' SLIP-ON OVERBLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 3540, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36, View A, 2 yards of 36-inch material; View B, 1⅝ yards of 40-inch; foundation, 2 yards of 32-inch. Width, 1¼ yards.

Paris Varies Her Interpretation of

3517 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16, 36-44

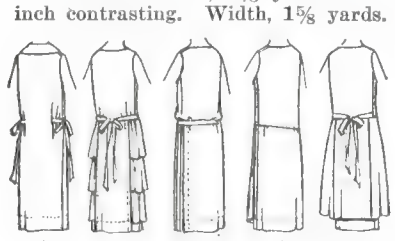
3523 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16, 36-46

3539 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16, 36-44

No. 3523, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch material, ⅝ yard of 36-inch for vest and collar. Width at lower edge, 1⅜ yards. The vest and round collar are featured in the latest Parisian frocks.

No. 3539, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4⅝ of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅝ yards. Circular gathered flounces at the sides account for much of the charm of this model.

No. 3517, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material, 2⅛ yards of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 1⅝ yards.



3523 3539 3517 3518 3520

3518 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16, 36-42
Emb. No. 927

3520 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16, 36-46

No. 3518, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards. Around the neck and on the wrap-around skirt, Embroidery No. 927 in darning-stitch would be most effective.

No. 3520, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS, two-piece foundation skirt. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material, 1⅝ yards of 36-inch for sides and cuffs, and ¾ yard of 36-inch for lower section. Width, 1⅜ yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from the McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

the Mode of Nineteen-Twenty-Four

3506 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

3527 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16, 36-42

3504 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

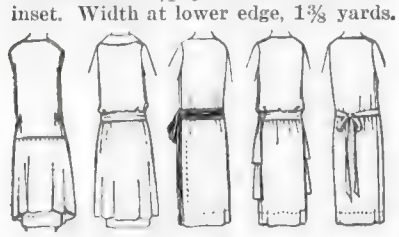
3503 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16, 36-44

3515 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Emb. No. 1002

No. 3506, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 36 or 40-inch material, and 2⅛ yards of 36-inch for tunic. Width at lower edge, 1⅜ yards. One of the new beltless models with pointed tunic.

No. 3527, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; three-piece tunic; two-piece skirt with straight lower edge. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 40-inch material, 1 yard of 36-inch for collar and sleeve puffs. Width, 1⅜ yards.

No. 3504, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch for inset. Width at lower edge, 1⅜ yards.



3506 3527 3504 3503 3515

No. 3503, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards. Ruffles adorn the front only of the two-piece skirt which has a straight lower edge.

No. 3515, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material and ½ yard of 18-inch contrasting. Width, 1⅜ yards. The vest may be daintily trimmed with lace and sprays from Embroidery No. 1002.

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Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from the McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

No. 3468, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards. A clever decoration in silk floss and French knots from Embroidery No. 1330 is suggested.

No. 3465, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1⅝ yards. A motif from Embroidery No. 1332 worked in colors offers a smart trimming.

No. 3535, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS. Size 16 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs. Width at lower edge, 1⅜ yards.

No. 3513, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material, and ⅜ yard of 40-inch for sleeve puffs. Width, 1¼ yards.

3468 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42
Emb. No. 1330

3465 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46
Emb. No. 1332

3535 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20

3513 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

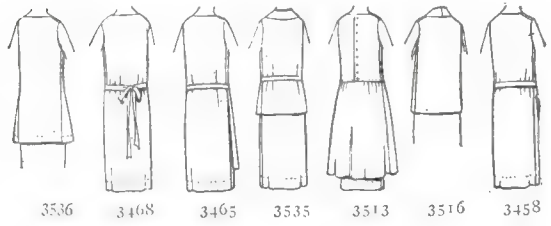
Tunic and Overblouse Dominate

No. 3536, LADIES' OVERBLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material, and 4 yards of silk braid. This overblouse of Chinese inspiration flares at hips and sleeves.

No. 3537, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch or 1 yard of 54-inch material; camisole, ¾ yard of 32-inch. Width, 1¼ yards. Smart with a blouse or three-piece costume.

No. 3516, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUIT COAT. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material, 2⅛ yards of 36-inch for lining. With a collar of fur this tailored model is most attractive.

No. 3458, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. May be developed in satin or taffeta trimmed with braid and buttons.



3536 3468 3465 3535 3513 3516 3458

3536 Overblouse
6 sizes, 34-44
3537 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

3516 Suit Coat
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44
3537 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

3458 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46

No. 3519, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards of 54-inch material, ⅜ yard of 40-inch for collar and cuffs. Width, 2½ yards. The pleated skirt is attached to a camisole. Serge or twill may be used with collar and cuffs of linen or satin.

No. 3522, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material, ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1¼ yards. Trimming bands above the hem and on the sleeves make a break in the straight lines of this model.

No. 3462, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material and ⅝ yard of 36-inch for revers. Width, 1½ yards. This draped model may be developed in satin or in wool materials.

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3519 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20

3522 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3462 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

3532 Overblouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Emb. No. 1313

3526 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46

3533 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46

3525 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44

Simple Modes Continue

No. 3533, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material and ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 2 yards. Well suited to the new plaids is this model with pleated sides.

No. 3532, LADIES' SLIP-ON OVERBLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material. Especially appropriate decoration will be found in the Chinese design Embroidery No. 1313 worked in silk or wool.

No. 3526, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material and 1½ yards of 40-inch for bands and girdle. Width, 1⅜ yards. Silk crepe is suggested for this design.

No. 3525, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material, 3 yards of 36-inch for lining. The fashionable three-quarter coat is shown here in a most pleasing phase.

3526 3533 3519 3522 3462 3532 3525

Young People Enjoy the Current Styles

3529 Romper
3 sizes, 2-6

3310 Suit
4 sizes, 1-4

3340 Suit
5 sizes, 2-6
Emb. No. 690

3508 Suit
5 sizes, 2-8

3286 Coat
5 sizes, 6-14

3431 Suit
sizes, 1-6

3291 Suit
4 sizes, 4-10

3512 Coat
5 sizes, 6-14

No. 3529, CHILD'S ROMPER; DROPPED BACK. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material, ¼ yard of 36-inch for collar.

No. 3291, BOY'S NORFOLK SUIT; KNEE TROUSERS. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards of 48-inch material, ⅜ yard of 36-inch for collar.

No. 3309, BOY'S NORFOLK SUIT; KNICKERBOCKER TROUSERS. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 48-inch material, or 2¼ yards of 54-inch.

No. 3310, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT; KNEE TROUSERS. Size 4 requires 1 yard of 36-inch material, ⅝ yard of 36-inch for trousers and belt.

No. 3340, BOY'S SUIT. Size 3 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Embroidery No. 690 may be used for smocking.

No. 3321, BOY'S SUIT; KNICKERBOCKER TROUSERS. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3512, GIRL'S COAT. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yards of 54-inch material; lining 1⅝ yards of 36-inch.

No. 3535, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS. Size 14 requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3508, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT; KNEE TROUSERS. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3519, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material, ⅜ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 3286, GIRL'S COAT; CONVERTIBLE COLLAR. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material; ¼ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3431, CHILD'S TEDDY BEAR SUIT. Size 6 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3521, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material, ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Pocket motifs from Embroidery No. 1332 would be most effective.

3309 Suit
4 sizes, 8-14

3321 Suit
4 sizes, 8-14

3534 Costume
5 sizes, 6-14
View B

3534

3535 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20

3519 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20

3534 Costume
5 sizes, 6-14
View A

3521 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. N. 1332

No. 3534, GIRL'S THREE-PIECE COSTUME. Size 12, View A, requires 3 yards of 54-inch material; size 8, View B, 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

Simplicity Rules From Morning to Night

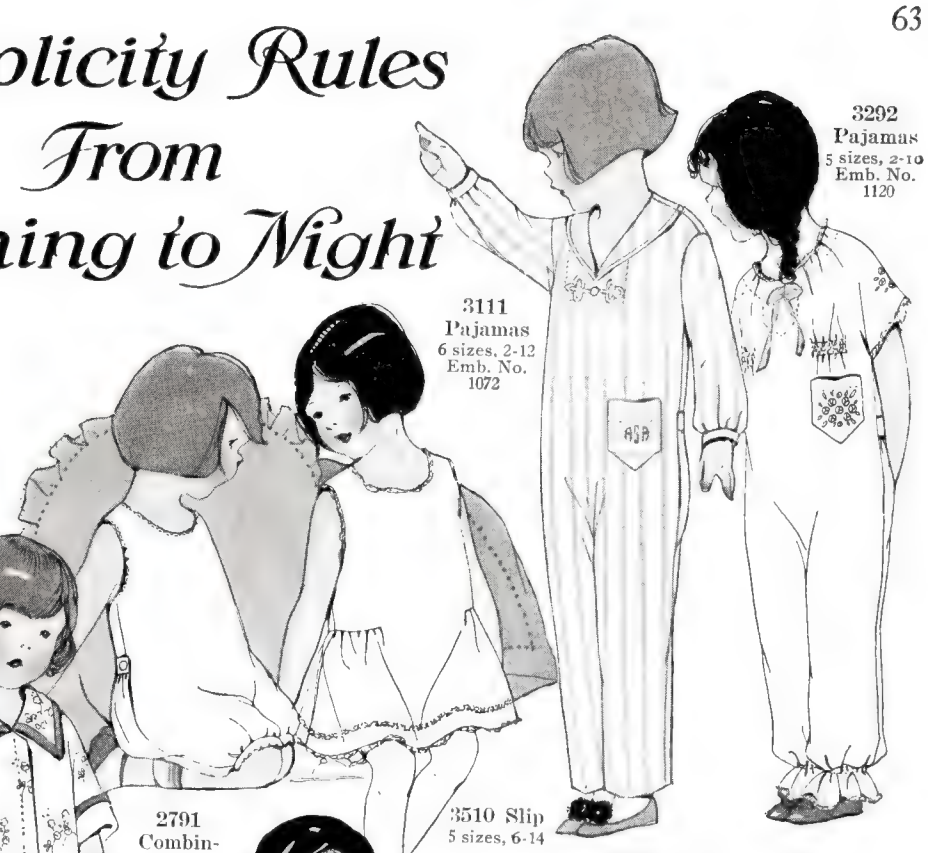
3362 Cape
6 sizes, 2-12

3297 Suit
5 sizes, 6-14

3512 Coat
5 sizes, 6-14

3437 Dress
6 sizes, 2-12

3285 Kimono
5 sizes, 2-10



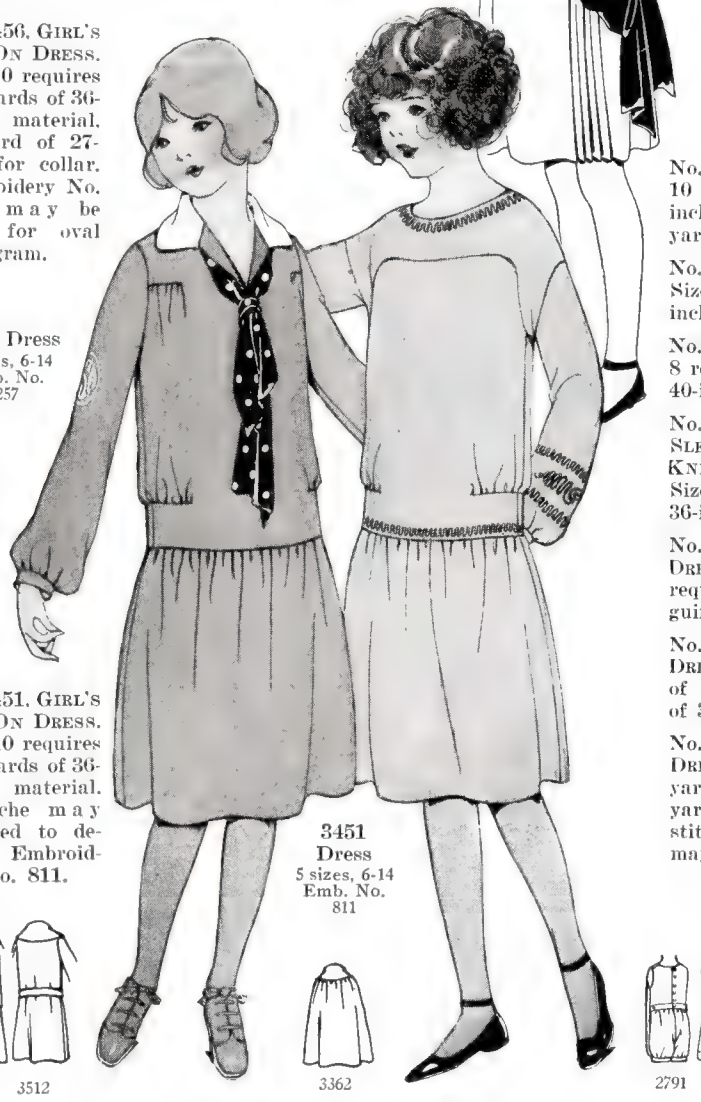
3111 Pajamas
6 sizes, 2-12
Emb. No. 1072

3292 Pajamas
5 sizes, 2-10
Emb. No. 1120

2791 Combination
7 sizes, 2-14
Emb. No. 317

3510 Slip
5 sizes, 6-14

3505 Undershirt and Underdrawers
11 sizes, 30-50



3456 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1257

3451 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 811

3449 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3452 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3453 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1186

No. 3362, CHILD'S CAPE. Size 6 requires 1⅛ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1¾ yards of 36-inch.

No. 3297, GIRL'S THREE-PIECE SUIT. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for dress, 1⅝ yards of 54-inch for coat.

No. 3456, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 10 requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material, ¼ yard of 27-inch for collar. Embroidery No. 1257 may be used for oval monogram.

No. 3451, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material. Soutache may be used to develop Embroidery No. 811.

No. 3512, GIRL'S COAT. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2¼ yards of 36-inch.

No. 3285, CHILD'S KIMONO. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 32-inch material.

No. 3437, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 36- or 40-inch material.

No. 3505, MEN'S AND BOYS' SLEEVELESS UNDERSHIRT AND KNEE-LENGTH UNDERDRAWERS. Size 30 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3449, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 32-inch; guimpe, 1¼ yards of 36-inch.

No. 3452, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material, ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3453, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch. For cross-stitch, Embroidery No. 1186 may be used.

No. 3292, CHILD'S PAJAMAS. Size 6 requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material. French-knot flowers from Embroidery No. 1120 make dainty trimming.

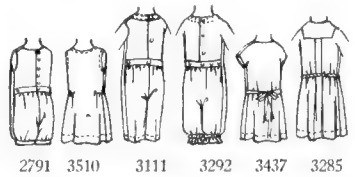
No. 3111, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE PAJAMAS. Size 6 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1072 provides a monogram.

No. 3510, GIRL'S COSTUME SLIP. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

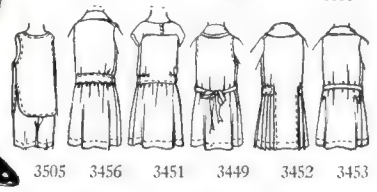
No. 2791, GIRL'S COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT. Size 4 requires 1 yard of 36-inch material. To scallop, Embroidery No. 317 is suggested.

3297 3512

3362



2791 3510 3111 3292 3437 3285



3505 3456 3451 3449 3452 3453

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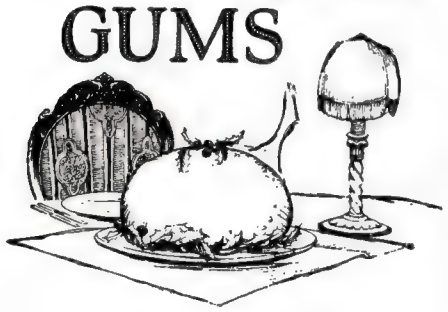
SOFT FOODS cause tender GUMS



tender gums bring trouble to teeth

ROUGH, COARSE FOOD once gave to the gums a healthy stimulation, but modern food, soft and creamy, gives little or no exercise, and gums today are growing soft and flabby.

They are unable to cushion and nourish the teeth correctly, and in consequence, teeth today are less healthy — more subject to decay, to pyorrhea and to other infections.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Ask any dentist. He will tell you how tooth troubles due to soft gums are on the increase. Probably he will also tell you that Ipana is the great enemy of the "pink toothbrush" and how he prescribes its use to keep the gums healthy and firm.

In stubborn cases of soft and spongy gums, he may also advise a gum massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and to keep them firm and healthy.

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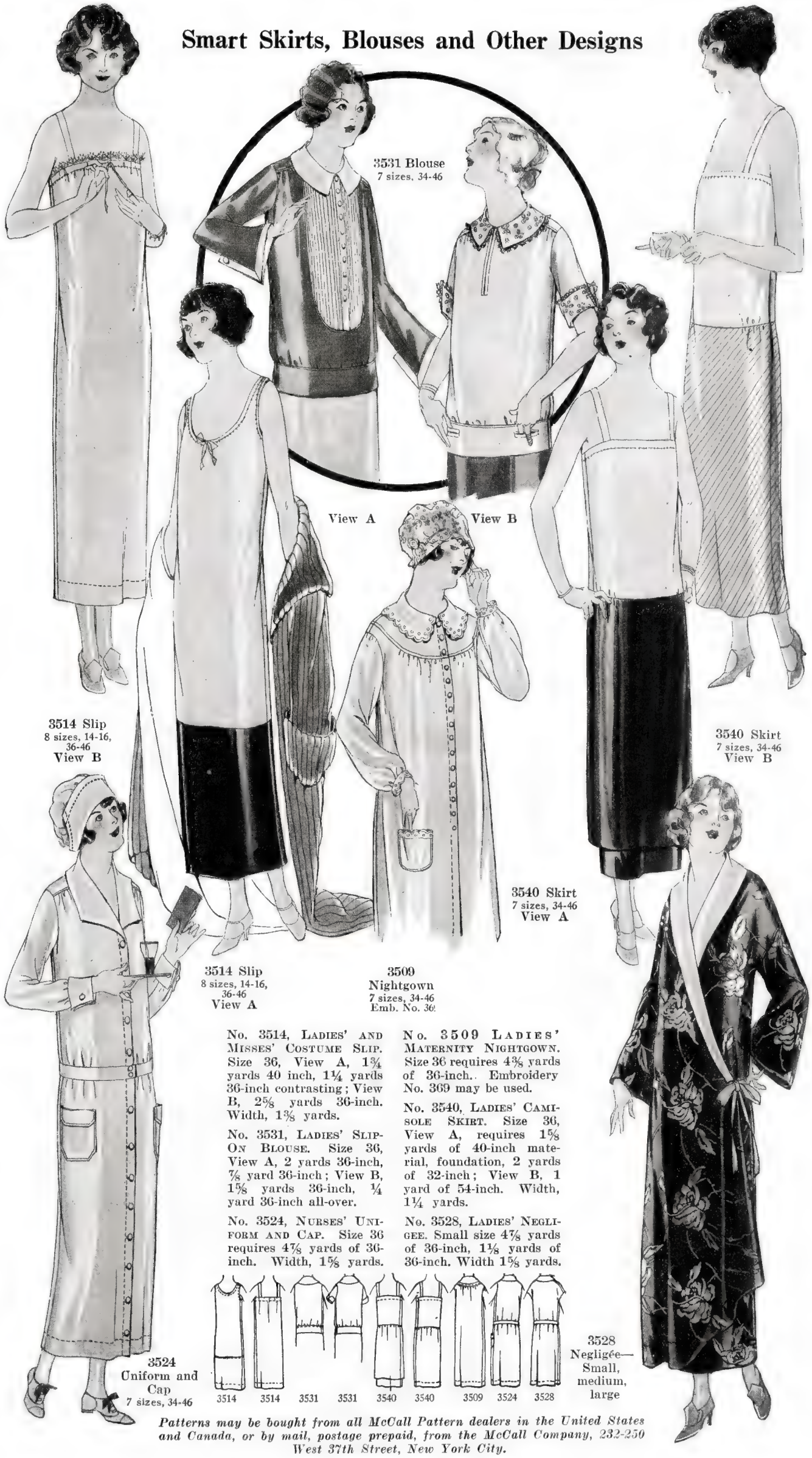

No. 3514, LADIES' AND MISSES' COSTUME SLIP. Size 36, View A, 1¾ yards 40 inch, 1¼ yards 36-inch contrasting; View B, 2⅝ yards 36-inch. Width, 1⅜ yards.

No. 3531, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36, View A, 2 yards 36-inch, ⅞ yard 36-inch; View B, 1⅝ yards 36-inch, ¼ yard 36-inch all-over.

No. 3524, NURSES' UNIFORM AND CAP. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards of 36-inch. Width, 1⅝ yards.

No. 3509 LADIES' MATERNITY NIGHTGOWN. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 369 may be used.

No. 3540, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36, View A, requires 1⅝ yards of 40-inch material, foundation, 2 yards of 32-inch; View B, 1 yard of 54-inch. Width, 1¼ yards.

No. 3528, LADIES' NEGLIGEE. Small size 4⅞ yards of 36-inch, 1⅛ yards of 36-inch. Width 1⅝ yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from the McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

What's New in Blouses and Underwear

No. 3536, Ladies' Overblouse. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material. The new long overblouse is shown here.

No. 3530, Ladies' Slip-On Blouse. Size 36 requires 1¼ yards of 40-inch figured, 1⅛ yards of 36-inch plain.

No. 3511, Ladies' Princess Slip. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1⅞ yards.

No. 3537, Ladies' Camisole Skirt. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material; camisole, 1⅛ yards of 36-inch. Width, 1¼ yards. Embroidery No. 632 may be used for scallop.

No. 3507, Ladies' and Misses' Envelope Chemise. Size 36, View A, requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material; View B, 2⅛ yards of 36-inch. Outline motifs from Embroidery No. 1310 and the French-knot design No. 1120 may be used for the decorative touch.

No. 3538, Ladies' Slip-On Blouse. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material. For crêpe de Chine, dimity or voile.

No. 3532, Ladies' Slip-On Overblouse. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. Suitable for printed silks and satin.

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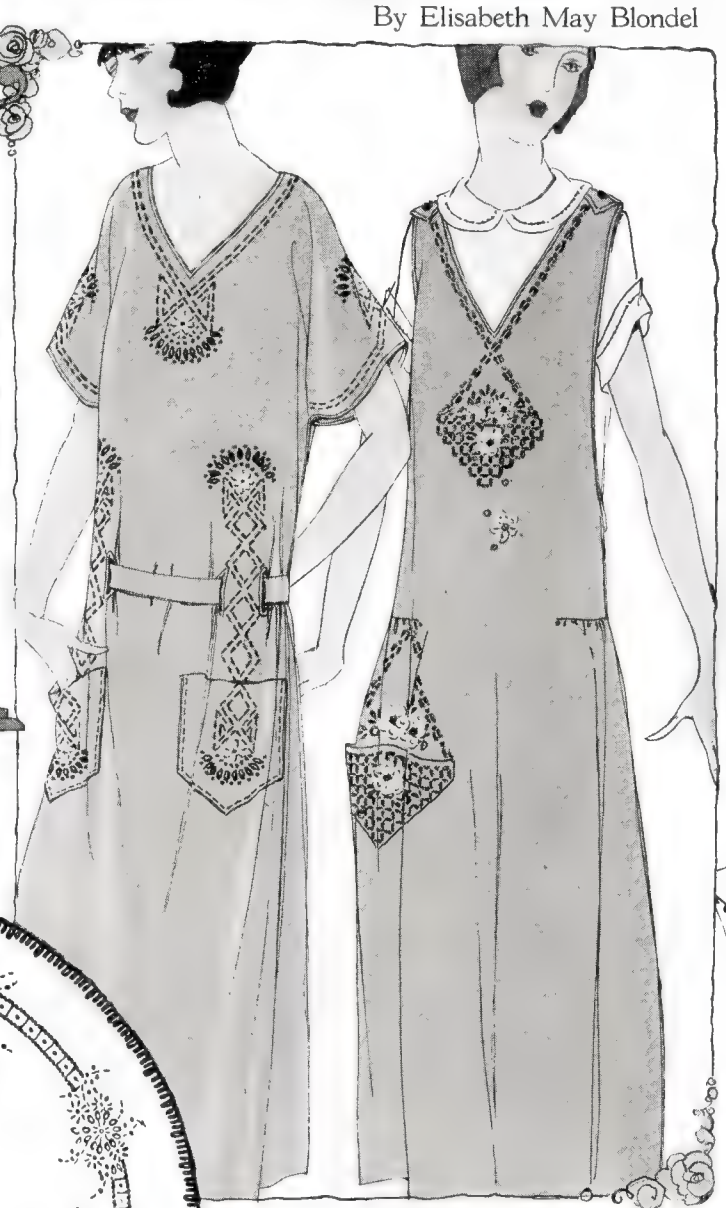
For Men, Women and Children

Designs That You Can Stamp Instantly With A Hot Iron

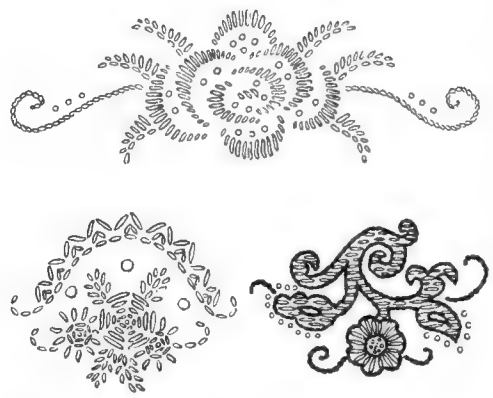
By Elisabeth May Blondel

1333

1333

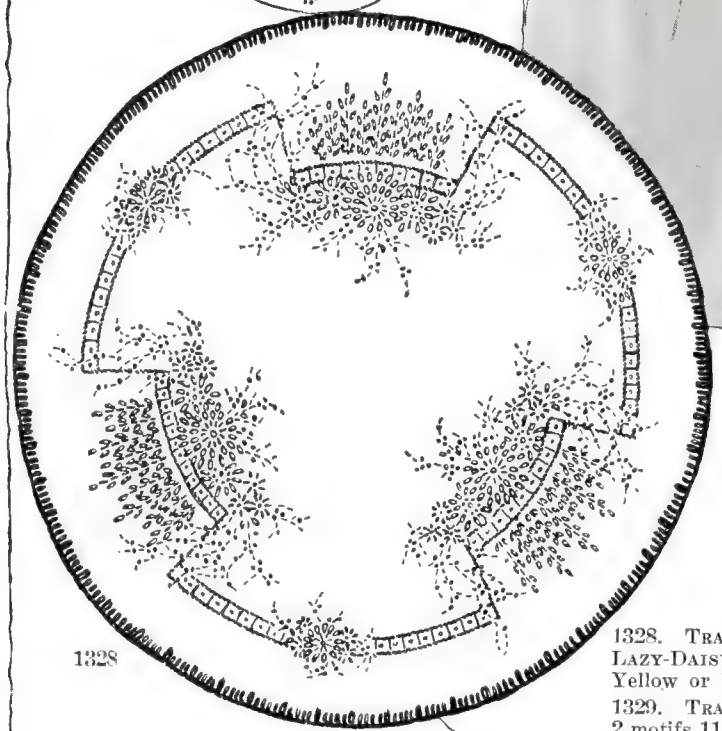


3501 3502



1332. Transfer Pattern for Trimming Motifs. Includes 10 motifs of various sizes suitable for pockets, hats, etc. Several duplicates of the small sized motifs are given. Large motif measures 4⅞ x 12¾ inches. Embroidery is in outline-, darning-, buttonhole-, lazy-daisy- and single stitches, with French knots. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1333. Transfer Pattern for Bead Motifs for Bags. Includes 7 designs, 2 motifs of each. Especially smart for bags of moiré or faille worked in steel beads. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue. An initial from Transfer No. 565 may be worked in oval of motif for envelope purse.



1328

3501. Ladies' and Misses' Bungalow Apron with Special Transfer (Yellow). Price, 35 cents. In 3 sizes, small, medium, large. Medium size (36, 38 bust) requires 3⅛ yards 36 ins. wide; 3 skeins cotton.

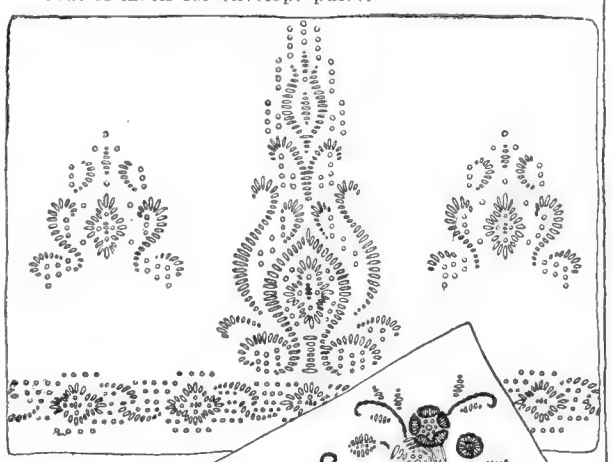
3502. Ladies' and Misses' Apron with Special Transfer (Yellow). Price, 35 cents. In 3 sizes, small, medium, large. Medium size (36, 38 bust) requires 2¾ yards 32 ins. wide; 4 skeins cotton.

1328. Transfer Pattern for 35-inch Lazy-Daisy Centerpiece. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

1329. Transfer Pattern for Scarf 2 motifs 11¼ x 20 inches. Full directions. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

1330. Transfer Pattern for Motifs and Border. 4 motifs 14¾ inches high; 6 motifs; 4½ yards border. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

1331. Transfer Pattern for Motifs. 4 motifs, 4½ yards border. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.



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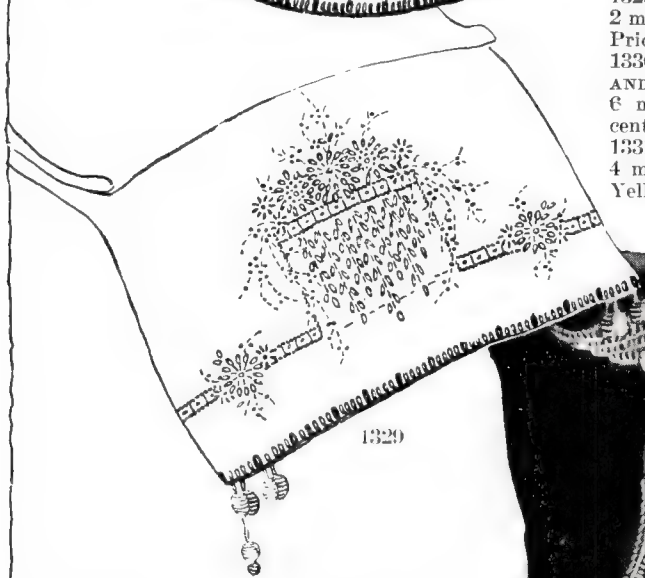

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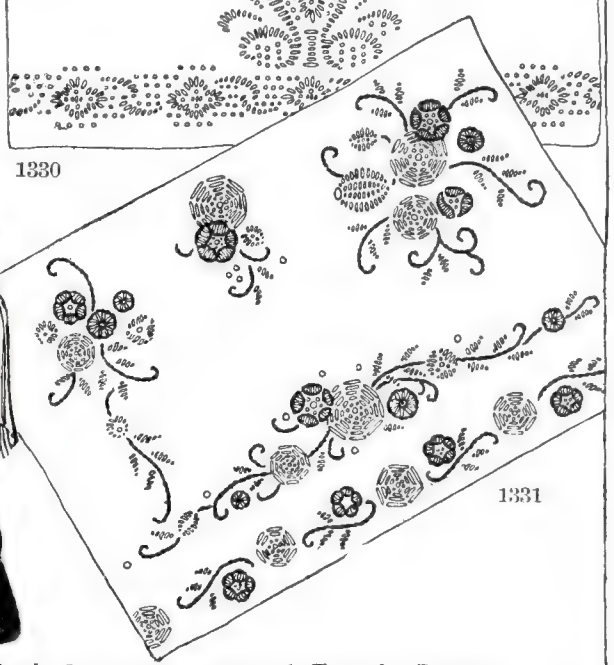


1331

1306. Transfer Pattern for Bird Pillow. 22 inches across, 14½ inches deep, suitable for a pillow 18 x 30 inches. Embroidery directions. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

Special Patterns for Infants' and Ladies' Embroidered Garments

Each Pattern Contains a Special Transfer Made to Fit Each Size

By Elizabeth May Blondel

No. 3412, INFANT'S DRESS AND PETTICOAT, WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (BLUE). Price 35 cents. In 1 size. Requires 1⅞ yards of 32-inch material for dress; 1½ yards 27 or 32 inches wide for petticoat. Embroidery in satin, outline, buttonhole and stem-stitch takes 1 long skein No. 25 cotton floss. Includes full directions for making.

No. 3413, CHILD'S COAT AND CAP WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (BLUE). Price 35 cents. In 3 sizes, 6 months to 2 years. Size 1 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material for coat; ⅜ yard of 40-inch material for cap. Embroidery requires 5 skeins of silk twist. Complete directions given for each row of the smocking, the scalloping on cuffs, etc.

No. 3304, LADIES' AND MISSES' PAJAMAS WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). Price 35 cents. In 3 sizes, small (14 to 16 years), medium (36, 38 bust), large (40, 42 bust). Medium size requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery in darning, buttonhole and outline-stitch requires 6 skeins of strand cotton, or if silk floss is used, 12 skeins including two colors as described

3412 Dress and Petticoat
1 size. Price 35 cents with transfer

3414 Coat and Cap
1 size. Price 35 cents with transfer

3413 Coat and Cap
6 months to 2 years
Price 35 cents with transfer

3411 Dress and Petticoat
6 months to 2 years
Price 35 cents with transfer

No. 3414, INFANT'S COAT AND CAP WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (BLUE). Price 35 cents. In 1 size. Requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material; lining 1¾ yards. Length of coat is 25 inches. Embroidery in satin, outline and buttonhole-stitch takes 2 skeins of fine silk floss, and 2 skeins of silk twist for scalloping. Full directions given.

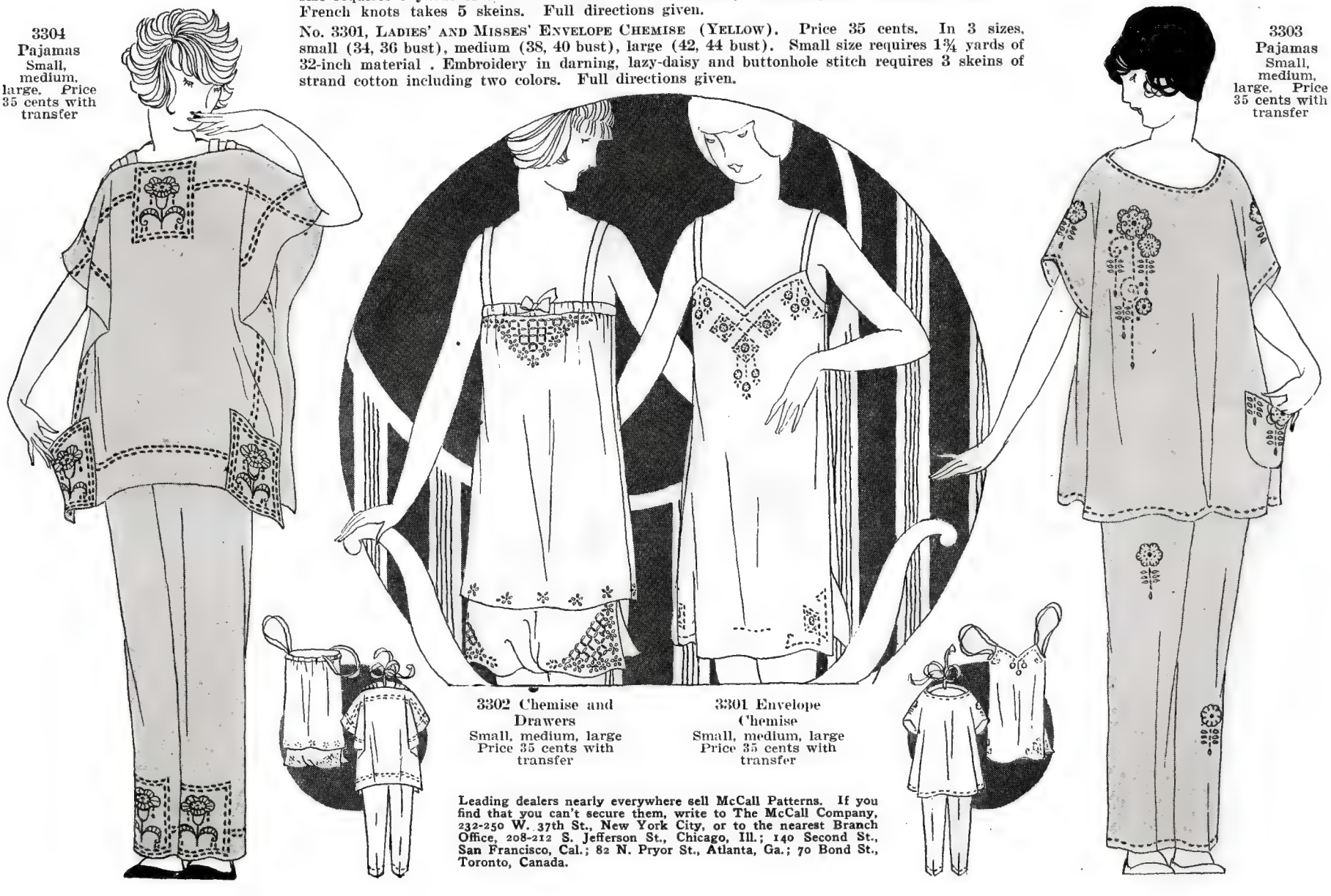
No. 3411, CHILD'S DRESS AND PETTICOAT WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (BLUE). Price 35 cents. In 3 sizes, 6 months to 2 years. Size 1 requires 1⅝ yards of 32-inch material for dress; 1¼ yards 27 or 32 inches wide for petticoat. The smocking requires 1 skein each of pink, blue and green strand cotton. Pattern also describes petticoat embroidery.

No. 3303, LADIES' AND MISSES' PAJAMAS WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). Price 35 cents. In 3 sizes, small (14 to 16 years), medium (36, 38 bust), large (40, 42 bust). Medium size requires 4¼ yards of 32-inch material. Embroidery in buttonhole, satin, darning, lazy-daisy-stitch and French knots, takes 5 skeins of strand cotton including 3 colors.

No. 3302, LADIES' AND MISSES' CHEMISE AND DRAWERS WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). Price 35 cents. In 3 sizes, small (34, 36 bust), medium (38, 40 bust), large (42, 44 bust). Small size requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. The embroidery in darning and lazy-daisy stitch with French knots takes 5 skeins. Full directions given.

No. 3301, LADIES' AND MISSES' ENVELOPE CHEMISE (YELLOW). Price 35 cents. In 3 sizes, small (34, 36 bust), medium (38, 40 bust), large (42, 44 bust). Small size requires 1¾ yards of 32-inch material . Embroidery in darning, lazy-daisy and buttonhole stitch requires 3 skeins of strand cotton including two colors. Full directions given.

3304 Pajamas
Small, medium, large. Price 35 cents with transfer



3303 Pajamas
Small, medium, large. Price 35 cents with transfer

3302 Chemise and Drawers
Small, medium, large
Price 35 cents with transfer

3301 Envelope Chemise
Small, medium, large
Price 35 cents with transfer

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BROWN'S Bronchial TROCHES
COUGH AND VOICE LOZENGES
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The Mode for Separate Blouses

[*Continued from page 57*]

You can see the attractive possibilities in such garments to be first aid to a costume. One skirt of crêpe de Chine, of velvet, of broadcloth will serve for several blouses. A top coat of cloth or fur gives protection, not only to the body, but to the bright colors of the upper garment. A woman may look like a nun on the street and a bird of paradise under the roof.

Brocade is used frequently, also velvet in black and gay colors; georgette is placed over a colorful lining, gold or silver lace is put over georgette; fur is used as edging or banding. The gayer the blouse, the better. The longer it is, the more formal.

The straight band at the neck is used on many overblouses that have no other suggestion of the Chinese in cut or coloration. It appears on the plain white crêpe de Chine garments for tailored suits, but it is at its best on the brightly embroidered or printed tunics that end at the hips, with sleeves that end at the wrists.

The flaring jacket of the Mandarin which is reserved for formal wear as a rule, has the bateau neckline which is as old as civilization. Its sleeves flare at the hands, where they may be banded with fur. If this fur is yellow, so much the nearer the Chinese costumery. Whatever the shape of the neck opening it should be decorated. Flat embroidery done in the fashionable Peking stitch is the best method of giving ornamentation. Gold galloon is good if it is fine and cross-stitched with colored threads which hold it to the foundation.

A new development in these overblouses takes its inspiration from the Cambodian dancers who delighted France and suggested to the house of Cheruit in Paris the Cambodian jacket of cloth which curves in at waist and flares stiffly over each hip. The fabric is crêpe de Chine, more often black than not, with all edges embroidered with gold threads and insets of bright silk or velvet in small designs. The hip flare is given by the girdle of tarnished gold braid which passes twice around the body and ends at one side with fringed tassels. Therefore, if you are not particularly inclined to the straight tunic, here's this equally fashionable one for your choosing.

There's an enchanting overblouse for formal occasions made of Spanish lace over silver or gold cloth tissue. It drops in a straight but supple line to the hips, where a gathered peplum is added. At each side of the waist is an ornament of rhinestones or colored beads. This blouse can be worn to dinner, to a dance, to the theatre, always with a crêpe or velvet skirt.

Blouses for Tailored Suits

France's determination to continue the cream white crêpe de Chine blouse as an adjunct to mannish tailored suits has impressed us. There are several good models, all plain and boyish, with Peter Pan collars or the square opening that came into high fashion last winter. These chime in with suits of various colors, which accounts for their popularity. Also, they launder well.

The alternative to the white blouse is one of crêpe de Chine to match the suit. If the latter is speckled or striped or vaguely mixed, the crêpe should match the dominant color. Velvet, also broadcloth, is chosen for plain blouses as for decorative ones. But the former fabric cannot be worn with mannish materials such as tweed and homespun, so its use is limited. It may be wiser to keep it for afternoon uses.

Woolen and silk jersey, borrowed from the English, goes into an overblouse worn with any type of tailored suit. It may have a touch of galloon, but it is at its best when generously banded with soutache braid in matching color. This is placed at hip band, at edge of neck and as cuffs to finish the long, tight sleeves. Few women wear thin wash blouses under these jersey garments. Once they did; now they substitute a camisole of flesh crêpe de Chine. Often they add a narrow whip belt of soft leather, placing it exactly at the waistline.

Because of the fashion for plaited leather, designers of blouses have adapted the kindergarten work done by coat makers as decoration. This consists of two strips of material passed in and out of slits in a broad band. It's quite fetching, this ornamentation, and rather amuses the woman who attempts it. She feels like putting the children at it in their lesson hour.

Another novelty touch on overblouses is the genuine silver monogram or school device. It is the latest substitute for embroidery. It can be gotten at the counter where pocketbooks and bags are for sale. Silk threads attach it to the blouse at the waist or over the chest. Paris began this trifling and amusing fashion in the early autumn and we quickly followed.

The Bull-fighter's Blouse

Spain puts an exotic finger on the fashions of this winter. Once she led the world in clothes, but France took that lead away from her. Today, Paris is keenly conscious of the pictorial beauty of the costumery of old Madrid and mellow Seville.

The embroidered Spanish shawl is the best known fashion from Spain; the circular flounce at hem of skirt is another; the hanging lace veil on hats is taken from the traditional mantilla; the tortoise shell comb is wisely and unwisely added to the coiffure of American women on gaiety bent. Now, over the horizon, comes the trig and trim blouse of the bull-fighter. It has a finely pleated front bosom, a narrow upstanding starched collar from which drops a thin cravat of colored satin, extending to the waist. The long sleeves are finished with turn-over cuffs.

These blouses are worn over and under the skirt, lacking the short-waisted effect which goes with the bull-fighter's costume. They are made of soft white and cream linen, also heavy crêpe de Chine. Often the cravat is Madrid red, which is running true to tradition.

Although the overblouse is accepted for sports and will be extensively featured by those catering to Palm Beach folk, it is limited to ornamental garments. It started out by being formal in treatment, it still holds good as a significant and serviceable part of a costume, but it is built also in the plainest of sports fabrics to serve as the best thing yet invented for golf and tennis. Often these sports blouses are without belt or hip band. They are cut and shaped to hug the hips, minus an added piece of fabric. This idea was thrown on the market by the French designers and America likes it very well.

Those who use such blouses for actual sports activities, not merely for country life which does not entail more physical exertion than sitting on the porch of a Country Club or rolling the baby carriage in the roads of a small town, prefer the regulation short sleeve to the more fashionable long one. There's wisdom in this choice. Despite the undoubted supremacy of the wrist-length sleeve with various and sundry cuffs, including the mannish turn-over kind with jeweled link buttons, there is not a drastic obliteration of the short, plain sleeve on any garment. Women go in for comfort these days and sometimes they make fashion obey their wishes.

She who goes about the task of selecting fabrics for blouses must not overlook the Indian printed silks. The best clothes-makers offer these as a substitute for the simple tailored blouse when one wants a dash of color to enliven life. The Egyptian and Chinese designs of animate things are not as seductive to the well-dressed woman as the dull, but glowing Persian, Arabic, Indian figurations. These are better suited to the figure of a woman.

These silks can be fashioned in mannish style, but they are quite effective when cut with a moderate square neck front and back, long, loose Chinese sleeves and a tight hip band not too far down.

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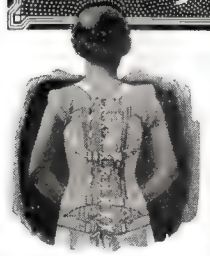

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The Doubtful Inheritance

[*Continued from page 31*]

He got up from his chair. He did not know exactly what he was going to do but something stronger than he was drew him over to the piano. His hand went out to the new violin. He picked it up, held it poised above his head, and looked straight into Father's eyes. "I hate you, I hate you, I hate you," he said, and sent it crashing against the andirons.

He got out somehow, into the back room and through the hall and out a side door, away from the silence which followed his words, away from Father's wide eyes and open mouth. The fresh air felt fine on his bare head, and he ran and ran until he was out of breath. He felt glad and light and not a bit sorry for what he had done.

It was fine to be walking home alone, turning in and out of the streets which crossed the city. But it was a long distance and he was tired when he finally reached the house and ascended to the apartment. He opened the door quietly. Mother and Father were there, but they did not hear him. Mother was standing by the piano and she looked tall, almost as tall as Father. Her eyes were big and stern and her lips were a straight line. Father was walking up and down. His face was red and he was talking very loud. "He disgraced me—disgraced me publicly, my own son. He said he hated me, said it before all the people. My own son hates me."

"Yes, he disgraced you; but you first disgraced yourself and your music with the temper which you are cultivating. It is true. I have sacrificed everything, everything. But my eyes were opened this evening. The boy has warned me. He will forget the fine things of life as you are forgetting them, forget love and kindness and duty. I have been blind. I must take him away from you, because he is growing like you."

"You will leave me! You will take my son from me because you fear he will be like me! You hate me, too!"

"No, I do not hate you now." Mother's voice was low and sad, but it did not tremble. "No, I do not hate you, but I might, and I do not wish to hate. And I fear for your son. We have given you your chance, John Raymond and I. We have sacrificed willingly. The fine suit which you have on was bought with the boy's vacation money."

Father looked as though someone had struck him. Then a strange thing happened. He put his head in his hands and began to cry, terrible sobs which shook him. John Raymond was frightened. He couldn't stand that. He ran to Father and put his hand on his shoulder. "I don't mind about the vacation money, Father," he said,—"at least not much. You looked fine in the new suit." Father did not stop crying and John Raymond had to think hard. "And there will be another violin. Mother saved her clothes money to buy it for your birthday."

Father's head sunk lower at that and Mother came over and stood by his chair. He tried to take her hand.

"And we won't leave you, Father. We've got to stay with you to help. We couldn't be happy away from you, could we, Mother?"

Mother's voice was low, but Father must have heard it. "No, I don't believe we could, John Raymond." She stroked Father's hair, and he took her hand and kissed it and looked up at her more thankful than he had ever looked at Mrs. Agnew. And Mother's face got young and happy just as it used to be.

"You are sorry for your bad temper, aren't you, John Raymond?" Mother said to him when she kissed him goodnight.

"Yes." John Raymond's nod was doubtful. "Yes." He was sorry to have disgraced Father publicly, but he was glad to know what was in him. Mother called it temper. But he knew better. He was like Father.

He had temperament.

The Heart of Carmencita

[*Continued from page 26*]

So Lorma Van Arn came wonderingly back to the garden, with its pampas plumes, to meet Phil Lambert face to face, beneath an open window. "I've come, Philip," she said. "Are you glad to see me?"

The man regarded her with wide eyes in which glowed a peculiar, new light—something of mental health and joy and the lift of new knowledge. He dropped his crutch and took her hand.

"Yes," he said heartily, a shade too heartily, "I am glad—very glad!"

"I wish you wouldn't stay with these—these natives, Phil. That girl I met just told me a wild story—and denied it, as she ran away. How can you trust yourself among them?"

For an instant Lambert considered. He was thinking of many things; of the healing kindliness of this impoverished house; of the hidden prayers for his recovery, body and soul; and of the hand of Carmencita under his elbow.

"Why," he said softly, "it must be because I am very brave—don't you think so? So brave, in fact, Miss Van Arn, that I have decided to spend every precious hour of what I hope will be a long life among them—for I have lately discovered them to be 'mine own people,' the real kindred of my lonely heart."

A little later Sister Francesca, peeping through the huge iron gate, beheld a man on crutches whose face was not to be denied.

"The little Carmencita, Sister," he said imperiously, "I must see her."

So, presently, Philip Lambert found himself in the sweet coolness of St. Ursula's Retreat, before a door which he pushed gently open. At first he could discern nothing save two candles burning steadily beneath a sacred image, but as his eyes became accustomed to the dimness he saw a sleek, black head bowed in shielding hands, and small shoulders that rose and fell with the rhythm of long sobs.

Lambert dropped his crutch and gathered up the weeping, small figure.

"Hush!" he said, "little one—I am not going—*ever!* I shall live forever at the *casa* with you and the Señora and Juan. I am blessed already—Lord, how much!"

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.

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3111..20	3310..25	3451..30	3468..45	3506..45	3512..30	3518..45	3524..35	3530..30	3536..30
3285..20	3321..35	3452..30	3501..35	3507..25	3513..45	3519..35	3525..35	3531..30	3537..30
3286..30	3340..25	3453..30	3502..35	3508..25	3514..25	3520..45	3526..45	3532..30	3538..30
3291..25	3362..25	3456..30	3503..45	3509..25	3515..35	3521..25	3527..45	3533..35	3539..45
3292..20	3431..25	3458..45	3504..45	3510..20	3516..35	3522..45	3528..30	3534..30	3540..30
3297..35	3437..25	3462..45							

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369..20	811..20	927..25	1072..25	1186..30	1298..35	1313..40	1332..30
632..20							

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My Beauty

How I gained it
How I kept it to my age

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I have been a famous beauty 40 years and over—on the stage. At a grandmother's age I'm a beauty still. I still play youthful parts, and I look like a girl of 19.

I was naturally a plain girl, but my mother took me to search the world for its supreme beauty helps. We found them in France, and they made me the rage. I have used them ever since. And now at 60, countless young girls envy my hair, my contours and complexion.

I know these same helps can bring to millions new beauty and new youth. So I have arranged that all may get them, as a duty to my sex. I found 32 of these scientific helps—the greatest beauty helps in existence. I have had them combined in four preparations. And I have supplied them to all druggists and toilet counters, so every girl and woman may enjoy the benefits I got.

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My Facial Youth

This is my liquid cleanser. It contains no animal, no vegetable fat, so the skin cannot absorb it. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. All the refuse, dirt and grime come with it. You cannot realize what a clean skin means until you try Facial Youth. The cost is 75c.

My Youth Cream

This is a cream which combines all the best the world knows to foster the fine texture of the skin. It contains both lemon and strawberry. Also many other factors to soften, whiten, feed and smooth the skin. The cost is 60c.

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Roses for Every Garden

Plan Now, the Summer's Wealth of Bloom

By Mrs. Francis King

HOW easy it is to write about roses! Easy, because as we look upon a beautiful object it is natural to give expression to our delight in it; easy, too, because so much is known now about the cultivation of roses and so many new and fine varieties have come into commerce.

Because the rose needs plenty of nourishment, the first thing is a soil of which one-third is well-rotted manure *of any kind.*

If the soil is a heavy clay, spade it for about two feet down, put a little broken stone or brick over the trench or hole; then add, to the soil above, the manure. Add, also, rotted leaves, chopped-up sod if the soil is heavy, and you will have, then, an excellent preparation.

A good plan is to take out the first spadeful of earth and do the first mixing of manure, rotted leaves and so on, with the lowest soil, as food for the rose is necessary at the bottom of the hole as well as at its top. Many persons suppose that the bottom of the rose-situation does not matter; but it does. If possible all should be done in the fall for spring planting. Always set a plant two inches deeper than it grew in the nursery.

What roses shall we plant? Here is a short list of those that are the great favorites.

Of the bush roses I like: Ophelia; Mrs. Aaron Ward; Frau Karl Druschki; Gruss an Teplitz; Radiance; Madame Edouard Herriot: Los Angeles Columbia; Duchess of Wellington; Killarney.

Favorite climbing roses: Dr. W. Van Fleet; Climbing American Beauty; Silver Moon; Tausendschön; American Pillar; Excelsa; Dorothy Perkins; Gardenia; Paul's Scarlet Climber; Christine Wright.

These are my own favorites: Los Angeles, one of the most beautiful of all roses with its lights of rose and yellow; Frau Karl Druschki, in its white splendor; Duchess of Wellington, saffron-yellow stained with deep crimson, changing to deep yellow as the flower opens full; Madame Edouard Herriot, that beautiful coral-red rose; and Columbia, with its bright pink, its fine full form, and its delicious fragrance.

One suggestion as to the use of Los Angeles when it is cut—lavender candytuft is a most lovely companion for this rose.

And now for the climbers. I, who like particularly the yellows and coppers in roses, am devoted to two lovely ramblers, not so well known—Ghiselaine de Feligonde and Aviateur Bleriot. The first is a tiny rose of copper-color in the bud, opening to cream white; a very floriferous bush or climber; ours are not allowed to climb, we keep them cut back to large bushes.

Aviateur Bleriot is deliciously pretty, deliciously sweet; a little yellow rose, flowering, as all the ramblers do, in clusters.

This lovely rose too has a fine, shining dark green leaf which adds much to its beauties.

BUT the coming rose—the rose which the wonderful hybridizer, Dr. Van Fleet, worked so hard to produce—the rose for every dooryard in America, the rose about which everyone interested in this flower has the greatest curiosity, is Mary Wallace, named for the charming daughter of the present Secretary of Agriculture.

In the Spring of 1924 this beautiful rose—so strong, so hardy, so enduring that it will grow and bloom under the most unfavorable conditions, and with a minimum of care—this rose is to be distributed to the public for the first time. It is to be sold by an arrangement between the Department of Agriculture and the American Rose Society, incorporated. "not for profit."

Let everyone look out for the notices of this rose; and as we grow it let us remember the great Dr. Walter Van Fleet, of Washington, to whose generous wish and skill we owe it and the other novelty, a light crimson rose which is named for his widow, Mrs. Sarah Van Fleet.

To Mrs. Francis King, who is in charge of McCall's Gardening Department, has recently been awarded the Medal of Honor of the Garden Club of America—one of the highest horticultural honors in this country—as a tribute to the member who has done more than any other for the cause of gardening.

The Barbarian Lover

[*Continued from page 9*]

PATRICIA, covertly exchanging rueful signals of distress with Colonel Grant and O'Halleran, prepared herself to be thoroughly bored by the member of Parliament who was touring India to get data for a book. They were all having tea beside the *shamianah* or refreshment tent. She became suddenly aware of a curious sense of stir at the further side of the *compound*. The well-dressed crowd, a kaleidoscope of gaily colored frocks and sunshades interspersed with uniforms and an occasional turbaned figure scintillating with jewels and rich embroideries, was breaking back into two wavering lines, like receding billows. It became evident that people were instinctively drawing aside to allow free passage to a tall, loosely built man who came striding purposefully across the Residency gardens as though utterly oblivious that a social function of any kind was in progress. He was in khaki riding-kit, travel-stained and dusty and the worse for wear, and his topee shadowed a face that showed traces of the soil of travel.

Her astonished gaze followed the man as he swung his way between the little groups of guests and marched unceremoniously up to the Commissioner, who stood chatting with a couple of senior officers' wives. She waited to see the chill look of displeasure on Luttrell's face by which, without a word, he was always able to check the slightest presumption.

To her intense amazement, however, there was no expression of annoyance on her father's face. Instead, he greeted the dusty stranger with unaffected warmth, although Patricia noticed a certain guarded look of anxiety spring into his eyes. Briefly making his excuses to the two ladies with whom he had been conversing, the Commissioner turned and walked rapidly away with the newcomer.

But a few minutes later Patricia, in answer to a message, slipped unobtrusively away from her guests to find the Commissioner and the man whose unceremonious arrival had so astonished her confabbing together on the verandah. She regarded the stranger with considerable disfavour.

Nor did Lorimer improve matters much by his behaviour when her father presented him. He bowed somewhat perfunctorily, his eyes sweeping over her briefly.

"Did you want me for something, father?"

"Yes. Lorimer here wants some grub," replied the Commissioner. "Will you see to it, Pat?" And with a friendly nod toward Lorimer, he left them and disappeared in the direction of the garden.

Summoning one of the servants, Patricia ordered some cold meat and a whisky peg to be brought as soon as possible, and in a very few minutes Lorimer was disposing of the same with the rapidity of a man who thinks little about what he eats and cares less.

Patricia, meanwhile, sat in a chair endeavouring to make conversation. It was uphill work, for her visitor contented himself with the briefest of replies. At the same time, she was conscious that he was watching her. Twice, when she looked up, it was to encounter the glance of his extraordinarily keen eyes.

"It seems odd we have never met before," she said at last. "I suppose you must be a *very* old friend of my father's?"

He looked up quickly. "Why should you suppose that? You're not even quite sure"—smiling ironically—"whether I'm a fit person for you to be conversing with. How long have you been in India, by the way?"

"Always—except when I was at school," she answered promptly, with a slight note of triumph in her voice.

He rose, having concluded his hasty meal, and picked up his topee from the chair on which it lay. He held out his hand, and mechanically she laid hers within it. "Good-bye," he said, "and don't worry about the quite valueless comments of a man from the wilds upon the ways of civilization. You're a little pink tea butterfly while I'm half a savage—as Luttrell will tell you if you ask him."

He stepped out on to the verandah, and, in response to the half-doubtful expression on Patricia's face, added carelessly: "I'll take myself off in the least conspicuous manner possible."

Walking rapidly along to the further end of the terrace and, vaulting lightly over the low balustrade, he disappeared amongst the trees.

VERY quietly, with infinite caution, Patricia shifted her position, heaving a small sigh of relief as the cramped muscles of her limbs relaxed and the blood began circulating freely through her veins once more. For nearly an hour she had been sitting perched up in a *machan*—a species of small platform fixed up between the forked boughs of a tree—waiting in tense silence for the approach of a tiger.

She and her father with young Noel Harvey, the son of an old friend of the commissioner, had been in camp several days, but it was only early this morning that the local *shikari* had triumphantly appeared with definite news of a tiger in the vicinity.

Noel was such a boy, so recently freed from the paternal vicarage in England, that it had seemed something of a risk to bring him out tiger-shooting.

"I shall have to keep a sharp eye on him, that's all," the Commissioner told Patricia. "He simply doesn't know what fear means, and he hasn't the experience of a baby, so it's quite on the cards he'll take some foolhardy risk that'll land him and the whole lot of us in an infernal tight corner."

Suddenly, the tense hush was broken by a sound—an odd hollow sound which broke upon the quiet like a stone dropped suddenly into a still pool. Patricia's muscles stiffened. She knew what it was—the single gentle clap of the hands given by one of the native "stops" who had sighted the tiger breaking away to one side and thus turned him back. In an instant all fear left her, and, thrilling to the excitement of the moment, she bent noiselessly forward and peered between the screening branches. For a moment the silence held. Then came the sharp crackle of twigs snapping beneath a padding footstep, and a moment later a huge tiger leaped lightly out into the clearing below. He stood poised, listening, while a shaft of sunlight revealed his angry, suspicious eyes. Patricia caught her breath at the sheer wild beauty of him.

Almost simultaneously came the report of a rifle, shattering the silence. Followed an answering roar, brief and furious, as with a bound the tiger flung itself sideways into the scrub and disappeared from view, while a drift of smoke floated out from the tree where Noel sat perched, and hung raggedly in the air.

The tiger was hit, unquestionably, but it yet remained to be discovered whether the animal had been killed outright or whether he were only wounded and had got away, in which case it would be necessary to hunt him down on the *howdah* elephant, waiting in charge of a *mahout* some distance in the rear.

"Good shot, Noel!"

Unconsciously she uttered the words aloud, tingling with a vicarious sense of triumph. But even as she spoke, her expression suddenly altered and she bit the words off short, stricken with horrified dismay by what she saw. A figure was running across the clearing. She caught a glimpse of Noel's eager face and realized what had happened. Carried away on a wave of uncontrollable excitement, he had forgotten all the instructions laboriously drilled into him by Luttrell, and was dashing off in reckless pursuit of that most dangerous of wounded animals!

"Go back! Go back!" She shrieked out the words, but apparently he did not hear her, for he raced on, heedless of any risk, and the next moment she descried a larger figure following Noel's boyish one. Luttrell, good sportsman that he was, was hurrying after his guest to avert the probable danger. A strangled cry tore its way through Patricia's throat,

Again She Orders — *"A Chicken Salad, Please"*

FOR him she is wearing her new frock. For him she is trying to look her prettiest. If only she can impress him—make him like her—just a little.

Across the table he smiles at her, proud of her prettiness, glad to notice that others admire. And she smiles back, a bit timidly, a bit self-consciously.

What wonderful poise he has! What complete self-possession! If only *she* could be so thoroughly at ease.

She pats the folds of her new frock nervously, hoping that he will not notice how embarrassed she is, how uncomfortable. He doesn't—until the waiter comes to their table and stands, with pencil poised, to take the order.

"A chicken salad, please." She hears herself give the order as in a daze. She hears him repeat the order to the waiter, in a rather surprised tone. Why *had* she ordered that again! This was the third time she had ordered chicken salad while dining with him.

He would think she didn't know how to order a dinner. Well, did she? No. She didn't know how to pronounce those French words on the menu. And she didn't know how to use the table appointment as gracefully as she would have liked; found that she couldn't create conversation—and was actually tongue-tied; was conscious of little crudities which she just knew he must be noticing. She wasn't sure of herself, she didn't *know*. And she discovered, as we all do, that there is only one way to have complete poise and ease of manner, and that is to know definitely what to do and say on every occasion.

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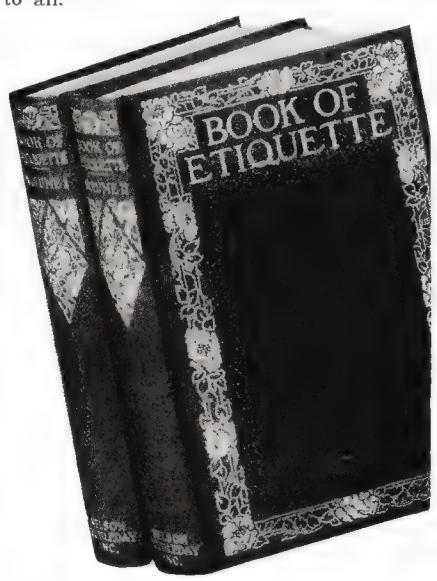

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The Barbarian Lover

[*Continued from page 71*]

and desperately, with fumbling haste, she began to climb down from the *machan*.

Patricia was in riding-kit, unimpeded by skirts, and, supple as a boy, she swung clear of the boughs and slid to the ground. She set off, running in the direction which her father had taken, blindly, with choking breath, stumbling over the rough ground, conscious of one thing only—of her urgent, overpowering need to be with him in danger.

All at once, he glanced round over his shoulder and saw her. He flung up his arms and shouted, but she ran wildly on. Then suddenly there came the spluttering crash of breaking branches as a huge form reared itself from the low scrub and, with a maddened roar of pain and fury, leaped at her. . . . Patricia was conscious of a flash of sickening realization, of a breathless fraction of time packed with illimitable horror. Then a rifle shot rang out, close at hand, deafening her, and the huge shape hurtling towards her dropped suddenly to earth, like a stone, and lay still.

She stood staring at the great body stupidly. Then someone took her roughly by the shoulder and a harsh voice exclaimed: "Great God in heaven! Are you mad?"

She turned round to find herself looking straight into the furious gray eyes of Kerry Lorimer.

She stared at him dumbly for a moment. When at last she spoke it was slowly and with difficulty, as though it were an effort to form the words. "I—I thought Sahib was going to be killed."

"Not I!" Luttrell's voice broke on her ears. He and Noel had run up as quickly as possible, but they had been still some distance away when the wounded tiger had emerged from the bushes. Luttrell put his arm round the shivering girl, and with a choking sigh of relief, she leaned against him and cried helplessly.

Lorimer stood back, throwing the rifle over the crook of his arm. There was about him a certain, loose-limbed careless arrogance.

"Thank God you were in time, Kerry!" Luttrell said and his tone was all the thanks a man could need. "How did you come to be here?"

"I wanted to see you rather particularly. I'm camping not far away, myself. You weren't in your camp, but they told me your whereabouts, so I came on."

"Come along and dine with us," said Luttrell as he turned away to give instructions for the *howdah* elephant to be sent for to convey them home. Meanwhile Noel had moved across to where lay the dead body of the tiger. For the moment Lorimer and Patricia were alone.

"Shall I come?" he asked abruptly. The curt question brought the color to her cheeks. With an effort she lifted her eyes to meet his.

"I hope you will," she replied, with a restraint in her voice which she was powerless to prevent.

"Would you rather I didn't come?" he demanded bluntly. "Because if I come, I shall have to come just as I am. And I imagine you'd regard a boiled shirt at dinner as a *sine qua non*. . . . You've got a lot to learn about essential values."

"And are you proposing to teach me?" Her eyes flashed.

"Yes," he said at last, slowly. "I think I should like to teach you—that, and a few other things as well."

For a moment she made no answer. When she recovered her composure, she spoke with assumed lightness.

"Then you'd better come this evening—and give me a first lesson!"

His gaze met hers with a sudden challenging directness, as though he dared her to measure swords with him. "Very well," he said briefly. "I'll come."

DINNER was over on board the *Cassilia*, and Patricia was sitting alone in a quiet corner of the deck with only her own sad thoughts for company. From a little distance away came the sound of voices, and an occasional gay burst of laughter; now and again a stray bar of music from the strings of a violin floated up the companion-way.

Patricia's memory traveled slowly back over the weeks which had elapsed since the fateful polo game when her father had been crushed beneath the falling body of his polo pony. Could she ever forget the agony of the day when he had called her to his death bed! She could see him now as he lay back and, with the last breath of his life explained to her the course that her future was to take. She was to go to England and live with her godfather, Lord Marchdale. "He loved your Mother," Sahib had said. "He wanted to be your godfather and I know he will take good care of you." But Patricia wondered. For upon the occasions of her few trips to England, Lord Marchdale had never made any effort to see her.

The voyage from Bombay had been sad and lonely. The only one of her fellow travellers whom she knew was—of all people—Kerry Lorimer, the "Commissioner's mystery man," as he had been called at Coomara; the unofficial and all-seeing agent, who, for ten years, had ranged the forests of India in the interests of the British government. He had come aboard the *Cassilia* at Bombay just before sailing.

Remembrance of her prickly reception of him when he had calmly announced his intention of traveling to England in her company! She could still recall her feeling of revolt—her intense dislike of this self-admitted barbarian, who held society and the things she loved in open contempt.

And then had come his reassuring offer to act merely as a courier and his proposed burying of the hatchet! He had very literally fulfilled the obligations he had taken upon himself in his suggestion of burying the hatchet! Unobtrusively, Kerry had contrived to take the edge off all the sharp corners of the voyage for her, as only an experienced traveler knows how to do.

She realized that she had come to count on his comradeship in a way which puzzled her. She knew that they looked at life from fundamentally opposing angles—that his ways were not hers. He scoffed at civilization and at the "pink tea" life that she led. Yet it was with an odd sinking of the heart that she recognized how short a time still remained of companionship together. Never, on any occasion, had he spoken of the possibility of their meeting again after they reached England. It was as though, with the docking of the *Cassilia* at Liverpool, a shutter would descend between them, setting them apart forever.

She had just arrived at this point in her reflections when she heard a familiar footstep and Lorimer himself came sauntering toward her. How he had discovered her retreat she did not know, but his sudden appearance, exactly at the moment she was thinking about him, sufficed to send the blood rushing up into her cheeks, and she turned her face quickly aside to hide that telltale banner of confusion. But he did not appear to have noticed it.

"Are you quite warm enough, sitting there, Miss—*sahib*? Summer doesn't necessarily synchronise with the first of May in these latitudes, you know."

"Oh, I'm quite warm, thanks," she answered hurriedly.

"Let me tuck you up a bit better." He stooped and with deft fingers rearranged the rug that lay across her knees. Then he bent over her and drew the fur coat she was wearing a little closer about her shoulders. His hand brushed the warm, bare whiteness of her throat and he drew it away hastily. The touch of his hand against her skin sent a sudden little tremor through her body.

"I suppose we shall meet sometime in England," Patricia said, half questioningly.

"No," he said, "we never shall."

"Aren't we friends, then—after all?" she said. "I thought we'd agreed to bury the hatchet."

"Do you remember"—she could feel that he was looking down at her intently—"that I once told you I believed I could—make you care, if I tried? Well, I'm not going to try. That's all."

Patricia felt as though he had suddenly slammed a door in her face. A strange tumult of

[*Turn to page 73*]

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The Barbarian Lover

[*Continued from page 72*]

emotion shook her—resentment at the sheer brutality of the harshly uttered speech, and, underlying that, a queer, inexplicable pain.

"And, anyway, you won't have the opportunity for trying such an experiment if you're not going to stay in England."

He nodded. "True. As soon as I've landed you safely on English shores my job's finished—at least, for the present."

"'Your job's finished'?" she queried. "Do you mean—that you came to England on my account?"

"Entirely—to see you safely back."

"But why?"

"Luttrell asked me to," he answered simply.

"He asked you to?"

Kerry bent his head. "Yes, that last day—when I came to see him."

She was silent, divided between a sudden rush of overwhelming tenderness for the man whose last thoughts on earth had been concerned only for her welfare and a disagreeable feeling of enforced indebtedness towards Lorimer. All that he had done for her, then, all the care and pleasant comradeship he had bestowed upon her had been given solely at the instance of her father!

"I am very sorry my father troubled you in the matter," she said. "He was so—so fond of me, you see"—she blinked away the tears—"that he wouldn't think of the trouble it might be giving you. I wish I could tell Sahib—how good you've been—"

With a stifled exclamation he caught her outstretched hand and bent his head above it.

"Don't thank me," he said unsteadily. "The last few weeks have been the only ones worth living in a matter of ten years. It's I who should thank—you."

She felt his lips pressed suddenly against her hand. Then, he released it gently and strode away, leaving her alone in the darkness, with the ceaseless wash of the sea sounding in her ears like a farewell dirge.

[*Continued in February* McCALL'S]

Jolly Roger

[*Continued from page 22*]

They turned to the left just above the highway and entered the strip of woodland running parallel. Just beyond was an old clay bank, overgrown and bordered by willows, where the highway passed. They traversed this, crossed the road and the railroad, and came out on a bushy knoll overlooking the Hudson.

"We've lost our luggage," said Endress excitedly. "And I want to say right here, Rudolph, that these crooks are making monkeys of us."

"That seems to be true. What happened, Josiah?"

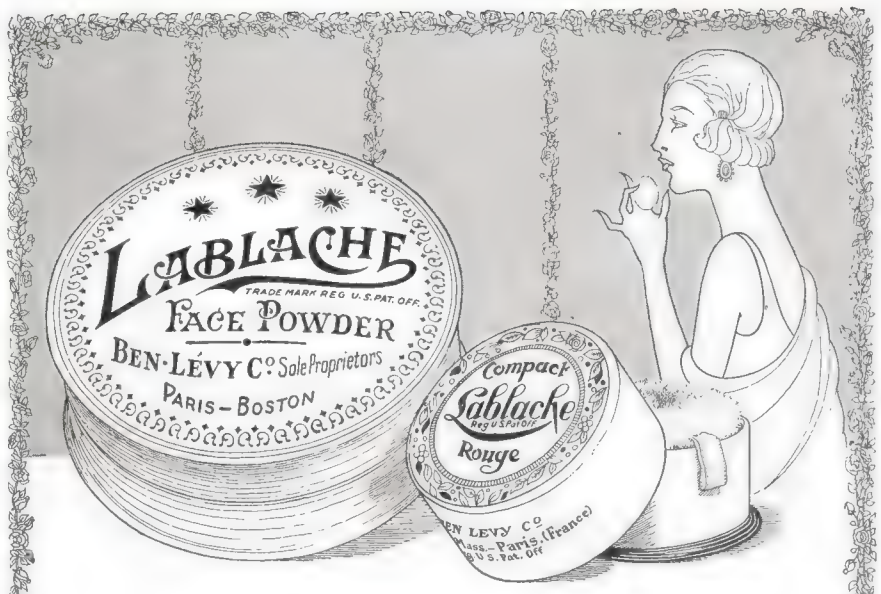
"I'll tell you. When Miss Halkett ran into the woods I caught a glimpse of a woman beating it around toward the house, and I followed in that direction."

Gray gazed upon him with sudden apprehension, and Endress looked gloomily back.

"I'm sorry to tell you this," he went on heavily; "but I saw five people in the mist on the lawn and saw them start toward the back door of the house. One was a woman. I hid in the lilacs, and I heard some sort of noise going on in the house—as though somebody were washing down something with pails of water. Now and then I could see an electric torch emit a vague glimmer.

"Once I thought I heard somebody sloshing water about in the barn, but there was no light there. Finally, when dawn came and the mist lifted a little, I made out two men on guard—one on the lawn and the other near the back door. I could see that they had guns. And all the time I was worrying a lot about you and Marie Halkett—" He lifted sombre eyes to Gray. "And I'm sorry to tell you that I saw Marie Halkett come out of the back door with a man. She wore a skirt—a sort of sports-suit—but I knew her. She had her pistol. . . . And, Rudolph, I'm sorry to tell you, but that young, good-looking crook was with her."

[*Continued in February* McCALL'S]



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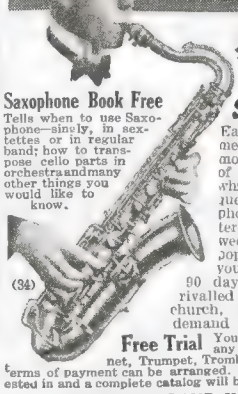

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The Phantom Taxi

[*Continued from page 46*]

Leighton had to remember was that an hallucination is an hallucination. Edith was coming. He heard the door shut, her voice, her mother's then Mr. Banning's. He could see the three of them now; and, yes, another figure. It looked like Sam's. It was Sam's. Sam walked behind, somber and reluctant.

"Here I am, dear," Edith said, weeping. "It's been a long time since twelve-fifteen this morning, hasn't it?" He didn't like to think about that hour, when he had seen the immaterial taxi. But he didn't have to answer Edith because she turned once more to her mother's arms.

"Hullo, Sam," said Leighton, talking against the emotion of the women. "Where 've you been all evening? You should have been with me."

Sam muttered something sounding like, "I didn't want to be a gloom."

"You've heard from Marty?"

"Marty died last night—this morning rather: twelve-fifteen."

Edith had turned to him again and put her hand in his. "All right—this time," she said, looking up at him, her face white in the strange light of the moon.

"Let's go, then," said Leighton. He was not afraid. He knew that he was thinking absurd things. "Just a coincidence."

They were half way down the drive by then, absurdly dodging small conifers in order to make certain their escape from rice and old shoes. It *was* absurd, and yet he felt thoroughly the fugitive. He laughed. "People are funny," he said. They were at the car. It was Edith's familiar little brougham. The driver was in his seat, the baggage was all there, the car faced in the right direction. All they had to do was to get in and drive off.

Edith got in. Leighton was about to climb up to the seat beside her when she said: "So sorry, dear. I dropped my handkerchief. My only one, and I've been crying." He could see it lying in the road, a white splotch on the gray pavement. He went back to reclaim it, but a little rush of wind carried it from him almost to the middle of the road.

He stepped behind the car and peered out for traffic. Nothing was in sight at first; and then he saw—or thought he saw—a gray taxi, silver in the moonlight, rushing toward him. Instinctively he drew back, because the car was running rapidly, and certainly he hadn't time to get the handkerchief before the taxi should whiz past. But suddenly he laughed. "That isn't any taxi," he said audibly, in order that the sound of his voice might reassure him perfectly. Suppose his wife should see him hesitating, shying at a phantom? There was nothing but the taxi of his dreams—the car that always threatened, never ran him down. Now he'd prove it to himself, and, having thus conquered fear, be free of that phantom forever. It did take will. Perhaps if he should look again he couldn't do it. But he wouldn't look. He'd get the handkerchief, and then—

He stepped out into the middle of the road.

When the crowd, in answer to Edith's screams, got there from the house, they found Leighton dead. The driver of the gray taxi said: "Certainly he saw me. He looked straight at me and stopped, and then, all at once, he seemed to shut his eyes and step out in front of me. I couldn't stop *that* quick."

[*Continued from page 28*]

In suggesting reading of the very highest grade for the busy person, I am in deepest earnest when I say, "Do not neglect the riches of the Bible." If you want poetry that will make you see pictures and dream dreams, read the Song of Solomon, the Psalms, Job, and do not neglect Isaiah and Ecclesiastes. The Bible also contains letters and sermons and exhortations. While every available minute should be given to some form of self-culture or development, reading should not be indulged in to the exclusion of everything else, because a well-balanced man or woman misses a world of pleasure if he does not make a point of hearing, at least once or twice a week, good music. Last night I had the delight of having my soul literally shot through with the exquisite art of Rubinstein—a new emotion I never have got from music before. The leader of a great orchestra pulled from the consciousness of his performers an interpretation of a great strain that had a new thrill, an experience I never shall forget. Books, music, and paintings are interdependent. One calls for the others. No matter how busy you may be I beg that you will try earnestly to combine the best of all of them with your daily life to the very greatest degree consistent with the exigencies of living.

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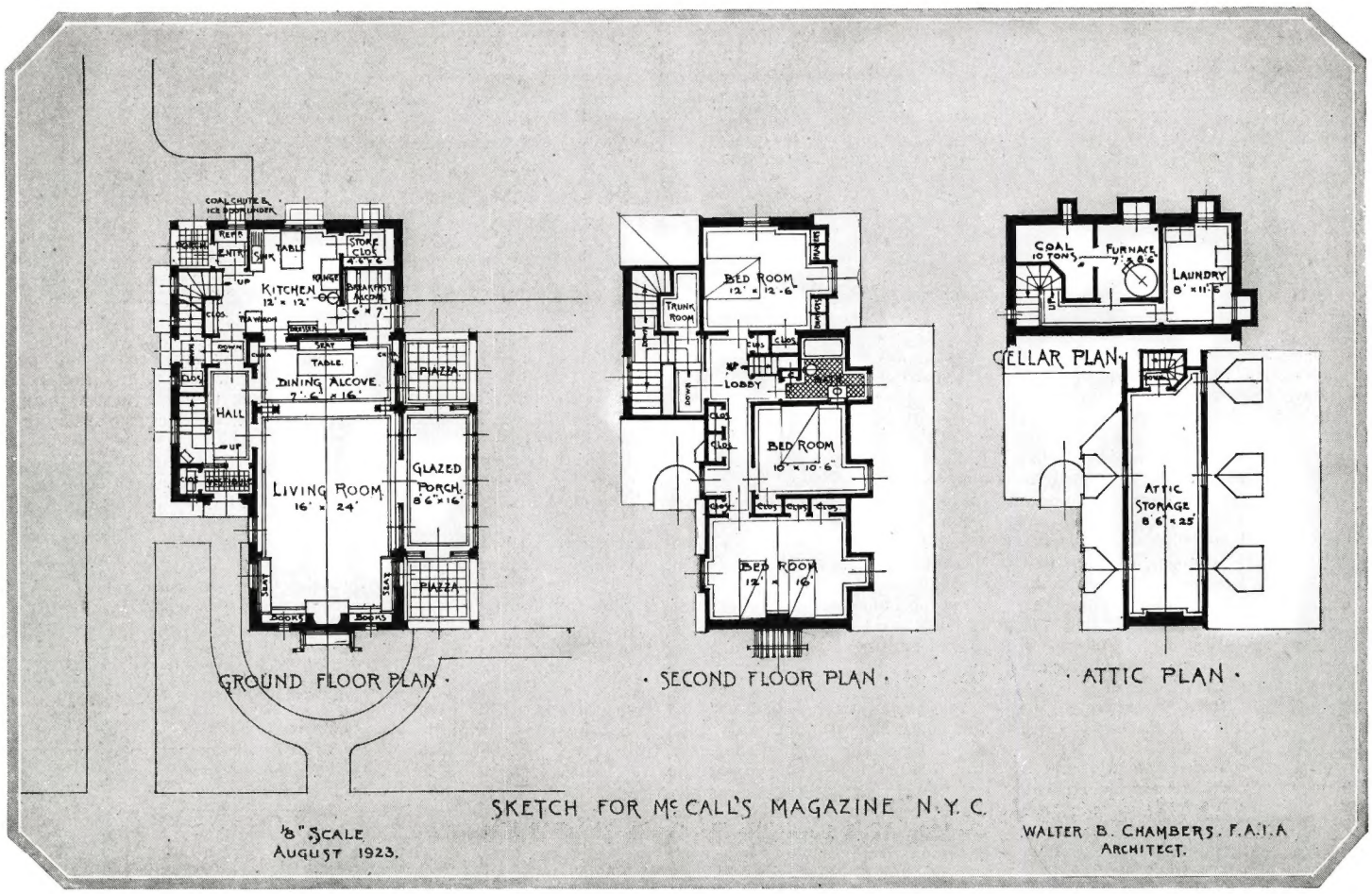


Here Is The House You Asked Us For

[*Continued from page 51*]

To me it seems that a fuss over this is a case of letting the tail wag the dog; or, more pertinently, a tempest in a tea-cup.

The breakfast-alcove, on the other hand, serves a worth-while purpose. Quick and simple meals can be provided and disposed of with the least effort when the source of supply (the range) and the seat of consumption (the breakfast-alcove) are but four or five steps apart, as they are here.

Another valuable service the breakfast-alcove can render is that of a service pantry. On occasions such as a social gathering of friends who have come to discuss the League of Nations or the Woman's Pro-League Council, the sandwiches and lemonade can be prepared in advance, parked on the table in the breakfast-alcove, and brought from there to the living-room either by the hostess or by her guests themselves, without passing through the kitchen.

Each of the three bedrooms asked for on the second floor is equipped with the necessary clothes-closets, and the space under the slope of the roof, behind the 4 feet vertical wall line, furnishes added closet and storage facilities.

A second bathroom ought to be, and can be, reckoned with, but it is not asked for. The linen-closet on this floor is a matter-of-course; and equally of course, the bathroom must have its medicine closet and provisions for the towels and the toilet articles, all of which the plan provides.

As to cost, there is no doubt whatever about our safely staying inside the set limit of $10,000 if we follow George Ade's immortal instructions, "How to build a house for a fixed sum if you steal the materials." On the other hand, the building has been duly cubed and a price per cubic foot derived, showing that a satisfactory result might be achieved even by honest methods.

Whichever way the solution is attempted, it seems to me that the effort would be worth while. I would build and live in it myself if my family were not nearly three times too big to fit its accommodations.

FROM ONE OF MCCALL'S HOMEMAKERS

FROM one of our readers comes this interesting, and illuminating, confession:

"I have been greatly interested in the designs, plans and pictures of homes in the women's magazines, and rejoice that architects are finding new ways for housekeeping conveniences. But there is still a point to be covered and that is—a place for Mother. I am writing this not only to get rid of some of the rage rankling in my system, but to relieve some other woman who is situated as I am—mentally, physically and financially.

"For thirteen years I lived in a house in Washington, D. C., built by one of the leading builders of that city. Let us start with my kitchen sink. It was low, with the drainboard on the right side and the dresser for dishes over the sink. If you ever washed the dishes for a family of seven, three times a day, at a low sink, bumping your head on the lower shelf of the dresser when you straightened up quickly for breath, and catching your hair-net on the latch of the glass doors, you can appreciate Mother's aching back.

"I live now in a new, up-to-date suburban house and my husband had a verbal fight with the builder and plumber to get that sink raised to a normal woman's dishwashing level. Yes, the drainboard is on the left side of the sink, but the dresser for the dishes is at the right, and the latches for the glass doors are convenient for a six-foot man.

"My present pot-closet is big and roomy—but Mother stoops to find her cooking utensils and stoops to put them back.

"Is it any wonder, then, that she is ready to drop in her kitchen tracks by the time she has stooped and stretched after the third meal of the day?

"In Washington, the only place for our refrigerator was opposite the gas stove. Therefore, the ice melted and ran into dreadful bills. Unnecessary, you say; refrigerators should be placed so that the ice-man need not come into the kitchen. Well, I have a lovely place for my refrigerator now, especially designed for it outside the kitchen. But—it is two steps down and then it is two steps up. By the end of the day Mother has done quite a bit of two-stepping in the preparation of three meals.

"Every lighting fixture in my brand-new house is arranged for the convenience of a man six feet or more, so we have strings dangling from the fixtures in the kitchen, halls, and pantry. The plug for the electric iron is on a level with my hand; just let that architect try ironing at that rate.

"Our coat closet—rather modern idea—is at the back of the living-room, a nice big closet without a light, but when children's feet cross that living-room many times a day to that closet, there is a visible track by night.

"Then the laundry chute—please make it big enough so that the sheets won't get stuck going down.

"Why not have a stationary wash-basin high enough for a grown person?

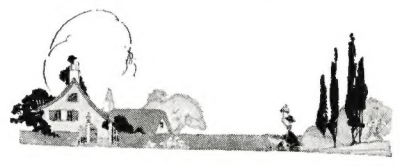
"These are merely a few points that have grown to sizable mountains before the day is done.

"I have a dream of a house, where Mother shall have a place provided for her own special use.

"I would love a big bath-room closet where towels and soap could be kept; a small room or alcove, off the mistress's bedroom, where she can have her sewing machine, desk, and couch; an attic with steps, and not a ladder, to climb on; a porch on the second floor where bedding may be aired and damp towels dried.

"The pantry door would be hung properly—mine was 'accidentally' hung wrong, and unless you brace the door with your knee the ironing board, table leaves, brushes and broom fall out when you open the door.

"How curious it would be if, in the next world, the men should be women! If some of the architects past and present should be compelled to live in their own designed mansions, there would be times when their progress in evolution might be slow."—Mrs. P. R., New York.



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Six-Room Colonial House, by Aymar Embury II. See July McCall's. Construction cost, $10,000.

Seven-Room Cottage, designed by W. D. Foster and Harold W. Vassar. See August McCall's. Construction cost, $12,000.

Seven-Room English Manor House, designed by Grosvenor Atterbury. See September McCall's. To be built for $12,500.

Seven-Room House, designed by Frederick Lee Ackerman. Cost, $12,500. See October McCall's.

Seven-Room House, designed by Dwight James Baum. See November McCall's. Construction cost, $13,500.

Seven-Room House, designed by Otto Eggers. For description see December McCall's. Construction cost, $16,000.

Six-Room House, designed by Walter B. Chambers. May be built for $10,000.

With each set of plans McCall's will send directions for planting the grounds, suggestions for household equipment and interior decoration.

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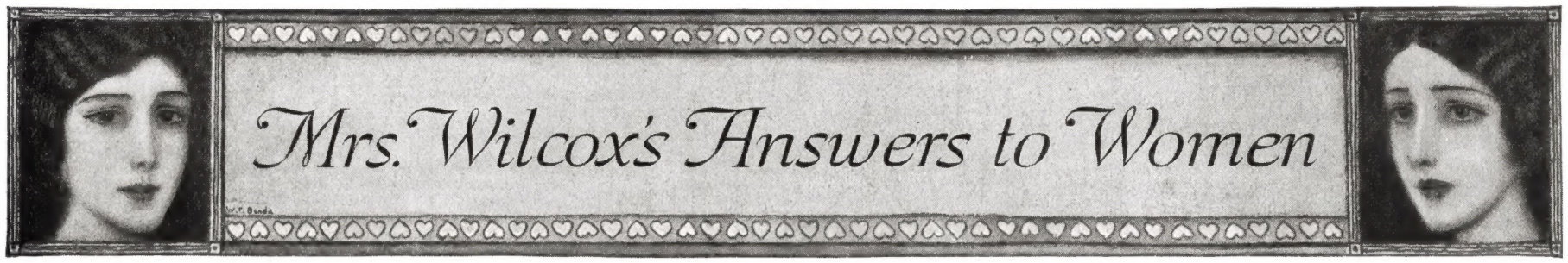

"WHILE our love lasts, existence is going to be perfectly marvelous!" said a beautiful girl just out of college, referring to her approaching marriage. She was unaffectedly jubilant.

"While it lasts!" my own thought ran. "So one more is added to the number of modern women who hold that love is liable to perish. I wonder if this new wisdom will help any wife to escape the shock of discovering that her husband's interest in her has waned or wandered!"

Then I recalled the different ways in which women meet their ancient tragedy, and a certain letter which had arrived opportunely in my mail. The letter seems especially worthy of study because it embodies the modern angle—the modern wife's reaction.

I recalled the wasteful grief, nervous collapse and spiritual suicide which annihilates the usefulness of wronged wives. I remembered that it takes about three years of this agony, on an average, to reconcile a wife to the inevitable; and it seemed to me that the letter, which is printed below, is an example of common sense which many a distressed wife might imitate to her profit, and in so doing shorten the term of her own despair.

WHAT ONE WIFE THOUGHT AND DID

Dear Winona Wilcox:

My husband and I had worked, saved and scrimped for twenty years when a childless woman, seventeen years younger than he, became dissatisfied with her own husband's financial state and coveted my man.

He was forty-nine, at an age when he had begun to feel his youth slipping, and this lady's flattering glances set his middle-aged heart to pounding in imitation of a youngster's.

He fell for her but he did not have an inkling that I guessed the fact. How dense the dear men are in their philandering!

He told me, calmly, that he was dissatisfied with me and that it would be well for us "to separate for a while!"

I said that I would think it over. Looking back, the seriousness with which I took his avowal amuses me.

Instead of packing up immediately, as my husband and the woman expected me to do, I let months pass before I opened the subject. Then I announced positively that I had not worked and saved to hand over the profits of my life to some other woman who had not earned them.

I did not wish a divorce—I made that emphatic—but if my husband wanted one and would wade through the publicity attendant on getting one, he could go ahead. In that case, I would tell the court what I knew about him and the woman and they would both be well advertised throughout our state.

But if he decided against divorce, I begged him to make her an allowance and get her away.

I did not tell him I had a home and children to preserve, the home we had established together, which he was eager to abandon for the sake of his senses! No use to plead the cause of home when a man's eye is filled by a pretty face and his ear by a girl's flattery!

So I simply stated that I would reveal their offense against morality. He knew I meant what I said; and the divorce fizzled out.

She moved away—spent two or three years shuttling back and forth between her parents and her husband. Finally the latter made more money, therefore his wife stays with him. Whether my man continues to send her funds, I do not know.

But I learned from her extravagance, laziness and luxury. If my husband found that sort of thing attractive, I could easily manage some extra expenditures myself. I am done with economy. I get what I want without compunction.

We are prosperous. We have bought a beautiful new home and a fine car. We have an assured place in the society of our town. If our children know anything of their father's conduct, it is only what they themselves have observed.

To all our world we seem an ideal pair. Our children have a home to come back to, we both enjoy our grandchildren. I know that my stand in **my** husband's temptation has made possible our present dignified and comfortable position. But to my heart I confess that my united family is more to me than a man's unstable and divided love.

His first affair opened up a new field of interest to him. He has succumbed to the charm of three or four other girls, each time with diminishing ardor. That seems to be the curse which the romancing grandfather cannot escape. Zest seeps out of his little affairs. My poor man realizes that the years are visibly changing him.

Although in the impact of the revelation of his folly, my pride made me desperately anxious to put half a world between us—in fact I never wanted to see him again—I do not regret my decision. Surely all concerned are better off than if two families had been disrupted for the sake of a shallow attraction.

I thank God daily for my beautiful family. My husband is deeply grateful to me for maintaining his reputation in our community. He admires me while he scorns the easy creatures who have listened to the honeyed speeches of a married man.

Right here I should like to say to worried wives that if any trespasser wants her husband, that is no reason for handing him over. The poor man has lost his judgment; months later he will give his highest esteem to the wife who kept her head and saved him—when he had lost his own.

But we wives are all weak. Or perhaps I still love the man. If I do not, he gets from habit the tenderness he always has had. I am not sure whether it is love or habit, but things run more smoothly this way and I am past caring.

I have kept the faith and that is a comfort. I am truly sorry that my good husband (he is good and dear in every way but one) must forever carry his assorted variety of shameful memories.

Of confidence in him I have not one shred. Such men do not love any woman; they love themselves. Therefore I do not believe that the first woman, nor any one succeeding her, has had any more happiness with him than I have had.—A. E.

THUS when love ceases to bind two hearts, the wife provides the strong cable to hold the home together. Here is an admirable endeavor. That is why I honor the writer of the above and commend her straightforward method which takes account of things as they are.

Certainly women must get over the idea that a wife is in duty bound to destroy herself, physically in hysteria and mentally in mulling over her sorrow, when her husband follows his instincts instead of his reason.

Although she who wrote the above letter has saved herself from months of desolating jealousies, you, the reader, may find it easy to censor her behavior. Why not let others have your opinion?

One reader may consider her solution selfish; another may find it mercenary; another may detect in it a lack of pride; and some one is sure to suggest that the wife who can write as above never loved her husband anyway!

All letters, approving or criticising, will be received with appreciation. Every statement of opinion, experience or observation will help to fix new and better ways of meeting an old moral dilemma.

Write down and mail your ideas to the editor of this page while enthusiasm moves you.

"Why print such distressing letters?" some one is sure to suggest. "In so doing, you make some contented wife suspicious. Why not talk about a safer subject?"

This page was not designed to amuse the fortunate and happy. There is light and darkness in the world, good and bad in life, health and sickness, happiness and misery. This page is intended to aid those whose emotional wounds have rendered them unable to help themselves.

It is hoped that a comparison of the letters printed today will show some agonized wife the absurdity of killing her soul.

The first letter points out one of the better ways. There must be other good roads. Will some who have found them kindly map them out for those who have come to the crossroads and are confused?

WHAT is the most important of all the problems of womanhood? Does her lover or husband, or her home and children furnish her most perplexing conundrums? Letters on these or kindred ideas would make a page of absorbing interest. Contribute to it. Address your letter to Winona Wilcox, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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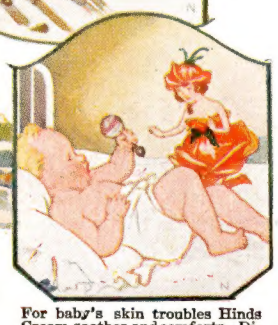

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